

Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.
— — — — —
CONTENTS.

A Strange Trip Abroad. By ASCOTT R. HOPE. (<i>Illustrated</i>)	561, 577, 598,	609
Good-bye! (<i>Page Engraving</i>)		565
Tom Saunders; and his Shipwreck and Wanderings in Tropical Africa. By Commander V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N. C.B., D.C.L. (<i>Illustrated</i>)	566, 586, 596,	615
Our Note Book	567, 591,	615
Base-Ball, and How to Play it		568
Red-Fingered Cyril; or, the Russian Prince and the Tartar Boy. By DAVID KER. <i>Illustrated</i>	569, 588, 593,	622
The "Marquis" of Torchester; or, Schoolroom and Playground. By PAUL BLAKE. (<i>Illustrated</i>)	572, 582, 602,	611
Conceited Frederick		574
A Dead Letter; A True History		574
Our Prize Competition	576, 622	
Our Cricket-match at Sandilands. By HENRY FRITH		579
Milch Goats, and How to Manage them. By H. S. HOLMES PEGLER. (<i>Illustrated</i>)	583,	604
Bantams: for Pleasure and Profit. By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.		590
Our Open Column		592
Henry's Latin Exercises Illustrated. II		600
The Epic of Cricket. By REV. CHARLES J. ROBINSON		601
A New Chess Game. - The Jubilee - By HERR MEYER. (<i>Illustrated</i>)		606
Firework ks. By ANDREW T. SIBBALD.		607
The "Boy's Own" Home of Rest for Working Boys		607
London at Sunrise		616
London: Sights and Scenes. (<i>Page Engraving</i>)		617
Three Weeks in Devonshire By H. D. BRAIN		618
Ventriloquism		619
Soldier Dogs. (<i>Illustrated</i>)		621
Doings for the Month		623
Poetry. Chess. Correspondence.		

Coloured Frontispiece: "Close Quarters" at St. Vincent.

LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. McCLEURE, *Columbus, Kans.*, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

Chronic Diarrhea Cured.—D. LAZARRE, Esq., 275 and 277 Decatur Street, *New Orleans, La.*, writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silberton, N. J.*, says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of *Ainsworth, Ind.*, writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time,

GENERAL DEBILITY.

Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of 161 Lock Street, *Lockport, N. Y.* writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of *Yucatan, Honduras*, writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and I would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced a sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms, to that disorder. I commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' and am, in fact, healthier than I have been, and five years. I weigh one hundred and one pound, and have done in the same length of time in my life. I never before medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASS, of *Springfield, Mo.*, writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Chills and Fever.—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, *Montgomery, Ala.*, writes: "Last August I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of *Cambridge, Maryland*, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of Williamsburg, *Dorchester Co., Md.*, has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year, she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and happy. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days." Mr. T. A. AYRES, of *East New Market, Dorchester County, Md.*, vouches for the above facts.

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

Consumption.—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of *Harrowsmith, Ont.*, writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the Cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and am entirely free from that terrible cough which harassed me night and day. I have been afflicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption, do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the early stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

Ulcer Cured.—ISAAC E. DOWNS, Esq., of *Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.* (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The 'Golden Medi-

cal Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

Consumption and Heart Disease.—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.

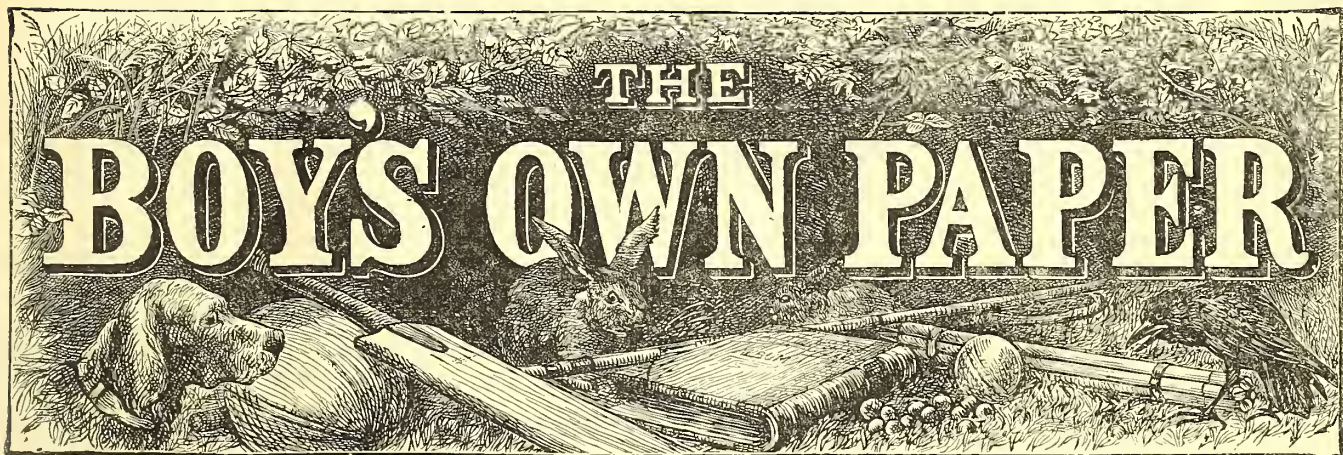
JOSEPH F. McFARLAND, Esq., *Athens, La.*, writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists.

Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.



No. 438.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1887.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



A STRANGE TRIP ABROAD. By ASCOTT R. HOPE.

Author of "Bobby Bounce,"
"Honest Harry,"
etc. etc.



"All grew dark again, and I knew no more."

CHAPTER I.

IN the waiting hall of a railway station in Brittany, one of those
bare and airy pounds where French travellers must expiate
the offence of missing their train, three persons were sitting one

showery day, or rather two of them sat still, while the third for the most part roamed up and down like a caged lion in manifest ennui and impatience. At one end, in the first-class compartment, reading a newspaper to pass away the time, was a ruddy white-haired old gentleman with prosperous John Bull written plainly on every feature of him, from his clean-shaved face to his well-polished boots. In the larger pen beyond, open to more humble travellers, a little girl balanced herself on the edge of a bench, as if doubtful of her own presumption in sitting down at all, hardly daring to move, firmly grasping a basket in one hand and a paper parcel in the other. Their restless companion was a boy whose Eton jacket and collar showed him to be also a stranger in this country, while his face bore a strong family likeness to the old gentleman, no other in fact than his grandfather, taking him for a fast holiday trip on the Continent.

The crossing to St. Malo had been rough; our young friend for one had been very unwell, to his great disgust in every way; the boat came in late; these passengers had failed to catch the direct train to their destination, and now found themselves stranded for certain weary hours at a little junction, where they had nothing to do but look out at the pelting rain and study the mysteries of a timetable which displayed a bewildering maze of branch lines. So the boy had some excuse for being in an ill-humour, which led him to take a critical view of foreigners.

"How silly they all look!" was his remark on the porters in their blouses, the passing gendarme in his cloak and cocked-hat, the polite station-master in his quasi-military uniform, the peasant women with their great caps, and all the other unfamiliar figures that from time to time gave him something to stare at through the long windows opening out on the platform.

"Just what they say about us, Algie, when they come to England," laughed his grandfather, who, as an old traveller, took their troubles more philosophically.

Now when the girl heard them speaking English she pricked up her ears, and, peeping over the partition that divided the waiting-room, ventured to steal a sly look at her companions. And presently, as Algie, rampaging from one compartment to another, stopped opposite her, she stood up, dropped a prim little curtsy, and timidly said, "If you please, can you tell me when my train comes?"

"Why, here's an English girl!" quoth Algie, in surprise.

So it was—or rather an Irish one—as appeared when his grandfather came to question her, the boy thinking too much of himself to take any particular trouble about such an insignificant person. The poor child had travelled from the west of Ireland all alone on her way to a convent school in some remote nook of Brittany. She did not speak a word of French, but carried a crumpled scrap of paper, on which was written in that language a request for kind persons to direct her at each stage of the long journey. This she showed to the old gentleman with an imploring look that betrayed how much at a loss she felt among foreigners, as well she might. Consulting the time-tables, it took even him some pains to make out

that she must change carriages three times yet, and at the best could not reach her destination till late at night.

It seemed, indeed, a trying journey for one so young and inexperienced. But while Algie only wondered, his grandfather spoke encouragingly to the little adventurer, and did his best to help her. He wrote down plainly where and when she must change, furnished her with an orange and some biscuits by way of refreshment, and when her train came up, as luckily she had not long here to wait for it, put her under the charge of a good-natured-looking nun who was going part of the same road, and readily promised to look after her so far.

"Now we have more than two hours still to kick our heels in this beastly hole!" grumbled Algie, when the bustle of the departing train had passed away, and he and his grandfather found themselves alone in the empty waiting-room.

"Well, we can't expect the whole railway system of the country to be timed for our convenience," said the old gentleman. "There is nothing for it but patience. Just think of that child; how much more to be pitied she is! If you were in her case you might well fret to have your journey over."

"What a lot of bother you gave yourself about her!" said the youngster, in the tone of one who had hit upon another grievance.

"I can't say the same of you, Algie. It would have been more like a gentleman to have shown some kindly—at all events, civil—interest in her story, instead of gaping at her as if she had been a sight at a fair."

Master Algie felt himself snubbed, and was silent. Certainly it was little aid or encouragement the girl would have got had his grandfather not chanced to overhear her appeal.

"Every one is bound to be friendly to such a helpless young traveller," continued the old gentleman, "all the more when she turns out to be a country-woman so far from home. And I ought to be able to feel for her if nobody else did. I have known what it is to shift for myself among strangers in a foreign country, when scarcely older than this girl. My plight, indeed, was far more forlorn and pitiable. The first time I ever travelled on the Continent it was as a barefooted vagabond; I had not a penny, nor a pocket to put it in—not even a stitch on me that I could call my own. How would you like to be as badly off as that, my boy?"

"You!" exclaimed Algie, casting eyes of incredulity on the stout, well-to-do-looking figure, in all the respectability of spotless white linen and fine broadcloth. It seemed impossible that this flourishing gentleman could ever have been in a state of destitution. "What do you mean, grandfather?"

"I am not joking. Did you never hear about my first trip abroad?"

"No—do tell me!" cried the boy, brightening up at the prospect of such a singular story as this promised to be.

"Well, since we have so long to wait, perhaps you can find patience to listen to my juvenile adventures, which are indeed well worth relating, especially for high-stomached gentlemen like some of you of the rising generation, who give yourselves such airs over everything not in your own way of life, and grumble so discontentedly when you can't get

just what you have been accustomed to eat and drink, and can do nothing but yawn and fidget when amusements fail you for an hour or two. I sometimes think that a little of my early experience would do you good, Algie, my lad, by showing you what less fortunate youngsters have to put up with as best they can."

"Oh, grandfather, we are not so bad as you make us out! But it is a horrid bore waiting here, without even a book to read."

"Very well, then, as you had not the sense to bring a book, sit down, and I will tell you all about that first adventure of mine."

Here follows the story which was then told in the waiting-room, filled out a little perhaps as the narrator might have done for it had he had the advantage of pen and ink.

My tale so far resembles Waverley that it is one of sixty years ago, when the cannon of Waterloo still rang in men's ears, and George IV. ruled over England, and stage coaches flourished, and indulgent old gentlemen tipped their grandchildren in guineas or crowns, and nervous old ladies were terribly concerned about radicals and rioters, now that they had no longer Boney to be their bugbear, and I was a lanky boy of fourteen or so, with my arms growing fast out of the sleeves of my jacket and an excellent appetite for all my meals.

We had taken a house at Ramsgate, then a smaller and more genteel watering-place, if not a more lively one, than it is now. My sisters and I had been recovering from the measles, and it was thought well to give us a long spell of sea-air while we were in the way of it. Youngsters of our day by no means went from home every year. So we lingered on into the autumn, when most of the other visitors had gone away. You may guess I had no objection to miss a quarter's schooling, for in those good old times school was a much more severe and painful place than you know of, and, strange as it may seem to you, the boys of that day seldom loved their lessons so well as the delights of idling about the shore, rollicking in the waves, making friends with old tars, who had stirring yarns to tell of exploits in the great French war, and watching the ships that then excited every hearty lad's ideas of romance in a way you can hardly understand. We had not so many books of travel and adventure as you have, so I think our imagination was all the more ready to take wing on the patched sail of every fishing-boat, and there was no crawling coaster that in our eyes did not seem bound for El Dorado—to speak for myself, at least; but before long I was to have more than my fill of excitement on the ocean wave.

Well, one bright October afternoon, which came after a week of rain, as if to give us one more glimpse of summer, I started out for a ramble along the coast. I walked for some miles, past Broadstairs, till I got as far as the North Foreland, and almost in sight of Margate. Then, as the sun was so warm, I felt tempted to have a bathe—perhaps the last I should enjoy at the seaside, where earlier in the season I had spent half the day in and out of the water, and thus came to be not a bad swimmer. I undressed in a little cove under the cliffs, and as the tide was well up I had not far to run across sand

and shingle before splashing head over heels into the sparkling sea.

After a little ducking and playing with the waves, out I went into deep water, now swimming on my breast, now on my side, now floating on my back, looking up at the blue sky above and revelling in the sense of being at home in a conquered element. I had no fear of getting too far away from land, for the tide appeared to me to be coming in, and so long as I could make way against it I calculated on being easily able to let myself go back with it. Then, if this was to be my last swim, I had a fancy for seeing how far out I could get, to boast of when I returned to school. So on I went, recklessly. I know not how long, till I began to feel as if I had had almost enough of it.

Now, taking my bearings, I was rather startled to see how far off the shore looked, and that the cove where I had left my clothes was out of sight. Either I had not swum straight out, as I reckoned to do, or there must be some current drifting me along. Anyhow, it was high time to think of getting back again, now also that the water began to feel just a little chilly when one stopped to rest.

I turned at once, and struck out for the beach, losing no time now, but putting forth my best skill to get on shore as soon as possible. But I found it much harder to swim back than I had expected. Making vigorous strokes, and putting myself quite out of breath, it seemed to me, after some minutes, as if the shore were no nearer than before. When I let myself float for a little to take breath I could not be sure that the waves were carrying me in the right direction. I stood upright, treading the water and paddling gently forwards; then I saw a piece of seaweed slowly drifting past me out to sea.

Could I have made a mistake? It flashed across me that either I had been wrong about the tide still coming in, or else it might have turned since I entered the water.

That must be so, and, to make the matter worse, a good deal of wind was blowing off shore, which hitherto had helped me on my heedless course, when I gave all the credit to my own exertions. Struggle as I might, I could make little head against wind and tide together, and presently had to confess that I was growing tired, while if I ceased my efforts for a moment there was nothing for it but to be swept out to sea. Now I began to be not a little afraid about the chance of getting safe back, and wished with all my heart that I had been more careful. I looked anxiously to each side, and saw a buoy at some little distance. Though this was rather farther from the shore, I thought best to make for it, in hopes of being able to take a rest here and gather strength for the long swim that lay before me.

I turned then towards the buoy, but to my alarm found myself, tired as I was, mastered by a current or strong set of the tide, which carried me out beyond that point of refuge. There could be no doubt about it, the sea was too much for me, and I must be drowned if help did not come. Where was it to come from? There were two or three vessels passing not far out, but too far to see or hear me, as I believed. Yet I shouted out as loud as I could on the chance that these hails might reach them. On the beach and

the cliffs above not a soul was to be seen who could even pity my helpless fate.

I was now letting myself drift at the will of the tide, reserving all my strength to keep afloat, and from time to time sending a cry of distress over the cruel waves that half an hour before had seemed such joyous playfellows. What did I think of in those anxious moments? It was hard indeed to drown so young; but, to tell the truth, I thought of others rather than of myself. I thought how I should be missed and waited for and searched out in vain—how some chance passer-by would come upon my clothes—how only after days of suspense, perhaps, my poor father and mother and my dear sisters would learn what had become of me. That was the bitterest of it! And mother had always been so nervous about my love of swimming, for her old-fashioned notion was that this accomplishment led to more opportunities of getting into than out of danger; how would her fears be justified if ever the sea threw my lifeless body up on that sand where we had all spent so many happy days? This thought inspired me to one more effort. With fluttering heart I tried to gasp out a prayer that was silenced by the water washing into my mouth.

A very short time, and every hope vanished. My strength began to fail; I ceased to struggle; my mind grew confused; I sank beneath the surface, and saw no more. All the events of my life seemed to pass before me as cast by some magic light of memory on a rapidly outstretched sheet. I believed that this was already death. Then the dizziness and the dread gave place to a quiet sense of vague content. I no longer cared what became of me. My last faint effort to hold up my head had shown me a boat tossing among the waves close at hand; but in another minute I had forgotten to long for help.

How long this state of unconsciousness lasted I cannot say. I was aroused from it for an instant by some one grasping my hair and dragging me upwards towards the light. Then all grew dark again, and I knew no more of how I was rescued.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I quite came to myself I was lying snugly tucked up beneath blankets, with a comfortable sense of warmth in all my limbs. Beside me stood a boy with something hot in a tin pannikin, which he was putting to my lips by means of a spoon. Then I was aware of a great shaking and rattling and heaving that soon told me this dark, close-packed place in which I found myself must be some sort of ship's cabin. But for the moment I was too bewildered to remember how I had come there.

"Where am I? What's the matter? Who are you?" I stammered out, staring about me; and the boy replied with a grin, to which he added certain unintelligible words, and attempted to administer another spoonful of the hot stuff; but such an awkward nurse did he make, that he spilt most of it over my face, and then grinned again as if in admiration of his own clumsiness.

"That'll do," said I, turning on my side to make sure it was not all a dream. "Now I remember. You picked me up when I was drowning, didn't you?"

Again the boy answered by sounds for which I was none the wiser; then, seeing I did not understand a word he said, betook himself once more to grinning.

Such a grin I never saw—a Cheshire cat could be nothing to it!—it spread all over his chubby face from ear to ear, throwing his short nose and small eyes into the shade as it were, so that for the moment all of him seemed to be mouth that was not blue shirt and tarry canvas breeches. But it appeared to be a grin of benevolence rather than of derision, from which I might at least understand that I had fallen into friendly hands.

When he had grinned himself out, so to speak, finding that we got little further towards mutual comprehension, and that I would have no more of the steaming cordial which he was still for forcing down my throat, he took leave of me with another grin, and hitched himself out of the tiny cabin, the grin first disappearing and lastly his boots, which were almost as big.

Left thus to myself, after a minute or two I resolved to follow him, that I might see with my own eyes how matters stood. I crawled out of the bunk on which I lay, wrapped one of its coverings about me, and staggered towards the door, steadying myself by holding on to everything that came in my way, for I still felt too dizzy to walk straight. Then I had only to put my head up the hatchway, and two or three steps brought me out on the deck of a small cutter, hardly larger than a fishing-boat.

There were two men on deck besides my friend, the boy, now engaged apparently in making his report of me to one who stood in the bows with a telescope at his eye. This was a tall man, so tall and thin that he looked fit to be the bowsprit or foremast of his own little craft. The man at the helm, on the other hand, was so short and fat, or so padded by the many clothes he wore, that he could better have done duty as a buoy had he not been certain to go to the bottom in all his cumbrous equipment of long boots, wide breeches, and thick jackets one over the other, the whole crowned by a red woollen nightcap, large and brilliant enough for the cutter's ensign, beneath which rose the smoke of an enormous long pipe, that, with a little imaginative exaggeration, suggested the funnel of a steamboat, a novel curiosity in those days such as I had seen for the first time that summer, and greatly wondered at. He formed a complete contrast to his companion, for he was all curves and bumps, as the other was all points and angles.

These observations I made afterwards more at my leisure. What chiefly arrested my attention for the moment was the familiar cliffs of Thanet fast receding behind us as the cutter bounded on, her sail filled by a fresh breeze from the land. And every heave she gave was taking me farther from home!

"Put me on shore, please. I live at Ramsgate. My father will pay you well. Oh, they won't know what has become of me!" I exclaimed, appealing first to one man and then to the other.

They both spoke at once, answering me in a foreign language; then they burst out laughing together at the figure I cut as I stood there on deck—or rather tried to stand—the blanket fluttering about my nakedness, and pointed towards the land with excited gesticulations. But they were not ill-natured, for when a roll

of the vessel sent me sprawling against the bulwark, and I hung to a rope still with eyes turned landwards, the tall man took two strides aft to speak to me in kindly tones, answering my pantomime of entreaty with signs, from which I could guess—as was indeed the state of the case—that they had no time to lose, that beating back against the wind would be too hard work, that I must go along with them for the present and make the best of it. And the fat steersman, too, took his pipe from his mouth to say a few words that seemed meant for encouragement.

But I remained in despair, almost as great as when I believed myself drowning. I clung to the rigging, and could not take my eyes off the land. The sun had set, yet through the gathering twilight I fancied I could recognise the jetty at Ramsgate, the row of bathing-machines on the beach, and the crescent of white houses in which we lived. This indeed was a pure piece of imagination on my part, for what I saw must have been not Ramsgate, but Margate. Along the coast lights began to twinkle out in the dusk. Perhaps one of these shone from the cosy parlour, where at this very moment they would all be wondering why I did not come home to tea. What a night of anxiety, what days would they pass at home! My clothes would turn up sooner or later, then how long would it be before they had news that I was still alive? The cutter might be taking me to Hong Kong or to Botany Bay for all that I knew.

My teeth began to chatter with cold, and my hands grew so numb that I could hardly hold the blanket wrapped about me to keep off the wind and the rain, which now came on in heavy showers, for the fine afternoon had been but a deceitful blink in our long spell of bad autumn weather. The skipper, as I took the tall man to be, after making one or two friendly attempts to persuade me to leave the deck, tucked me up bodily beneath his arm and carried me below, where he rigged me in an old woollen shirt and pair of trousers much too large for me. Then the grinning boy appeared with preparations for supper.

The skipper invited me to share his meal, but I was in no mood to eat. I felt as wretched in body as in mind, and I could do nothing more than nibble at a biscuit. The fact is that I was turning seasick. My host saw what was the matter, and left me in peace, while he ate enough for the two of us. And all the while the wind howled and the vessel creaked more alarmingly, and every pitch and roll added to my misery. She was no longer running smoothly before the wind, but tacking and tumbling at the mercy of gusty squalls, which made a rough night of it for such an inexperienced sailor as I, who had never been at sea before, except for short fair-weather trips in a Ramsgate boat.

When the tall man had finished the fat one came down, bringing his pipe with him, which did not improve the atmosphere of that stuffy and dingy little cabin. He would not be said no to like the other, but insisted on talking to me at the pitch of his voice and shoving the dishes under my nose by way of pressing me to eat. He held out greasy bits to me on the point of his knife, then as often as he drank he would wink at me and nod jovially, as if it were the greatest joke in the world to be

carried away from home and fall among strangers, who did not understand a word one said, and make acquaintance for the first time with the woes of seasickness. Perhaps he meant kindly. Anyhow, these pleasantries of his had such a depressing effect on me that I could have burst out into tears had I not considered that a British boy ought not to cry before foreigners. It was a great relief when this fellow relit his pipe and took himself off.

Last, the cabin-boy came to have his supper, which he ate with his eyes fixed on me and his mouth wide open all the time, partly to grin and partly for convenience of more speedily bolting down the victuals. That broad grin of his was the last thing I clearly recollect. I could stand the choking den no longer. I staggered up on deck and was very sick.

It may have been hours for all I know, that I stayed above in the wind and wet. I suppose the men carried me down and put me in the bunk again. There I lay, hardly heeding what went on about me, asking nothing but to be left alone. Such a sense of utter helpless wretchedness is the form sea-sickness takes with some of us. The rest of the night passed thus, like a hideous dream, and a good part of the next day went by for me the same doleful blank.

Some time after the feeble lamp had been extinguished in the cabin, I became conscious that the wind had lulled or changed, though there was still a great deal too much motion to be pleasant. The men hung up their dripping overcoats when they came down to dinner, a sign that the weather had improved. But I turned my face away from them, and had no desire to get up, till at last the rocking and heaving gave place to a comparative calm, and I was aware that my trials had, for the time at least, found relief. Then only I took heart to crawl on deck and look about me.

The rain had stopped now, though the sky was still as gloomy as my luckless fortunes. The cutter lay hove-to in sight of a village or small town, which at first appeared to me to rise right out of the water, but presently I saw that it stood on the point of a spit of sand joining it on to a range of low sandhills behind. That this could not be England, whatever it was, I knew at a glance when I saw a boat approaching us, rowed by a man with a great moustache, a thing then familiar only in "foreign parts." He was smoking a cigar, too, another outlandish sign in my eyes. On the other side, in the offing, was a large ship, making signals to which my friends seemed to be replying.

What was going to happen now? The men looked at me and talked together. The boat came up, and they made signs

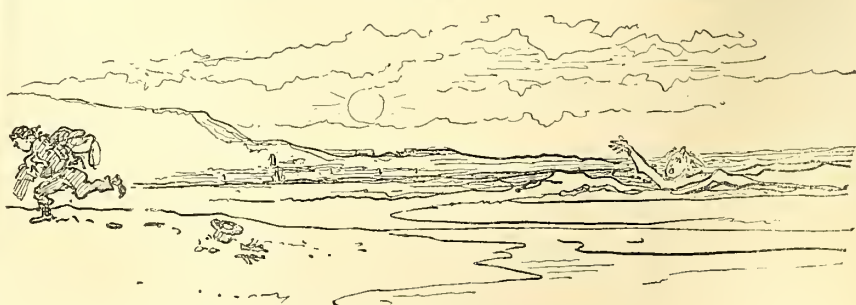
for me to get into it. They shook hands with me; the fat man patted me on the back, and the tall one presented me with a coin that looked like a bad sixpence. I took it that they also made me a present of the well-patched shirt and trousers in which I stood, and which, with the afore-said piece of money, made all my belongings. I was in no position to refuse their gifts; one could not land in a foreign country stark naked and altogether penniless.

I got down into the boat, since so it must be. The cutter at once stood off for the ship, while the fisherman, or other seafaring personage now in charge of me, rowed away towards the village. He must have been told that I did not speak his language, for he did not trouble me with questions. I occupied myself in looking at the village, which from a little distance was exactly like a collection of houses out of a child's toy-box pitched in the middle of the sea. As we drew nearer I made out bright-coloured bricks and wooden buildings, with red roofs and funny weathercocks on the top of them, and rows of tarred piles at the water's edge, and nets and red shirts, and strings of fish hanging out to dry, and a knot of strangely-dressed persons standing about to watch our arrival at the half-rotten jetty for which my conductor made.

So now for the first time in my life I set foot on foreign soil, what soil I did not yet know. But I may as well say here at once what I found out only later on. It was a Dutch village at the mouth of the Scheldt in which I had been put ashore. My preservers, one or both of them, were Channel pilots, belonging to Flushing. That ship must have been signalling for a pilot, and there was no time to lose about taking the job. I dare say they thought it the best thing they could do for me to land me here to be shipped over on the first opportunity, whereas their business might keep them at sea for days and weeks together.

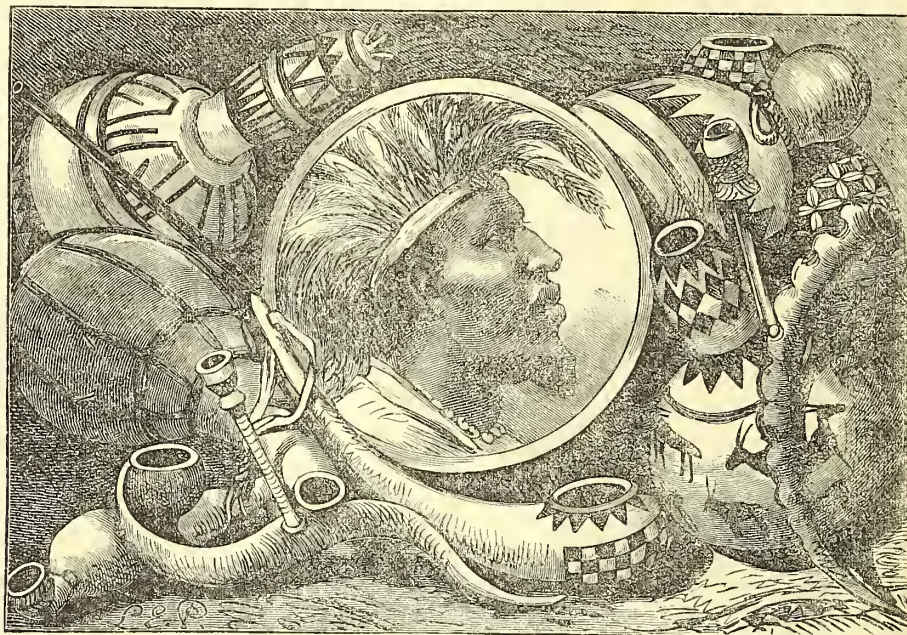
And now the question was how to get home, and how as soon as possible to relieve the distress of my anxious family, who must by this time believe me lost for ever. It would be easy enough nowadays, you will say. I should only have to go to the nearest post-office and send a telegram, then cross to Dover by the next steamer. But there were no telegrams and few steamboats in those days; and I had no money but a coin of doubtful value, a Dutch schilling in fact, worth about sixpence, and I didn't know how even to ask for help, I who had never before travelled alone any farther than the boarding-school on Clapham Common; and altogether there was no saying what or when was to be the end of my adventure.

(To be continued.)



Some of the Joys of Summer!





TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

I SLEPT long and soundly, and when, next morning, Bill, as I named my head hammock-man instead of calling him by his outlandish native name, came in to me, I could scarcely recollect where I was, and it took some little time for me to collect my thoughts and ideas. Bill told me that a messenger had arrived from King Kongo, inviting us to come to Kambala. I got up, but found I was so sore and stiff that I was quite unable to walk, and told Bill that I was afraid that we should have to stop where we were for a day or two, especially as my feet were so bruised I could not put my boots on. To this he replied that it would be easy enough to make a litter to carry me on, and that as soon as he had given me some breakfast he would set about preparing one for me. Whilst I was eating my breakfast the head man of the village came in with a small pot of the honey beer, which he warmed up over the embers of a fire that was burning in the hut and then made me drink.

A short time after this Bill came to report that he had rigged up a litter, and that lots of men were ready to carry me, as they all considered that I must be a great, good, and powerful fetishman, and that, therefore, they were all desirous to do anything in my service. Just before we started another man came from Kambala, saying that Kongo was very anxious for my arrival, and that I was to come to him at once.

I found that a very comfortable litter had been made, on which I was hoisted up on the shoulders of eight men, and an umbrella of as many colours as Joseph's coat having been given to me to shelter me from the sun, we set off at a round trot, accompanied by a crowd of people, the dress and mask of the defunct

devil being carried before me on a pole. As we went on our road to Kambala each village that we passed brought out beer for us to drink, and fresh numbers joined our party until, when we arrived at the foot of the rocky hill on which King Kongo holds his court, we were accompanied by a crowd of about five hundred people.

We were now met by the prime minister of King Kongo, and alighting from my litter I accompanied him across a steep slope of slippery granite which led us to the entrance into the outer palisade and wall which enclosed the whole bottom of the hill save where its sides were too precipitous to be climbed. Here were some half dozen huts, which I was told were at the disposal of myself and my men. Into the largest of these I was ushered, and found a meal of porridge, dried locusts, honey, and beer ready for me, and was invited to partake of it, after which I was told King Kongo would be ready to receive me.

I tried to polish up my appearance for my interview with this African chief, who I was told claimed sovereignty over the whole of Bailunda, but that of late the fetishmen of Humbi had been denying his power and authority, and that therefore, through my having conquered one of the demons, whom they were supposed to have called into their aid, and wounded and put to flight one of the principal wizards, I was regarded as having achieved a great triumph for his sable majesty.

On my saying that I was ready to pay my respects to Kongo I was conducted through many palisades and walls of loose stones up the sides of the rocky hill. Wherever there was a shelf or a flat piece huts were perched, the floor of

one being frequently on a level with the top of the roof of its next-door neighbour. In the crevices of the rock grew many fine trees, and several of the huts were embowered in scented creepers, whilst under the eaves of the huts and by the sides of the path tobacco and pumpkins were cultivated. After passing through no less than nine separate enclosures, the gates to which were all strongly guarded, we arrived outside the palisade which surrounded King Kongo's sanctum sanctorum.

The gate of this was closed, and my conductors beat upon two large drums which were beside it, when the logs composing it were drawn on one side, and we entered into a narrow passage lined by armed men, at the other end of which was another door. Here we had again to beat upon drums and wait for some ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before we were permitted to enter. When at last we went in we found ourselves in a small open space having one hut in it, in front of which was ranged an arm-chair and a number of stools, and beyond this open space was a close fence which divided off a clump of trees growing on the very summit of the hill, in which were the houses of King Kongo and his wives.

The hut in the open space I learnt was his great fetish place, and in it were stored his war-drums, which were never beaten except upon extraordinary occasions and for great necessities, the skulls of various chiefs whom he had conquered at different times, and all the paraphernalia of his art as a wizard, for King Kongo himself professed to be a past master in the black art, and I soon found that his grievance against the people of Humbi on account of their rivalry with him in sorcery was.

much more deeply founded than that at their denying his right to reign over them.

When we entered this space there was no one there, but soon after we came in a procession of about twenty women filed in from the clump of trees carrying shields, spears, and drums, and formed themselves in a semicircle behind the armchair. Soon after this the great man himself, dressed in a cocked-hat, an old uniform coat, and a gaudy waist-cloth, appeared, leaning on the arms of his two principal wives, for his arms and legs were so loaded with bangles and bracelets of both beads and metals, and charms and amulets, that he could hardly walk; and behind him came young girls carrying his footstool, pipe, fire-tongs, a potsherd with live coal, and last, though not least, many bowls of the inevitable beer, without which it seemed nothing could be done; and in addition several bottles of aguardiente.

As soon as he was arranged in his seat according to his liking, I and those with me were told to approach and sit down on the stool which had been prepared for us; but first all his own people, and Bill and his three companions, had to go down on their knees and throw dust on their heads in token of their respect for the monarch. As a white man I was spared this indignity, and King Kongo did me the honour of shaking hands with me. As soon as we were all seated, the girl who carried King Kongo's pipe filled and lighted it, and gave it to him, after taking a few whiffs to see that it drew properly. Whilst he smoked we all sat in dead silence. When he had finished his pipe he ordered the beer to be passed round to all present, and this was followed by one of his wives giving those whom he especially favoured a tot of aguardiente. I was among those whom he thus honoured, and though I would gladly have avoided, was obliged to make pretence to swallow a gulp of the evil-smelling liquid fire.

As soon as this had been done, Munyi Hombo, the chief of the village where I had passed the night, was called upon to relate what he knew of our arrival there, and this he did with much appropriate action, pointing to me and the dress of the unfortunate dead demon, and elicited much applause as he in pantomime as well as words described my encounter with him, and his death, and the flight of his companions, and afterwards he in a similar manner portrayed the wounding of the fetishman by me.

When he had concluded Kongo called him to him and made him kneel at his feet, and stooping forward licked his forehead. On receiving this token of high honour and approbation, he embraced the knees of the chief, who then gave him some orders which Bill told me were to go with a party of men and bring in the head of the man I had killed, and which he instantly departed to fulfill.

The dress of the man was now taken up, and, every one rising to their feet, Kongo took it in his own hands and deposited it in his fetish hut, from which he brought out a large rattle of basket-work, shaped like an hour-glass, while his wives brought out some covered baskets and a large horn, the latter being adorned with beads and wire.

King Kongo having resumed his seat, all sat down again, and the horn was planted in the ground in front of him,

whilst he shook his rattle vehemently, and the women with drums exerted all their strength in belabouring them. After about ten minutes of this *tapage infernale*, two of his wives on their knees presented Kongo with the baskets which they had brought out, and from them he selected a number of small articles—shells, small figures of men, little models of axes and spears, and other things of the same sort. These he placed in a wooden bowl, and after shaking them vigorously together, threw them on the ground with a peculiar twist, and then anxiously scrutinised the way in which they had fallen.

Bill told me that he could see that this divination was favourable to me by the way in which the king looked at me, and so it proved, for he told his prime minister to inform me that I was a good man and welcome to Kambala, and that I should soon see how he would punish those who had plotted against me.

The big drums were now brought out of the hut, and four strong men beat them with a peculiar rhythm and cadence, which Bill told me was the call to war, and soon from all the different divisions of Kambala we could hear the shouts of men as they prepared their arms and equipments, and in a surprisingly short time we could hear the answering notes of distant drums beaten in villages owing fealty and allegiance to King Kongo.

Kongo now rose from his chair and signified that I was to accompany him into the clump of trees where his dwelling-house and those of his wives were situated, and led me through them to a place where the rock went down in a sheer precipice for a height over two hundred feet, and pointed out to me various villages lying scattered about among the woods and plains at our feet, and from all of them we could soon see bodies of armed men hurrying to obey the call to war of the fetish drums. He told Bill to tell me that he was a big chief, and that though through magic and evil arts the people of Humbi had long defied his lawful authority, the charm was now broken, and that I would soon see the heads of the fetishmen of Humbi brought in, as well as those of Pedro and Baptista, for having conspired to deliver me up.

I said that what he did with his own subjects was no business of mine, but the pombeiros had most probably only acted as they had done to secure their own safety, and that I, therefore, hoped he would not cause them to suffer any injury. His reply was a curious one. He said that he would, if I desired it, comply with my request, but though a snake, a lion, or a vulture might show gratitude for a favour, a man who had contemplated doing one an injury never would, but would always seek to do me evil.

I was not moved by his reasoning, and he promised that neither the persons of Pedro and Baptista should receive any injury, nor should the goods of the caravan be plundered. All the Bailunda porters who were with the pombeiros he said were his subjects, and that though while in the neighbourhood of Humbi they might have been afraid of the magic arts which were practised by its inhabitants, they would now, when they heard I had broken the fetish, not be afraid of them, and would side with the men he was sending out.

After this I took my leave of the king

and was taken back to the huts where we had been lodged on our first arrival, and where I found ample provision had been made for me and my followers. In a very short time the men who had been summoned by the call to war on the drums began to assemble outside. The patriarchs and the detachments from each village drew up separately, headed by their head men and drummers, and soon nearly two thousand men must have been present.

The leaders only were admitted into the village, and they received their orders from King Kongo in squads of four at a time, for I found that, though he claimed sovereignty over his people, he was by no means free from fears of treachery, as, like most African sovereigns, he had on his accession been much troubled by the claims of rival pretenders to his throne, and as may be imagined had not suppressed the movements in their favour by any rosewater means, and he was always in fear lest some rival might plot his death. His rule seemed indeed to be maintained by the feeling of jealousy among those who might hope to succeed him, and the universal mistrust that each man felt for his neighbour, and which led them to fear that any one in whom they might confide might hope to purchase the favour of Kongo by the betrayal of any plots against him.

After all the leaders had seen King Kongo, he came down and addressed the whole multitude from a sort of crow's-nest over the entrance into the outer palisade. Coming down from this he spoke to his prime minister, who was to command the whole army, and smudging him on the forehead and cheek with some magical compound, handed him a copper spear and copper hatchet in token of his supreme command.

I thought after this, as it was not more than three o'clock in the afternoon, the expedition would have set out at once, but this was evidently the last thing in their thoughts, for all had brought supplies of beer with them and they could not dream of missing such an opportunity, and till long after midnight I could hear the sounds of revelry going on.

(To be continued.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

A VETERAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Flee in your troubles to Jesus Christ. The experience of upwards of thirty years enables me to say, "No man ever had so kind a friend as He, or so good a master. View Him, not at a distance, but as a prop, a stay, and a comforter ever at hand, and He will requite your confidence by blessings illimitable."—*Sir Henry Havelock.*

A COACHMAN, pointing to one of his horses, said to a traveller, "That horse, sir, knows when I *sucar* at him." "Yes," replied the traveller, "and so does *your Maker*."

THE DOG AND THE EARTHQUAKE.

A private letter from Naples contains the following interesting story:—If you like dogs you will be pleased with the annexed. At Ceriano a poor fellow who lived by hawking milk was buried under the ruins of his cottage a little way out of the town. As he usually set off on his rounds before 4 a.m.

every one believed he was safe; but he, too, had celebrated the end of Carnival by taking a little wine, and had slept late. His large dog, which used to drag the milk cart up the mountain roads, smelt out his master, and began to scratch away the rubbish until he laid his master's head bare, which was covered with wounds. Then the dog began to lick the wounds, but, finding that the bleeding continued, and comprehending that he could not dig farther, he ran off and seized by the coat the first individual he met, who, thinking the dog was mad, got loose and ran away. But a second person, guessing what

the animal wanted, followed him, and consequently the poor milkman was released from his dangerous position. The Minister Genala paid him a visit, and found him with his head bound up under a tent, with the faithful dog lying beside him.

MAXIMS OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed

overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving.

If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another it is a brave man—it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.

CEASE not to pray;
On Jesus, as your all, rely.
Would you live happy—happy die?
Take time to pray.

BASEBALL, AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

PART II.

THE game consists of nine innings to each side. Should the number of runs be equal the play is continued until a majority of runs on an equal number of innings is obtained by the side. But should the fifth innings of each side not have been completed there is no game, and no question of winning or losing can be entertained, though if the score is equal on the even innings it may be called a drawn game. Should it begin to rain during a match, the umpire has to note the time when it began, and five minutes afterwards suspend the play, and no game is allowed to be commenced in a shower of rain. The game begins by the umpire calling "Play!" and is suspended by his calling "Time!" and as soon as "Time!" is called the ball is dead. When the game ends the umpire "calls the game."

The pitcher's position, within his six feet square, forty-five feet from the home base, has already been described. Each corner of the square is marked by a flat iron plate or stone six inches square, which is fixed in the ground, the lines being drawn with chalk. The pitcher must be well within these lines when he delivers the ball. There is no over-head or round-arm bowling; the ball must be delivered to the bat with the arm swinging nearly perpendicular at the side of the body, and the hand in swinging forward must pass below the hip. The striker has the right to name the height at which the balls are to be bowled. Should they not come as desired they are considered unfair, and when a batch of nine such have been delivered the striker drops his bat and runs to the first base as if he had made a hit. If the pitcher attempts to "balk" the striker the fact is scored against him.

At every "balk" called by the umpire the runners move on to the next base, as they also do at the third cry of "called ball," which is simply "wide," and, like a "wide" at cricket, loses its peculiarity by being struck at by the batsman.

The batsman has to keep within his six feet by three, either to the left or right. The nearer to the front he gets the better, but he must be within his lines when the actual stroke is given. Should he step out the umpire calls "Foul strike!" and if he repeats the offence the second "foul strike" puts him out. The batsmen have to have their names entered in the score-book before the "inning" begins, and have to come in rotation. If a man comes in out of his order the umpire has power to declare him out, and if any batsman is longer than three minutes coming to the scratch the umpire can put him out. Every time the batsman refrains from striking at a fair ball, pitched to the height he asked, the umpire has to call "One strike!" and at the third call the striker has to run for the first base.

Batsmen are caught out, and are out in other ways; they are hit out as at rounders. The ball is fielded to the baseman nearest to the base to which the batsman is running,

and if it gets to the base first, in the baseman's hands, the man is out. He in fact puts him out "with the ball in hand." Every time a man gets home from the last base a run is scored, but no run is counted if three of the side are out before its completion. There is no bringing them back with a rounder. As soon as three of a side are out the innings ends, and the out-side comes in.

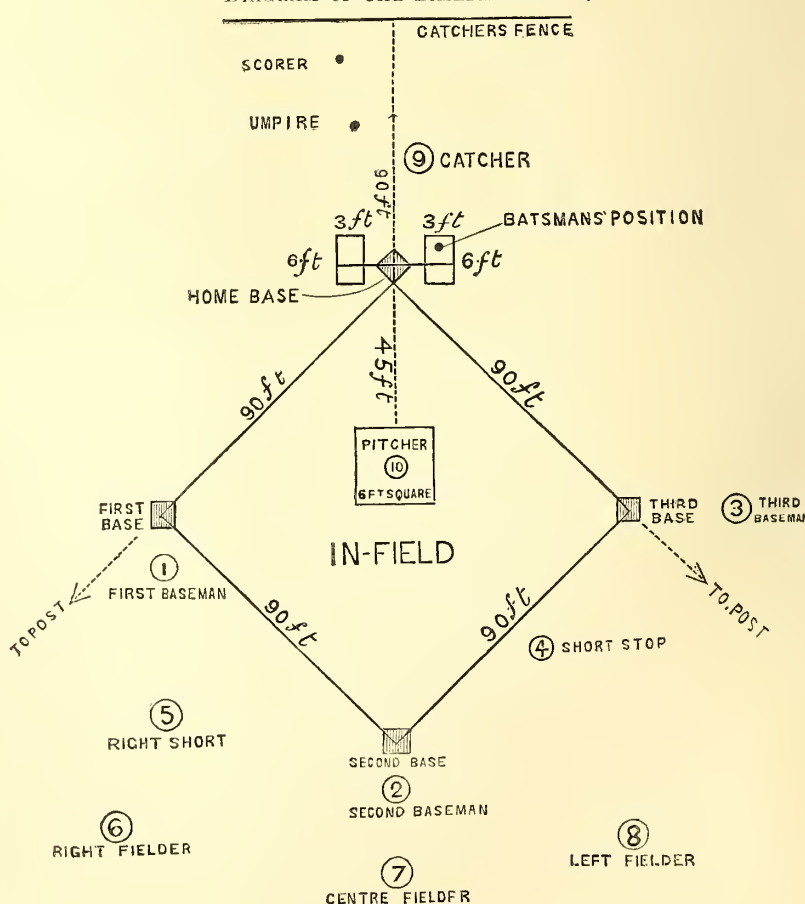
Each innings does not last long. The average time for a first-class match complete with its eighteen innings is under three hours, and the game, being a brisk bustling one, is much more lively to look at than cricket. The points are many, but the distances being short—the bowling length being, it will be seen, only two-thirds that of a cricket pitch—the niceties of play require keen eyesight to distinguish them. To umpire a baseball match properly requires a really smart man; he must be on the look-out all over the field at once, for he has not only to judge the batsman, pitcher, and catcher, but to note the manoeuvres of the field and base runners.

In quickness and sureness of catching and close fielding baseball is superior to cricket. With a snap and fling that are quite astonishing the ball is dealt with and passed from hand to hand, so that it may be truly said in conjuror's patter, "the quickness of the hand deceives the eye."

In 1874 two baseball teams visited this country and played a series of matches. These were the Boston Club and the Philadelphia Athletic Club, two of the best teams of the States. Among the Londoners, with whom the more leisurely—and slovenly—rounders was familiar, the spirit and go with which the game was played provoked more astonishment than enthusiasm; but among the Northerners, with whom rounders has long been known as baseball, and played according to stricter rules, the American game was more appreciated.

Baseball is undoubtedly an excellent game, and well worth trial by those who think that the year need not be entirely devoted to football and cricket.

DIAGRAM OF THE BASEBALL FIELD.





A STORY OF ANCIENT
RUSSIA.

BY DAVID KER,

Author of "Drowned Gold,"
"Ilderim the Afghan," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—BAD NEWS.

A FEW weeks after the killing of the bear and the rescue of Silvester, Prince Vladimir held a feast in the hall of his palace at Kief, and invited to it all his principal chiefs and warriors. This was considered a great honour, although the banquet would have seemed a very strange affair to any civilised eye; for the dirtiest tavern in the by-streets of London or New York could scarcely have been rougher or more uncomfortable than the palace hall of this powerful king.

There was, indeed, no want of gold dishes or carved silver goblets, for Vladimir's many victories over the more refined southern nations had supplied him with plenty of both. But the coarse plank-tables hacked with knives looked like a butcher's chopping-block, while the earthen floor was littered with half-

gnawed bones, over which the huge long-haired wolfhounds that lay around the hall growled and fought unheeded. In the middle of the floor blazed an enormous fire of pine logs, the smoke of which, after circling through the hall, escaped partly by the doors and windows and partly through a hole in the roof, while the sparks that flew from the crackling wood fell in showers upon the rough clothes and shaggy hair of the guests, whose hoarse shouts and boisterous laughter made a deafening uproar.

At the farther end of the hall stood a table a little higher than the others, at which sat Vladimir himself, surrounded by those of his chiefs who were entitled by their rank or exploits to a seat at the

Prince's board. As Silvester was very seldom present at such revels, the place of honour at Vladimir's right hand was occupied by Feodor. Just behind the Prince's seat stood an old white-headed minstrel (the poet-laureate of this barbarous court), who was singing in a deep sonorous voice the old "Builina" (ballad) of Alexey Popóvitch's fight with the Tartar giant, Tugárin, which was always a special favourite with the warriors of Kief, not only because it described the overthrow of their mortal enemies, the Tartars, by a Russian champion, but also because the victory had been gained by one of those clever tricks which were as popular with the Russians of that age as they still are with those of our own.

"Let fall a single word—'Tartars!'"

"Tugarin the Tartar
 Came forth to the fray;
 Then crafty Popovitch
 Did thus to him say:
 'Ho, Tartar! thou'rt cheating!
 This fight is unfair!
 'Twas but yester-evening
 Thou boldly didst swear
 To fight with me singly,
 We two, and no more;
 And lo! now behind thee
 Stand comrades a score!' "
 Tugarin turned round to see
 If 'twere as he said;
 Then in sprang Popovitch
 And cut off his head!" *

Just as the song ended amid the approving shouts and laughter of the whole company (for the Russian, like the Turk, can enjoy a good story quite as much the twentieth time as the first), a great bustle was heard outside the hall, and several voices shouted at once, "Bring them to the great Prince! Let him hear what they have to tell!"

Then the door was flung open, and in burst half a dozen of Vladimir's guards, leading forward among them two dusty, wearied, haggard-looking men, who had evidently travelled fast and far.

One glance at the faces of the newcomers was enough to show that they brought no good news; and the noisy talk and laughter died away so suddenly that one might have heard a pin drop in that crowded hall when the strange messengers, having eagerly devoured the food set before them, began to tell their tale.

It was soon told. The Tartars were in the field again, and had invaded South-eastern Russia, which they were now ravaging far and wide. Most of the inhabitants had taken refuge in the fortress of Kamenskoe; but the enemy had surrounded it, and were now pressing it hard, vowing to slaughter every living thing within its walls when the place was captured.

"There go two words to *that* bargain," said Vladimir, with a grim smile, "and it's always a bad plan to sell the bear's hide before you've killed him. These dogs have had a taste of my whip once or twice already; but if they want more, why, they shall have it. Feodor, muster my guards; and you, Cyril, run and call Father Silvester."

To pass at once from the feast to the fight was an every-day matter with the Prince of Kiev and his warriors; and by the time Silvester appeared, the open space in front of the palace was crowded with armed men, whose bold manly faces, glittering weapons, and orderly equipment might have satisfied the most exacting commander.

"Father," said Vladimir to the monk, "I go forth to deal with these Tartar wolves who are destroying my people. My trusty Sviatogor here" (and he pointed to a grim old chief with one eye and an iron-grey beard almost as long and thick as a doormat) "will take charge of the town in my absence; and I pray you, father, to help him with your counsel, for in *you* lies our chief strength."

"May God be with thee, my son," replied Silvester; "and if my counsel can do any good, be assured it shall not be wanting."

The final preparations were soon made, and the Prince's guards mustered around their leader. Feodor, who had hitherto commanded them, looked very blank on learning that he was to be left behind to help Sviatogor in taking charge of the city; but he knew better than to make any objection.

Just then Cyril came up to the Prince and begged hard to be allowed to accompany the army on its march southward.

"What!" cried Vladimir, looking keenly at him, "would you go with *us* to fight against your own people?"

"I have sworn to be true to you in life and in death, Vladimir Sviatoslavovitch," answered the young Tartar, meeting his eye unflinchingly. "Are you afraid that I shall break my word?"

"No, no, my boy," said the Prince, heartily, "I know you'll never do *that*. If Father Silvester hasn't anything for you to do here you may come with us, and welcome."

"Gladly would I let him go with you, since he wishes it so," rejoined the monk; "but I feel persuaded—although in truth I know not why—that his staying here will be of great importance to us all."

"If *you* say so, father, of course I'll stay," answered Cyril, turning away to hide the look of bitter disappointment that clouded his eager face.

Half an hour later, Vladimir and his host marched gallantly down the winding path leading to the plain. Silvester, leaning over the parapet of the wall, watched the long line of glittering spearheads trailing over the boundless level below till the last gleam vanished into the gathering darkness of night. Then he turned away with a sinking heart, and a secret foreboding of evil which he could not himself understand.

That foreboding was soon to be terribly justified.

Some time had passed since Vladimir's departure, and one day was so like another that both Cyril and his friend Feodor were beginning to regret more than ever their not having been allowed to join the expedition, when one morning a great cloud of dust began to roll up along the eastern sky, attracting (as well it might) the attention of the sentinels who had been placed as usual along the city wall.

At first the townspeople naturally supposed that Prince Vladimir and his army were returning in triumph, and eagerly prepared to welcome them. But when they began to think a little, it struck them that Vladimir could not possibly have relieved Kamenskoe and got back to Kiev in so short a time; in fact, he could hardly have *reached* the besieged fortress yet. Had he turned back on the way, then?

The very thought struck dismay into them all, for they knew their daring Prince well enough to be sure that nothing short of some overwhelming disaster could have made him do anything of the kind. The shouts of triumph died away, and the bright faces began to look anxious and gloomy.

Sviatogor, as commander of the garrison, had turned out on the first alarm, and was standing in an angle of the ramparts with Cyril and Silvester beside him, watching intently the advancing dust-cloud. That it was caused by the march of an army was beyond all doubt, for the glitter of steel broke through it ever and anon, and whenever the morn-

ing breeze swept it aside for a moment the watchers caught a passing glimpse of shadowy masses of horsemen behind it.

The Tartar lad—who was famous among his Russian comrades for the keenness of sight peculiar to the wild race from which he sprang—strained his piercing black eyes toward the approaching mass for some minutes in perfect silence. Then, just as Sviatogor and Silvester, startled by the look of growing uneasiness which was darkening his expressive face, were about to ask what was amiss, Cyril's compressed lips opened and let fall a single word:

"Tartars!"

CHAPTER VIII.—BESIEGED.

THAT one word, "Tartars!" was like a thunderbolt to all who heard it. The presence of a host of Tartars before Kiev, so soon after Vladimir's departure to attack and punish them, could have only one meaning. The Russian army must have been defeated, and the Prince himself, like his ill-fated father Sviatoslav, had perished with the flower of his warriors.

The fearful tidings flew quickly from mouth to mouth, and so utterly unmoved were the whole garrison by the terrific disaster of which the proof seemed so plain before their very eyes, that although the enemy were seen to be coming on apace, no one appeared to have any thought of defence or resistance. Even Sviatogor, cool and brave though he was, stood gazing blankly at the advancing Tartars, without uttering a word.

But just then Silvester's clear voice was heard amid the general panic, in the same tone of quiet undaunted self-possession wherewith he had defied the rage of the savage priests and the fury of the midnight storm.

"Children," cried he, "let us not waste time over imaginary troubles when a real danger threatens us all. How can you think that these Tartars have met and beaten Prince Vladimir? *He* has gone toward the south, and they are coming from the north-east. Is it not much more likely that our men are carrying all before them at Kamenskoe, and that this other army of Tartars has come against Kiev just to bring back the Prince from the south to defend it, and so to save their brethren *there* from being crushed outright? Come, let us defend manfully the city which Prince Vladimir left in our care; and when he returns victorious (as I trust in God he will) let him see that his men have done their duty!"

Then was seen once more (as on the day when Silvester had defied the priests of Peroun) how one determined man can carry along with him a whole host of men who hesitate. The monk's calm fearless look, his ringing voice, his clear, sensible words, and the soul-stirring appeal with which he ended, acted like magic upon the simple, impulsive Russians, as easily swayed as children by any one who knew how to deal with them.

"Hurrah!" they shouted, crowding round him; "you shall see, father, that we will not dip our faces in the mud" (*i.e.* disgrace ourselves).

With that shout all the former terror and confusion passed away like a dream. Their natural courage, and their unbounded faith in Silvester, raised the

* The above is a tolerably literal translation of the closing lines of the original ballad, a copy of which I picked up in Central Russia.—D. K.

spirits of the Russians as suddenly as the supposed disaster had depressed them. More singular still, no one had from that moment the slightest doubt that Prince Vladimir was alive and victorious, and would speedily return. It was enough for them that "the great Christian enchanter" had said it, and that whatever *he* said must be true.

All was now bustle and activity. Old Sviatogor gave his orders coolly and clearly, and they were instantly obeyed. Heavy stones were piled along the parapet of the wall, and the best archers were posted in the turrets, whence their arrows would have a wider and deadlier range. Strong detachments of spearmen were stationed at various points where an attack might be expected, while a large body of picked soldiers was drawn up in front of the palace, under the command of Feodor, who had orders to bring them up instantly to any point from which he should hear the blast of a horn.

When all was ready, Sviatogor and Silvester mounted the highest tower to watch the enemy's movements, accompanied by Cyril, whose keen sight made him a valuable assistant in any work of the kind.

By this time the Tartar host had come near enough to be plainly visible, and a strange sight it was. The long trains of waggons, tugged by broadhorned oxen; the moving masses of small, rough, long-limbed horses, with riders as shaggy and untiring as themselves; the sheepskin jackets, the horsehide quivers and sickle-shaped bows; the long slender lances, the round, flat faces, and narrow, deep-set, ratlike eyes—were just as they had been when the Tartars first swept down upon Europe like a whirlwind five hundred years before, from the depths of the Eastern deserts, under their terrible king, Etzel, better known to historians as "Attila, King of the Huns."

"These are Petchencygans," said Cyril, after eyeing them keenly for a few moments. "My father killed many of them, when they fought against the Tartars of our tribe. Ha! see, there!"

The Tartar had pointed, as he spoke, to a tall man on a powerful black horse, who had just ridden out in front of the dark cloud of advancing horsemen. He wore the same coarse dress as his followers, but his head was covered with a Greek helmet of polished brass (doubtless the trophy of some former battle), which flashed in the cloudless sunshine like living fire.

"Father," said Cyril, gravely, "we must fight to the death now, for there is no hope of mercy from *him*. That's Octai Khan, the young Prince of the Petchencygans, and he has sworn by the grave of his father never to spare a Russian."

Before sunset the Tartar vanguard had encamped in front of the town, and fresh masses of the enemy were constantly coming up. Far back on the darkening plain the long, winding train of waggons could be seen moving slowly onward like some mighty serpent; and as the gloom deepened countless fires began to twinkle through it like stars all around the foot of the hill, while the night breeze brought a smell of roasting meat to the watching Russians, who ground their teeth at the thought that it was *their* cattle which these robbers were devouring.

But although the garrison watched all night in expectation of an attack, none was made. Octai Khan, fierce and brutal

though he was, had all the skill and prudence of a great general. He had heard of the new fortifications of Kief, and intended to see his way clear before he ventured to assault them.

When morning dawned the Russians looked down from their walls to see the whole plain below creeping like an ant-hill, with swarms of dark figures and glittering lances, which hemmed them in on every side. But the stout-hearted warriors looked fearlessly upon the tremendous odds against them, and answered the savage cries of the enemy with the stern music of their favourite battle-psalm, which, swelled by hundreds of deep voices, rolled through the still morning air like a peal of distant thunder:

"The mighty Lord is on my side,
I will not be dismayed;
For anything that man can do,
I will not be afraid.

The nations, joining all in one,
Did compass me about;
But in the name of God the Lord
I'll put them all to rout."

Well did the Tartars know that sound, which they had heard to their cost on many a hard-fought battle-field; and it seemed to have its effect upon them now, for the shrill horn-blast which replied to it sounded not an assault, but a parley.

"The rogues want to play us some trick," growled Sviatogor; "but we may as well hear what they've got to say, anyhow."

He ordered his men to blow a similar blast in answer, and a few minutes later four figures, with their bows and quivers laid aside and their lance-points turned downward in token of peace, were seen to issue from the Tartar camp, and to come slowly up the hill.

When they were near enough to hear and be heard, Sviatogor leaned over the wall, and called out to them to halt and tell their business.

Then the tallest of the four envoys (evidently a chief of some note) advanced one stride in front of his companions, and, waving his hand haughtily toward the town, spoke as follows, in broken Russian:

"These are the words of Octai Khan, the great Prince of the Petchencygans, the tramp of whose war-horse shakes the world. Give up your town peaceably and your lives shall be spared, and ye shall be sent in safety to your brethren beyond the river. Why should ye die in vain? See you not that for every man within your walls we can muster a hundred?"

Here he paused, as if expecting a reply, but Sviatogor—although he had evidently listened to the message with close attention—did not utter a word.

The crafty Tartar concluded that the Russian leader was considering his proposal, and hastened to follow up the impression which he thought he had made.

"Beware," cried he, fiercely, "how ye fling away your last chance of escape. Our Khan's mercy is a refreshing dew, but his wrath is a devouring fire. Do ye hope for help from your Prince Vladimir? Know, then, that he lies dead amid the ashes of Kamenskoë, and the heads of his warriors hang at the bridles of our horses."

"It is false!" broke in a clear, stern voice, as Silvester, stepping forth from

behind the nearest turret, confronted the Tartar.

At this unlooked-for apparition the bullying savage started back as if pierced with an arrow. He had no need to ask who the new-comer was, for the long, dark robe, pale face, and large bright eyes of "the great Christian enchanter" were already familiar to every man in Southern Russia, even those who had not seen him themselves being well acquainted by hearsay with every detail of his personal appearance.

"Now we'll have some good sport," muttered one of the Russian sentinels, rubbing his sinewy hands gleefully. "These thieves will meet their match when they come to deal with Father Silvester."

"Do you dare to tell us," cried Silvester, fixing his piercing glance upon the shrinking Tartar, "that you have killed Prince Vladimir and destroyed his army? You lie! He is neither dead nor defeated; you have not even seen his face!"

In speaking thus the bold monk was only making a shrewd guess at the real facts, of which he knew nothing for certain; but the instant confusion and dismay of the four Tartars showed him that he had guessed rightly.

"I will tell you something more," he resumed; "those heads at your bridles are not the heads of Vladimir's warriors, but those of the poor peasants whom you have killed on the march hither. If you have indeed slain the Great Prince, show us *his* head, and we will believe you."

At this embarrassing demand the Russian soldiers began to chuckle; but the Tartar chief (who had by this time recovered from his first dismay) determined to make another effort.

"Vladimir's head," he answered, "stands on a spear before our Khan's hunting-lodge on the Volhynian Plain; but you may see his helmet yonder on the Khan's head."

"You lie again!" cried Silvester sternly. "That helmet was taken in battle by the Khan *four years ago*, when he vowed by his father's grave never to spare a Russian; and yet you would have us trust to *his* mercy! Traitors and robbers! begone!"

Every word of this speech (though it contained nothing beyond the few facts which Silvester had learned from Cyril) fell like a thunderbolt upon the amazed Tartars, whose dark faces turned perfectly livid with terror at the monk's apparently supernatural knowledge. They exchanged a few words in a tremulous whisper, and then went back down the slope so hastily that their retreat was little short of a flight.

"You have served them rightly, father," said Sviatogor, with a grin smile. "Kief is not to be taken by big words, or big lies either; but we must make ready for a hard fight now, for when the 'Tartars' (Tartars) see that they can do nothing by tricks and lying, they'll come at us like hungry wolves."

Contrary to the old chief's expectation, however, the whole day passed without any movement on the part of the besiegers. But this only made the Russians doubly watchful, for they knew that midnight was their enemy's favourite time of attack, and that the Tartars were numerous enough to assault the town under cover of the darkness at three or four different points at once.

There was no sleep for the besieged garrison that night; all were at their posts, awaiting the threatened attack. But hour after hour crept by, and nothing

happened. At length, just as the first pale gleam of dawn was beginning to struggle through the surrounding blackness, a voice, shrill and strained as if by

mortal terror, was heard at the very foot of the rampart, crying out in *Russian*:

"Help, brothers! save me!"

(To be continued.)

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER:

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE next afternoon was a half-holiday. Lee was sitting at his desk, and was renewing his acquaintance with "Robinson Crusoe," but he seemed fated to be interrupted.

The unwelcome voice of Ingram called him from his place.

"Well, what is it now?" asked Lee, who had already learned that politeness was thrown away when addressing a fellow-scholar.

"Come out and play football!" shouted Ingram.

Lee, however, was too wary to be caught this time, so he took no notice.

"Do you hear me?" shouted Ingram again.

"Yes, I hear you," replied Lee, expecting Ingram to come over and take summary measures with him instantly.

"All right," said Ingram, "you'll be reported, my young friend. I'll teach you to behave in this way on a football afternoon."

"Why didn't you tell him it was a football afternoon?" asked the Markiss, who happened to be strolling by. "You've got no right to report him when he doesn't know the rules of the school."

"Well, teach them him yourself," retorted Ingram, turning away, and the Markiss accordingly came up to Lee and lifted him out of his seat.

"Look here, young chap, you're getting into the ways of the school too rapidly. Don't you know that no boy who hasn't been here two years is allowed to talk to a monitor unless he addresses him in respectful language?"

"He's always down on me," said Lee.

"Yes, I know he is; all the more reason you should not give him occasion to be justly down on you. Don't you know you've got to play football twice a week, whether you like it or not?"

"I did hear something about it," said Lee; "what a nuisance it is, though."

"Nonsense. Do you good," said the Markiss. "Everybody ought to learn to play football. It expands the chest, opens the lungs, strengthens the lower limbs. You ask the doctor—I don't mean Dr. Calcott, but the doctor who gives you pills when you want them, or even when you don't. Besides, we can't take your subscription for nothing."

Lee followed him out to the playing-fields, where the whole school was assembled.

There were two footballs produced, and sides roughly chosen. Two or three boys who had the good of the school at heart, as regards its sports at all events, took the lead in instructing the juniors, and for an hour and a half there was a good deal of miscellaneous play mingled with instruction going on.

Lee was not entirely confined to fagging in touch, but had his turn at playing forward, not finding it, however, altogether blissful employment. By the time the afternoon was over most of the boys were plastered from head to foot, and had to retire to the lavatory, wasting a good deal of soap before they were presentable again.

"By-the-bye," said Bray, as they went in, "where's that young Glubb got to? I intended to make him play on my side this afternoon. He always sneaks out of every sort of game; he'll get into a jolly row one of these days. Lucky for him I'm not his monitor. Who is?"

"Harrison," said a small boy standing near.

"Oh yes, so he is; and Harrison doesn't care what he does because he tells him stories in the evening. One of these days there'll be a big row if the Doctor hears of it."

It was a great idea of the Doctor that bodily exercise should be taken by every boy in the school. He held, and quite rightly, that it was no good for a boy to work hard at his studies unless he took a reasonable amount of healthy outdoor exercise. Consequently football, or whatever sport might be in season, was made compulsory once or twice a week, and the monitors had instructions to see that every boy turned out on these occasions.

Glubb turned up at tea, but gave no explanation of what he had done in the meantime. Mr. Partridge, unfortunately, had noticed his absence from the field, for he had not returned in time to answer to his name on calling over before tea.

"Where have you been, Glubb?" demanded Mr. Partridge.

"I've been indoors, sir."

"What have you been doing?"

"I've been reading, sir. I did not feel very well, so I thought I would not go out and play this afternoon, if you did not mind."

Mr. Partridge cut the conversation short by giving him a hundred lines, telling him that next time he shirked football he would get two hundred.

Glubb, however, was by no means upset by this announcement, for he had fully anticipated some sort of punishment, and hence was not disappointed.

Moreover, he had in stock several hundreds of lines which had been bequeathed to him by the same chum who had given him the "crib," and who had now left the school.

Glubb got hold of Lee after tea, and told him where he had been.

"They don't catch me playing football," said Glubb, "my time is too valuable. It's all very well for those other chaps, who've got nothing better to do."

"Where have you been, though?" inquired Lee, "because I remember Bray going round all the rooms, clearing every one out, and locking the school-door after him."

"The schoolroom is not the only place where one can go. Will you promise you won't tell any one if I tell you a secret?"

Lee promised faithfully.

"I go into the abbey," said Glubb. "Nobody ever dreams of looking for me there."

"Well, but is any one allowed to go in the abbey when he likes?" queried Lee.

"No, of course not," said Glubb, "it's breaking bounds, I know; but no fellow ever does want to go into the abbey, and so they never think of looking for me there. I go down into the crypt, that is where they have the warming apparatus, and so it is jolly and warm there all the week, because they never let the stove go right out. I had a most gorgeous time there this very afternoon. You shall come down with me next time, if you like."

Lee did not feel very much tempted by the offer. The crypt of an old abbey did not seem an ideal place for spending a fine Saturday afternoon. However, he promised secrecy, at all events.

"Would you like to see what I did this afternoon?" went on Glubb. "I was writing a poem."

"What's it about?" asked Lee.

"It's called 'The Maiden's Vow,'" replied the poet. "Just you listen."

He read a few lines of soul-stirring verse—at least they seemed so to Lee, who was perhaps not well qualified to judge.

"But I've got stuck," Glubb continued. "There is this line which I can't give up; it's one of the best of the lot:

'Twas now the soul-seductive month
Of leafy June, which—'

But you see I can't get a nice rhyme to the word 'month.' Now, can you think of one?"

Lee thought very hard. He was under the impression that to find a rhyme to any given word was one of the easiest things in the world. After a few attempts, he was obliged to confess that the only one he could think of was "twenty-oneth."

This was of no use, however, to Glubb. It certainly would have been quite out of keeping with the character of the poem.

"I believe there's a rhyming dictionary published somewhere," said Glubb; "one of these days I shall try to buy it. I haven't got any money of my own, worse luck, but I know what I'll do," he said, brightening up, "I'll ask the Doctor, he's sure to know. Next time I see him I'll

ask him, as sure as fate, what rhymes to month."

This was evidently on his mind, and Lee half expected to hear before night that he had interviewed the Doctor in his private apartment. Glubb, however, had not the pluck to do that. Besides this, the evening was taken up with more urgent duties, for the next day was to be chiefly devoted to mathematics, and Glubb, unfortunately for him, did not possess a crib for Colenso.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE of the institutions of the school was a weekly drill.

A retired army sergeant, who lived in the town, used to come and put the boys through their paces; an occupation, it is to be hoped, he did not find so disagreeable as his miniature army found it.

The Doctor laid very great stress on the advantages of drill, and in the prospectus of the school the fact that the services of Sergeant Jones were utilised for the benefit of the boys was duly recorded.

More than that, it was the habit of the Doctor every now and then to come out into the playground during the progress of the drill and watch the evolutions of the boys, who on such occasions certainly held themselves more erect, and behaved more like real soldiers, than when Mr. Partridge was the only one present to enforce discipline.

"I say," said Glubb to Lee, "do you like drill?"

"Don't know," replied Lee; "never tried it."

"Well, you'll have to try it this afternoon. I mean to cut it, though; I hate it," said Glubb. "I don't mean to be a soldier when I grow up. I guess if ever they invade England they will have to do without me at any rate. Besides, I don't see the good of learning how to put one foot before the other, I can do that already. I shall go down to the crypt. Will you come down with me this afternoon, and go on with the poem? Will you?"

But Lee did not feel equal to defying authority in this barefaced way. It was all very well for Glubb, who somehow seemed to consider impositions the most natural things in the world, and accepted them with the same calmness as he did his breakfast. Besides, Lee had an idea that he would rather like to drill; it was novel to him.

It so happened that Harrison was detained indoors on this occasion, so there was no one to particularly notice Glubb's absence. Consequently the drill went on without him.

But, as ill-luck would have it, a visitor from the town called on the Doctor that afternoon; and the Doctor, who was always ready to display the advantages of his school to outsiders, took him into the playground to watch the drilling, for a few minutes.

He had been there but a short time when the sergeant put the school into line, and made them number, preparatory to forming fours and other manœuvres. The last number shouted was "129."

This caught the quick ear of the Doctor in a moment.

"129," he said, to Mr. Partridge, who was standing near; "how is that? There should be 131."

"I believe Harrison is detained indoors, sir, by your orders."

"Oh yes," replied the Doctor; "but that only makes 130. Who is the missing boy?"

This was said in a tone sufficiently loud for the boys to hear.

A good many of them knew by instinct who was the absent one. It must be Glubb. Lee knew, too, where he was, and did not feel the more comfortable for that knowledge.

"Who is absent?" demanded the Doctor, this time in a louder voice, appealing to the school generally.

"I expect it is Glubb, sir," said Mr. Partridge. "It is a little habit of his to play the truant on all possible occasions."

"Where is he?" asked the Doctor.

"I am sure I don't know; I will send a boy to look for him if you like," replied Mr. Partridge.

"Shall I go, sir?" said Lee, who was anxious to rescue Glubb from his hiding-place before it was discovered.

"Yes," said the Doctor. "Do you know where he is?"

"I think I may be able to find him, sir," said Lee, trembling as he faced the Doctor. He ran off as hard as he could go, and turned the corner which led towards the abbey. The gate was open, and he sped down the cloisters until he came to a window, which he judged must open on to the crypt. He tapped against this loudly. There was silence for a moment, but he soon heard a whispered voice asking, "Who's there?"

"It's me," said Lee. "Come out, quick; the Doctor wants you."

It did not take Glubb long to jump up the stairs and join his friend.

"Does he know I'm here?" asked Glubb, showing more fear than he generally exhibited.

"No, he doesn't know where you are, but he came out to drill and found you weren't there. I expect there'll be a row," said Lee. "I thought I'd better come and rescue you as soon as I could."

"Thanks, that's awfully good of you," said Glubb; "I shall not forget that. Now come along, we've no time to lose."

They ran out at full speed to the playground, where the Doctor was still standing.

"Come here, sir," said the Doctor, as Glubb, with a modesty that well became him, made his way towards the rear of the field and tried to slip into the ranks unobserved.

Glubb obeyed, and stood before the Doctor, not looking particularly abashed, however.

"What do you mean, sir, by breaking the rules of the school in this way? Don't you know that every boy has to drill?"

"Yes, sir," replied Glubb, "but I do not think it suits me."

Whereat there was a gradual smile which ran through the rank and file, and would have developed into a loud titter had not the Doctor been present.

"And what does a boy of your age know about what is good for you or not? Understand, sir, I will not have the rules of the school defied in this manner. Drilling is a very fine and healthy exercise, and will result in the development of the physical conformation of the body. Everything in this establishment is designed for the improvement of both the physical and mental powers of those who have the privilege to study here, and I expect that every boy will take full advantage of these privileges."

This, of course, was said by the Doctor with a view of impressing the visitor with the idea of the care and paternal interest which he exercised over those committed to his charge.

Glubb, however, did not seem so much impressed by this declamation as perhaps was the visitor.

"Go to your place," continued the Doctor to Glubb, having finished his little harangue, "and write out one hundred lines as a punishment for your most improper and irregular behaviour."

"Yes, sir," said Glubb. He paused for a moment, and then looking up at the Doctor's face, said,

"Could you tell me, sir, what word rhymes to month?"

The smile of the youthful army changed, not to a titter, but to a laugh.

The Doctor's face grew red.

"Write me out five hundred lines, sir," he said, angrily, "and keep to the schoolroom for a week."

With that he turned away and marched towards the house, leaving Glubb immensely astonished at the turn affairs had taken.

It did not seem to strike the Doctor that the punishment which he had inflicted on Glubb was by no means calculated to assist him in improving the physical conformation of his body, upon which the Doctor seemed to lay such stress.

(To be continued.)

LAYS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

VII.—THE FAITHLESS CHUM.

Oh cruel fate! It cannot be,
I won't believe it's true;
Ah, Joe, you've nearly done for me,
I've done so much for you!

You said to me you meant to stick
As closely as a brother,
But though you're very very thick,
Alas! it's with another.

For two whole days you've chummed
with Carr,
You walked with him to church;
Oh what a little wretch you are
To leave me in the lurch!

Do you forget the lovely knife
(Two broken blades, a saw)

I freely gave you for a fife
That wasn't worth a straw?

And then the way I stood you treat
With endless ginger-beer?
Your memory is incomplete,
And sadly short, I fear!

Well, never mind, I don't suppose
It matters much, and so—
Whose voice is that? It must be Joe's!
He's calling from below.

"I say, do come and see this bat,
It cost me something stiff—"
"All right, old man, I'll get my hat,
And come in half a jiff!" . . .
FRED EDMONDS.

Concited Frederick.



OUNG Frederick was a boy whom you
Might call ambitious ; it is true
He was not very bright in class ;
In form was bad—but let that pass.

His pace he'd hardly ever know,
His pace with Hunter too was slow,
Though in the playground, to atone,
Ambition marked him for her own.

If tops were in, or base the bear,
Football or cricket, he was there.
In sports I won't say he'd excel,
But still he *thought* he played them
well.

His top more often, it is true,
Than in the ring, through windows
flew ;
In spite of this young Fred, you see,
Would think no one could peg as he.



Cricket, of course, he'd go in for,
Though "ducks' eggs" mostly were
his score ;
At football, it's my firm belief,
Invariably he came to grief.



One day he saw two acrobats
Do wonders with their legs and hats ;
They'd throw and twist their limbs
about,
Which proved they could not have the
gout.

While number one would tiptoe stand,
And hold aloft, quick from his hand,
The other deftly kicked a hat.
Said Frederick, "Pooh ! I can do that."

And this, when he returned to school,
He told to Richard White, a cool
Reflective boy, who smiling said,
"You think that you can do it, Fred ?



We'll see ! give me your hat." (But
wait—
Just in parenthesis I'll state
That Fred and all the boys were
dressed
On this occasion in their best.

The school, I must explain to you,
Was going walking, two and two).
He took Fred's glossy hat, did White,
"Now see if you can kick this height."



But White, when Frederick raised his
toe,
Lowered his arm to meet the blow,
And smiling somewhat broader now,
Pressed the crushed hat on Frederick's
brow.

"Fall in !" just then the Doctor cried,
Saw Frederick—called him to his side,
"You will, sir," and his voice was
stern,
"Five hundred lines of Cæsar learn !"



And while young Frederick learned
his task,
Did it occur to him, you ask,
Vaulting ambition sometimes slid
And fell ? It very likely did !

A. CHASEMORE.

A DEAD LETTER: A TRUE HISTORY.

I'LL be bound there are few among my
readers who can remember the arrival
of the news of the fight on the Heights of

Inkerman, that foggy Sunday morning, the
5th November, 1854. I am growing an old
buffer now, but to my dying day I shall ever

remember with what interest the morning
papers were perused that contained the
account of the battle. How our hearts

throbbed with pride when we read of the masses of closely-packed Russians stealing silently through the dense mist, up the slopes, to be driven back by our unprepared and unfed English lads. Driven back, did I say? Aye, driven back for a space, only to recover themselves and dash on once more. It was no quick brilliant rush like Tel-el-Kebir, but a stern hand-to-hand struggle, fought out to the bitter end. Backwards and forwards swayed the tide of victory, first on one side, then on the other. None could tell how it would end. Now the Russians by overwhelming numbers would drive us back, and gain possession of the Sandbag battery; at them we would go once more, and clear the spot of our foes, save those who would never rise more. Again and again was this spot lost and won, at the cost of how many lives! A hand-to-hand fight it was, in good sooth, since the ramrod of a cannon in the hands of one of our stalwart sons proved a deadly weapon among the Russian ranks. But such a fight could not continue for ever, human nature could not stand the strain; one side must give way and draw off, and it was not our men who did that.

England and her allies won the day, but at terrible cost. Many a heart ached, and many a home was plunged into mourning and grief through "that Sunday morning's" struggle in the mist.

Some time afterwards relics of the fight began to arrive in England. Russian swords, muskets, cuirasses, helmets, bayonets, and belts, many of them bearing witness to the accurate aim of our riflemen, or perhaps it would be better to say, to the rain of lead that our ranks poured forth, for there was small chance of taking steady aim in that pandemonium of strife.

These relics were eagerly bought up, and I possessed myself of half a dozen helmets, cuirasses, and swords, with which I built trophies on the walls of my hall.

But time went on, and, thank God, the war came to an end. We departed from the Crimea, leaving behind us those mounds on Cathcart's Hill, by the side of the Alma, and in the Balaclava valley, but bringing away the memories of those who slept at peace in those now deserted spots, over which the red tide of battle had so recently rolled.

Time went on, and a new generation of youngsters sprang up, among whom were some who seemed to delight in hearing "Uncle" tell the stories of those gallant fights which were, to them, as much incidents of the past as Waterloo, Trafalgar, and the Nile.

Time went on, and another set of youngsters took the place of their predecessors, and again the stories were told, and the battered and dented furniture of the battle-field was pointed out to heighten the effect of the narrative. Thirty-one years had passed when a friend of mine, an artist, applied to me for the loan of one of my Russian helmets. He was engaged upon a picture, a battle subject, and he required one to copy. I gladly gave him his choice, and with the aid of a pair of steps removed it from its nail, and he marched off with it under his arm.

In due course it was returned, with a short note of thanks, which concluded:—"I do not know if you are aware that the helmet you lent me contained a letter beneath the lining. I discovered it by accident, and have replaced it where I found it."

I was not aware of the fact, and, seizing the helmet, I turned back the leather lining which rested on the head, and there saw a letter, yellow and discoloured with age and dust. I opened it and attempted to read it. I could make nothing of it. It was in Russian, a language I am totally unacquainted with.

I was greatly interested in the discovery, and curious to know what the letter contained. I had no Russian friends, nor did I personally know any one who could give me a translation. Under the circumstances I came to the conclusion that I should not be taking a liberty in forwarding the document to the Russian Consul, giving him an account of how it had come into my possession. This I did, and in a few days received an answer, thanking me, and enclosing a translation, from which I gathered that the letter was written by a young Russian recruit to his mother. It was full of affection and love, and gave her an account of his life in the army, and stated that the next morning they expected to go into action. (The letter bore a date corresponding to our 4th November, 1854, the day before the battle of Inkerman.) There were references to

family matters and events, and the whole tone of the letter was that of the loving affection of a son for his mother.

The outside bore the address of the mother in some remote Russian village, and also a request that if anything should happen to the writer it might be forwarded.

The Consul's note informed me that he had acted on this request, and had sent the letter; but that, owing to the time that had elapsed since it was written, there was not much chance of its finding the mother alive; but if he heard anything further in the matter he would communicate with me again.

Here was a curious history for a letter. Written more than thirty years ago, and all that time waiting to be forwarded, safely hidden away. I pictured to myself that poor Russian mother hungering for tidings of her boy, tidings that never came. How her heart must have ached when she read the account of the battle, if the account ever reached her distant home, and what sorrow must have overwhelmed her when she learnt that he was among the slain, and had gone from her for ever without the tidings she had longed for. For days I could not get that picture out of my mind. From the letter I could gather that the affection between mother and son had been great, and I felt sure that to the day of her death the memory of her boy was ever with her.

It was more than a month afterwards when I received a second letter from the Consul, in which he said:—

"I know it will afford you gratification to learn that after all these years the letter you forwarded to me has reached the hands of the person for whom it was intended. I forward you a translation of the reply I have received from the soldier's mother, who is still living at the address on the outside of her son's letter."

It is needless to give the translation, beyond stating that the writer was most thankful to receive the last written words of her boy, whom she had mourned so long, and thanked all those who had discovered and forwarded them to her.

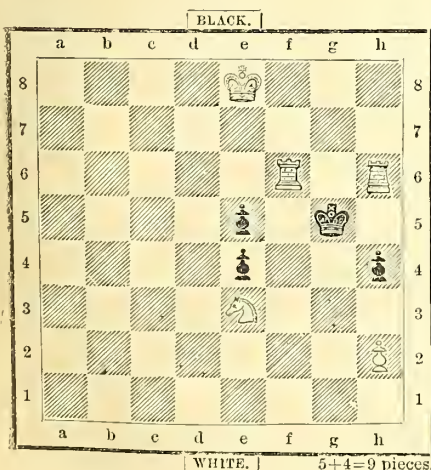
Thus ended the romance of what I ever afterwards called The Dead Letter, but which, after more than thirty years, reached its destination. SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

C H E S S .

(Continued from p. 543.)

Problem No. 174.

By E. VARAIN.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

Problem No. 175.

An easy self-mate in two moves by McL., of Thorold, Ont.—White, K—Q R 2; R—Q R sq.; B—Q R 6; Kt—Q 6; Ps—Q Kt 2 and Q B 3. Black, K—Q R 5; B—Q B 8; Kt—Q 7; Ps—Q Kt 3 and Q B 5.

CENTRE OPENING.

Lately played between J. W. (White) and H. F. (Black).

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K 4	P—K 4
2. P—Q 4	P×P
3. Q×P (a)	Kt—K B 3
4. P—K 5	Kt—Q B 3
5. Q—K 3	Kt—K Kt 5
6. Q—K 4	K Kt×K P
7. P—K B 4	P—Q 4
8. Q—K 2 (b)	Q—K 5 (ch.)
9. P—K Kt 3	Q—R 3
10. Kt—Q B 3 (c)	B—K Kt 5
11. Q—K 3	P—Q 5
12. Q—K 4	P×Kt
13. P×Kt	P×P
14. B×P	R—Q sq.
15. B—Q 3	B—Kt 5 (ch.)

16. P—B 3	B—Q R 4
17. Q×B (d)	R×B
18. Kt—B 3	Q—K 6 (ch.)
19. K—B sq.	B—Kt 3
20. Kt—Q 4	R—Q 7
21. Q—B 4	Q—Q 6 (ch.)
22. K—K sq.	Kt×Kt
23. Q×R	Black mates
in two moves by Kt—B 6 (ch.), and	
24. Q×Q.	

NOTES.

- Some players prefer P—Q B 3.
- Q—K 3 would more easily have secured the capture of the Kt.
- B—Q 2 would have enabled him to take the Kt next time.
- He should rather have played the Kt—K 2 to prevent the Q from checking at Q 6.

To Chess Correspondents.

R. W.—The other version of 165, which instead of the black Kt contains a black R at K 8 and a black P at K B 7, is correct, and cannot be solved in three moves by 1, Kt—Q 5.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(NINTH SERIES.)

Drawing Competition.

IN announcing this competition (see p. 47) we wrote: "To encourage a taste for art, with all its refining influence, we once more offer SPECIAL ART PRIZES, as follows:—We will give TWO PRIZES, of *Two Guineas* and *One Guinea* respectively, for the best original sketch, whether in oils or water-colours, of a group of English berries. There will be two divisions—Junior, all ages up to 18; Senior, from 18 to 24. The size, material, etc., are left to the choice of competitors."

We regret to have to report that but comparatively few have taken part in this competition, and none of the work has reached quite so high a standard as in some of our earlier art competitions. Here, again, as with the Music, the best is in the Junior Division, and the First Prize of *Two Guineas* will therefore go to that class, and will be divided equally between the two competitors heading the list.

Our Award is as follows:—

JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 18).

Prizes—*One Guinea each.*

- A. CLAY (aged 17½), Clifton Place, Clifton, Bristol.
R. H. WALKER (aged 17½), 24, Milverton Crescent, Leamington.

CERTIFICATES.

[The names are arranged in order of merit.]

- S. OLDHAM (aged 16), Grange Terrace, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.
A. L. GROTE (aged 15), 11, Clare Gardens, Cardiff.
J. S. GRAVES (aged 17), 12, Howard Square, Eastbourne.
L. MARTINEAU (aged 17), 4, South Road, Clapham Park, S.W.
S. M. MARTINEAU (aged 14), 4, South Road, Clapham Park, S.W.
A. R. B. BURBURY (aged 14½), The Lodge, Beckworth, Lindfield, Sussex.
A. HAILLETT, 44, Sunnily Hill Road, Streatham, Surrey.
A. G. W. WHITE (aged 17½), Castle Hill School, Reading.
W. E. ODOM (aged 17), Mizpah, Balfour Road, South Norwood.
L. TREVENEN (aged 16), Sewald's Hall, Harlow, Essex.
G. F. MARRAS (aged 15), 122, Hurlingham Road, Fulham, S.W.
T. WRIGHT (aged 12), 69, Shrubland Road, Dalston, E.
W. J. J. LUDLOW (aged 12), 63, Jamaica Street, Stepney, London.
A. J. HULME (aged 15), White House, Ditherington, Shrewsbury.

SENIOR DIVISION (ages 18 to 24).

Prize—*One Guinea.*

- V. W. BARNARD (aged 18), High Street, Poole, Dorset.

CERTIFICATES.

[The names are arranged in order of merit.]

- M. T. O'CONNELL (aged 23), Killadigsert, Co. Clare, Ireland.
R. GELSTON (aged 19), 74, George Street, Limerick, Ireland.
A. HOWELL (aged 23), 70, Lord Street, Sandford Hill, Longton, Staffs.
J. ATTWOOD (aged 22), 4, Albert Terrace, Nelson Street South, Birmingham.
A. F. MORROW (aged 18), 10, New London Road, Chelmsford.

Correspondence.

SHIP.—The Secretary of King's College is J. W. Cunningham, Esq. Write to him for prospectus.

MODEL MAKER.—You ought to have a set of dies. Perhaps if you were to drill the holes and screw in the screws it would be enough. You would have to employ an engineer or a brassworker. The charge is very little.

L. F. DE YMAET.—Write to the Secretary, Science and Art Department, South Kensington, S.W.

J. E.—1. We had articles on making magic-lanterns in the February and March parts for 1834. 2. Nemesis was the daughter of Night, and the personification of that punishment for sin which eventually overtakes the offender. At Rome her statue was in the Capitol. She is represented with a helm and wheel and wings. There was a famous statue of her at Rhamnus. It was made by Phidias, and was about seventeen feet high.

T. E. P. PETERS.—Two halfpenny stamps on a receipt for money over two pounds are as good as a penny stamp; and for all other purposes, postage and revenue, the halfpenny stamp is as regular as the penny.

F. F. G.—The best story of that particular period is Bulwer Lytton's "Last of the Barons."

G. D. B.—To clean a felt hat from grease wash it in a hot solution of soda.

M. N. T.—The festival of the Holy Trinity was instituted by Pope Gregory IV in 828, and it was originally the octave of Whitsuntide. It was first enjoined to be observed as a festival by the Council of Arles in 1260.

BENJAMIN.—See our Angling articles running through the third and fourth volumes.

C. K.—1. We know of no such book, but there might be one published in America. 2. "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's" is not published in book form. It can only be had by purchasing our fourth volume.

GREEN.—The first King of Ireland was Henry VIII. Previously to his time the English monarchs called themselves Lords of Ireland. For the different governors you had better refer to Gilbert's "History of the Viceroy's." As there have been about four viceroys every ten years the list is much too long for us to give. The first was Hugh de Lacy in 1172.

C. R. M. S.—1. Buy a copy of "The Field" or "Fishing Gazette," and choose from the advertisements. 2. John Felton, the murderer of the Duke of Buckingham, was hanged on 28th of November, 1628. The wooden obelisk near Southsea pier is on the site of Felton's gibbet.

JAMES KERE.—For induction coils see No. 139. There is much practical matter about coils in the third volume of Spon's "Workshop Receipts."

A. W. GRIFFITHS.—To take grease out of paper, wash the spots over with benzine, place the paper so washed between pieces of white blotting-paper and pass a hot iron over it.

PHILOSOPHUS.—Apply for price list to Messrs. Townson and Mercer, of Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

YOUNG CELT.—Any bookseller will get you "Ballads and Poems" by G. R. Sims, price three shillings and sixpence.

TAILPIECE.—The articles on Violin Making were in the November and December parts for 1882, which are still in print. They give full particulars.

A SUBSCRIBER.—In their ascent from Wolverhampton on September 5th, 1862, Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell reached a height of eleven miles.

LECLAN.—The outer jar of a Leclanché cell has a zinc rod, and is charged with a solution of sal ammoniac; the inner jar has a carbon plate, and is filled up with a mixture of manganese peroxide and broken gas carbon.

C. W. B.—The great ice accident in Regent's Park, when forty people were drowned, was on January 15th, 1867. This was the accident in which one of the saved found a piece of ice just big enough to float him, laid down on it on his back, and quietly waited till he was rescued.

SILVER TROUT.—You can buy such weather-houses at the Noah's Ark, corner of Great Turnstile, Holborn. They work on a piece of catgut, which lengthens and shortens according to the humidity of the air.

OWEN SKITTLER.—1. We have not yet dealt with the game. 2. To set the Thames on fire is to do something startling in the world. It is an old pun with the joke gone—as usual. The temse—not the Thames—was the corn-sieve which was worked over the sifted flour. A hardworking man would occasionally work the siftings so energetically as to set fire to the wooden hoop at the bottom. Hence the saggard would never set the temse on fire with the grain. We are loth to add that this derivation is usually taken *cum grano*.

OILMAN.—It is safer, cheaper, and better to buy your varnish ready-made. The substances used are inflammable.

ELECTRIC.—The safest investment for small savings is the Post Office Savings Bank. See an article on "A Day at our Savings Bank" in the "Leisure Hour" for November, 1880.

A. BAINS.—1. Apply to Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. for "Camps among the Rockies." 2. Send your letter under cover to the editor of "The Field."

H. S. T.—There is a monthly Army List, price eighteenpence, published by John Murray, of Albemarle Street. There is no other book. There is a "Volunteer Service Gazette," which you can buy at the bookstalls.

KORMAK.—An able seaman in the Royal Navy, if engaged on continuous service terms, gets one shilling and sevenpence per day. If he has engaged for non-continuous service he gets sixteenpence a day. A first-class boy gets sevenpence a day.

TART.—The subject has been treated of more than once. See the "Boy's Own Museum" articles in the third volume.

R. HILL.—The "little weed" is an animal, probably the *Flustra* or sea mat. Look it out under the polyzoa.

A. H. H.—If the boat is small, cut the sections out in the solid and nail the strakes to them. Then nail thin wood battens across the strakes inside. Then cut out as much of the dead wood of the sections as you can spare.

H. A. RUMSEY.—See our life of Dr. W. G. Grace in the second volume.

X. Y. Z.—For the formula for calculating horse-power see No. 400.

Y. T. G.—1. In England it is assumed that a farmer's income is equal to half his net rent. 2. Try Seebohm's "British Birds," published by Dulau and Co., 37, St. John Square. It costs six pounds, but it has coloured plates of the eggs. 3. It takes thirty pounds weight of milk to make one pound of butter.

S. S. D.—1. The Serpentine in Hyde Park was made between 1730 and 1733. 2. Hyde Park is Crown property. It was sold by the Parliament in 1652, but Charles II. got it back again.

A. V. PRATLING.—You can see all the Queen Anne farthings in the British Museum collection.

EDWARD P.—Diego Garcia is a British possession. It is halfway between Aden and King George's Sound. It is a dependency of the Mauritius, like Rodrigues, and the Seychelles, and Amirantes. We suppose that the reason it is not mentioned in the geography books is that it is so small. There are so many things necessarily crowded out of school-books that it is never safe to argue on the negative side on the strength of an omission.

T. FLETCHER.—You can get picture-mouldings and backs from Beckmann Brothers, Cross Street, Farringdon Street; Muller, of Holborn; or Rees, of Drury Lane.

H. BURGESS.—1. We suppose you mean Sedgemoor as the last battle fought in England. It ended Monmouth's rebellion, 6th July, 1685. Darenty was the last battle of the Civil War, fought 21st April, 1660. 2. An engine can be driven at any speed. It is only a question of the price at which it is profitable to work it. 3. The heaviest gun in the Royal Navy weighs one hundred and eleven tons.

W. L. P.—Such things are not known. The art of writing has not existed for ever. You may rest assured that leather was in use long before books were written. If you must have a date, there was the Gordian knot of leather in 330 B.C.

NUNMUS.—Mr. Gill, of 170, Strand, publishes a "Guide to the Coins of Great Britain and Ireland," by Major W. S. Thorburn. It costs six shillings and sixpence.

GENRE.—Genre-painting is the term applied to such pictures as deal with domestic life, and are neither historical nor landscape.

LUCY.—Remagnetise it. Borrow a bar magnet; lay its south pole in the centre of your magnet, and draw it along and off at your north pole. Then place its north pole in the centre of your magnet and draw it off at the south pole. It is best to work with two bar magnets. You must work for at least a quarter of an hour.

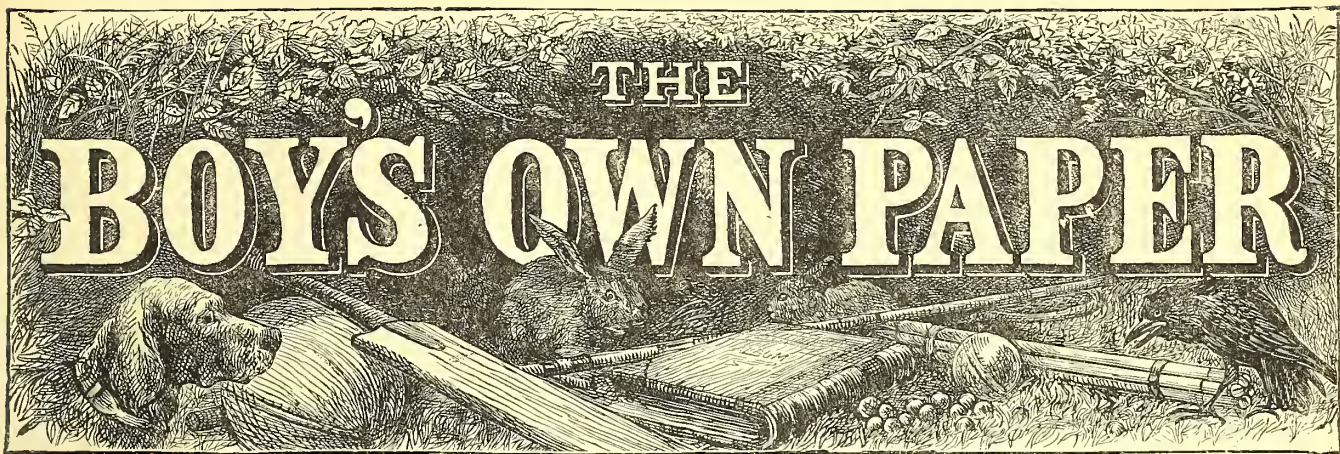
A. G. C. (Bristol).—1. The "Barring out at Thornborough" was in the September part for 1884. "Under a Cloud" was in the first volume, and is out of print. 2. The Thames Tunnel was opened in 1843, on March 25th.

H. E. A.—1. He must wait for opportunity! 2. To silver a mirror, put ten grains of silver nitrate into an ounce of distilled water. Stir with a glass rod, and as you stir add, drop by drop, strong ammonia enough to dissolve again the brown precipitate. Dissolve ten grains of crystallised Rochelle salt in an ounce of distilled water. Mix the solutions in the proportion of two parts of the first to one of the second, and pour them out to the glass, which should have been polished with rouge and rubbed with wash-leather. Let the silvered mirror dry in the sun for half an hour or more. Pour on it some distilled water and wipe it over gently with wadding, so as to take away the roughnesses. Polish it with the rouge-leather.

R. O. P.—A lieutenant of infantry is paid seven shillings and sixpence a day; a lieutenant of cavalry is paid seven shillings and eightpence a day; a lieutenant R.A. or R.E. is paid seven shillings and tenpence a day; a lieutenant of Household Cavalry is paid nine shillings a day; and a lieutenant R.H.A. is paid nine shillings and tenpence a day. A captain of infantry or R.E. or R.A. is paid eleven and sevenpence a day; a captain R.H.A. is paid fifteen shillings a day; a captain of cavalry is paid thirteen shillings and sevenpence a day; but, strangely enough, a captain of Household Cavalry is paid a penny a day less.

E. R. PUGH.—And, please, how many years were there in the first century? Ninety-nine?





No. 439.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1887.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

A STRANGE TRIP ABROAD.

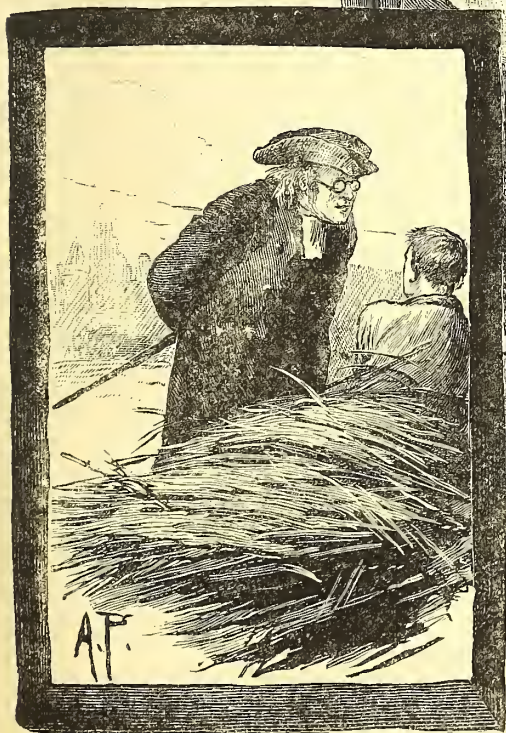
By ASCOTT R. HOPE,
Author of "Bobby Bounce,"
"Honest Harry," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN he had moored his boat, nodding to me to follow him, the fisherman led the way into this village, which was evidently the sort of place where a



"I was not left long in doubt."



very little event is enough to attract a great deal of public attention. Before we had gone far we were surrounded by a mob of idle youngsters, who pressed about me, and laughed and gaped and stared,

as if I were some kind of queer-fish newly caught for their amusement. For my part, what struck me most about them was that those who did not go barefoot wore clumsy wooden shoes, a thing I had never seen in my life. I was to see many other novelties before getting to the end of my involuntary travels.

This tumultuous reception I found rather annoying, especially when one or two young rascals went so far as to divert themselves by shying shells at me. Was it a crime here, then, to be a foreigner? Alas! I had to remember how, not long before, I had joined my schoolfellows in hooting and pelting another boy accused by us proud Britons of being a Frenchman, and therefore unworthy to intrude upon our sacred soil. That is always the way with the ignorant and thoughtless. Every conceited rooster is inclined to peck strange fowls out of his own farmyard. Now it was my turn to hang my head and sneak along, the hapless mark of public derision.

It seemed as if I were marching to execution; but luckily this ordeal did not last long. The procession stopped at a house, in front of which a row of sailors stood idly smoking their pipes beneath a stone jug, hung out by way of sign, with a board bearing the motto, "Hier verkoopt man trancken," which I did not in the least understand, but rightly guessed that it announced a tavern. My conductor brought me in, introducing me to a burly person whom I supposed to be the landlord, and made out that he was to take my case in hand, for the fisherman left me here, having other fish to fry, no doubt.

I scanned my new friend's face rather closely, and was glad to find that it expressed a placid, though somewhat heavy, good-nature. It is astonishing how sharp you become at reading faces when you have no other means of information. I saw at once that the landlord meant well to me, though I could not be quite so sure if he were wideawake enough to take in my predicament; he had the air of sleeping on his legs. He certainly proved provokingly slow and stupid, for before he did anything else, when we were left alone, he took a great many puffs at his pipe, looking me all over from top to toe, shaking his head solemnly, and giving himself up for some minutes to profound meditation, during which I had to stand before him as a humble and awkward suppliant, till it at last occurred to the good man to offer me a seat by the fire, as he did by kicking a stool forward with his foot and nodding at it, one hand being constantly employed in holding the long pipe, and the other snugly buried in the depths of his capacious pockets.

Then, the pipe having gone out, he began talking to me, and kept at it for some time before he recognised that this was merely wasting breath. He seemed to think that by putting his mouth to my ear and bellowing at the pitch of his voice I must in the end be forced to understand him. I could only shake my head and wish that his breath did not smell so strong of onions, as well as of tobacco. I was relieved when he gave it up in despair, drawing back to regard me with a smile of benevolent wonder, and he even exerted himself so far as to scratch his head over the puzzle of a human being deaf to the loudest Dutch.

All this time, however, fishermen or

other nautical characters had kept dropping in, more than one of whom was acquainted with a few words of English, so that we were able to hold some sort of conversation. I let them know that I came from Ramsgate, and wanted to be taken back there, the sooner the better. But they shook their heads and puffed stolidly at their porcelain pipes without making any motion to oblige me.

"Wind bad—no good," said one ancient mariner, and then they apparently began to talk about something else, just as if my affairs were of no great consequence, unless to serve as subject for a minute or two's curiosity. But perhaps they may have been telling the story of my adventures, which of course would have to be repeated to every new-comer, as the news of this arrival spread through the village. The landlord could certainly afford to entertain me, for I might flatter myself I was the attraction that kept filling the low-roofed room, till I could scarcely see across it for the cloud of smoke, which was only a little cleared from time to time by the opening of the door to let in some fresh customer.

For a youngster, I had a very good opinion of myself in those days, and what much vexed me was their all seeming to take me for a common sailor-boy or the like, to whom mishaps such as the present were quite ordinary events, and nothing to make great ado about. I could not get them to understand that I was not at all accustomed to this sort of thing, but a young gentleman of quite unadventurous antecedents, the son of well-to-do people, who would pay them handsomely for bringing me back without delay. Indeed, in my shabby and scanty costume I looked like nothing better than a shipwrecked scarecrow, who might be well content to find himself with any roof over his head.

Then presently one of the company, taking pity on my dumb dejection, explained to me in his broken English that the landlady of this house was a very clever woman, who happened to be away from home just now, but that when she came back she would know what to do about me. With this prospect I had to remain satisfied, sincerely hoping the mistress would come home soon. For one thing, my stomach began to feel very empty after its late sufferings, and my experience of mistresses and housewives generally was that they would not be ignorant of juvenile human nature's propensity to hunger.

In the course of the evening there entered an important-looking personage to whom everybody took off his hat, and whom I supposed to be some sort of magistrate. He brought a large book in which he seemed to write down such an account of me as could be gathered from those present, while I had not a word to say for myself. But he withdrew without taking any steps to provide me with the refreshment which I was too shy to suggest in expressive pantomime. For one thing, I did not know how far that schilling of mine might go in the way of victuals, and the pinch of starvation was not yet keen enough to bring me to beggary-point. So I waited in silent hope that the subject would be introduced by some of my new acquaintances.

And sure enough, after I had sat twiddling my thumbs for an hour or two, it occurred to my sleepy host that I might

want something to eat. He set about the business with his accustomed deliberation; but at length, by the aid of a girl, who had already her hands full in serving drink to the fishermen, the meal did get itself ready. I was heartily glad to see it, consisting as it did of tea, some brown bread and butter, and fat bacon, on which I fell with all the appetite of my twenty-four hours' fast. The landlord looked on approvingly, and when I stopped, nodded and smiled as an invitation to me to fall to again.

I must say I should have enjoyed my supper more if there had not been so many spectators of it. By this time the room was crowded like a booth at a fair. Every one who entered began by taking a good long stare at me; and I had to eat under the same sort of curious inspection as if I had been a wild beast exhibited in its feeding-time. I felt inclined to walk round asking them all to take notice that I had a mouth and the same number of fingers and toes as other people, and have done with it. But all I could do was patiently to submit to an amount of public attention which, however disquieting, was ill-mannered rather than ill-natured.

When I had eaten my fill I felt a little more cheerful, but weary enough of sitting there on an uncomfortable stool with nothing to do but listen to the babel of unintelligible talk around me. The room was so hot and full of smoke that I longed for a breath of fresh air, or, better still, some place to lie down in and be quiet. At last I began to nod off to sleep; and after I had nearly tumbled forward into the fire two or three times, my host took the hint to lead me to bed.

It was a large room upstairs into which he brought me, with three beds in it. There I could not take long to prepare for repose. I had no night-shirt to put on, and felt shy of undressing before the old man, who stood waiting to take away the candle, so I just slipped off my tarry trousers and tumbled straightway into bed. Scarcely had I time to enjoy the delightful sensation of finding myself once more beneath crisp clean sheets and cosy blankets before I went off to sleep and fell into a joyful dream that I was being carried in a balloon back to Ramsgate, where it turned out after all that nobody had much missed me, but everybody was none the less glad to see me safe at home.

I could not have slept more than three or four hours when I was roused by a great disturbance going on below. This wooden house let you hear noises from any part of it almost as plainly as if in the next room. I sat up in bed, and, for all my ignorance of the language, had no difficulty in making out the shrill tones of an angry woman. Had the landlady come back then? and if so, what could be thus exciting her?

I was not long left in doubt. The hurricane of wrath swept up the creaking stairs, with a tramp of hasty footsteps and a discharge of angry ejaculations, nearer and louder every moment. The door of the room in which I lay was burst open, and in bounced a red-faced woman followed by the scared-looking servant-girl carrying a light, and the rear was brought up by the landlord, who seemed mildly remonstrating with his spouse's wrath, while she pointed to me and harangued at the pitch of her voice, so that I might perceive myself to

be the innocent cause of the whole commotion.

The fact is she had a true Dutch housewife's idolatry of cleanliness, and was indignant that a dirty vagabond like me should have been allowed to curl himself up in the spotless sheets of one of her best beds. Without further ceremony she now dragged off the coverings, caught me by the scruff of the neck, and hauled me out on to the floor, continuing to denounce the whole household, it would appear, for having permitted such scandalous impropriety in her absence. She even shoved me to the door, as I stood too confused for at once taking this rough hint to know my place; so, much amazed and abashed, I had to slink off downstairs with my trousers in my hand, leaving mistress and maid to strip the bed of its defiled linen.

The landlord came down after me into the public room below. There, after rubbing his ear in thought a minute or two, while I stood buttoning up on the cold stone floor, he opened a cupboard, brought out a large jug of some beverage, and silently invited me to take a drink by way of consolation, at the same time slyly pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, as if to hint that *she* needn't know anything about it. His looks said as plain as words could do:

"You see how it is! she is a regular Tartar, and I am a henpecked husband. So we must both put up with her notions, and be glad things are no worse."

I shook my head sulkily; I was too much offended and annoyed by having been so roughly turned out of bed to accept the friendly offer of refreshment. Then his churlish wife was heard clattering downstairs, and the good man shut the cupboard with a haste unusual to him, and, taking up a lantern, motioned me to follow.

I was as well pleased not to encounter that termagant again. He led the way out into the yard and showed me a hay-loft where the like of me could find a fitting couch. When he had left me alone I wrapped myself in the hay, trying to get to sleep again. But now I could not sleep. To tell the truth, this place swarmed with fleas, which kept me scratching and rubbing in a most uneasy fashion. Then there were rats or mice running about in the roof and walls; and every moment I expected to find them nibbling at my bare toes, or scampering over my face, so that between these imaginary terrors and the reality of the fleas, I lay hour after hour in a fever of restlessness.

And the worst of all was my sore feelings. The landlady's contempt had stung me to the quick. This was my first taste of the kindness of strangers. To think what a happy home I had left on the other side of the Channel, and here to be treated as a dirty outcast, not good enough to lie in a tavern bed! It was a mortification to stir all my youthful pride into bitter resentment.

What would those dear ones at home be thinking all the time? If they knew what their boy was suffering! If they only knew that he was alive! Again, I half forgot my own troubles to remember that already my poor mother must be breaking her heart over my supposed fate. Now that nobody could see me but the fleas and the mice, I confess that I did have a quiet cry all to myself. It was so hard to exchange such loving care for a plight like my present one.

Thus I lay, fretting and wakeful all the rest of the night; and at last my excited mind worked itself up to a rash resolution. I would have no more to do with low people, who didn't know a young gentleman when they saw him in ragged clothes. I would go off on my own account, and seek help elsewhere. Surely there would be somebody or other in the neighbourhood who could speak English, and might understand and take pity on my case. Anyhow, I was not going to stay here, exposed to the insolence of an ill-natured Dutchwoman.

"Let her bully her stupid husband, if he chooses to put up with it," I said to myself. "Perhaps they may both come to be sorry that they have driven me out to starve. If I do starve, everybody will say it was a shame of them, and that will serve them right." I was in the angry mood when, as the saying goes, one will cut off one's nose to spite one's face.

(To be continued.)

OUR CRICKET-MATCH AT SANDILANDS.

By HENRY FRITH,

Author of "A Boat-Race at Sandilands," etc., etc.

"I SAY, you fellows, Johnny Crapaud says he can play cricket!" exclaimed Crow one morning. "What fun!"

"He can hit hard, if he can't play," remarked Jones. "He nearly swiped my head off yesterday!"

"Pity he didn't do it quite," growled a lad named Gentill, who certainly belied his name, for he was a bully, and rough in his manners.

"Oh, you think so, do you?" sneered Jones.

"Yes, I do," replied Gentill.

"Then take *that*!" said the Welshman, as he delivered a straight blow upon the Gentill nose.

Gentill took it, and obligingly returned it at once; but Jones avoided the gift, and was proceeding to administer a return, when Armstrong and Crow interfered.

"I will pay you out!" shouted Gentill; "see if I don't!"

"Shut up!" said Crow; "you've had enough for once. Here comes Johnny Crapaud himself; let us hear what he has to say concerning the cricket."

"Fancy a Frenchy playing cricket!" remarked Crow, as Gentill retired to wash his face; and Jones kept touching his nose, and looking at his handkerchief alternately, meanwhile.

"Cricket, you mean, Crow," replied Armstrong. "Do be careful. When did you ever hear of a Frenchman playing cricket? Hallo, Johnny!"

"Ye'es," answered the good-tempered French lad—"ye'es, 'ere we air!"

"Come 'ere, then, Johnny, and tell us about the crickets. You've put down *votre nom* for the match, eh?"

"For certain I 'af," he replied; "I can play ze game—ver' well I play 'im."

"Not you, Johnny," said Jones; "you can't play forward one little bit; you *can* hit, we hear."

"Ye'es," replied the lad, whose real name was Victor Armand—"ye'es, I play forward; and when I play 'im I hit 'im to the side—ah!"

"Oui; c'est vrai!" replied Armstrong, who now and then aired a few French words. "Certainly; but you no play, Johnny."

"I vill trai—if I can," he replied; "ze crickets is not difficile."

"The crickets is difficiler than you imagine," retorted Crow. "What do you think of 'cutting,' 'driving,' 'playing back,' 'hitting to leg,' and 'blocking a Yorker'?"

"Ah, what you call him? 'Yorikern?' asked Armand.

"Oui. Un ballon de York. Comprenez?"

"No," he said, shortly; "I not what you call 'twig' him. 'Is 'e 'ard?"

"Hard as nails. Comes in a 'peg,' I can tell you, Johnny. Whiz, bang, and away flies your wicket—spread-eagled, like a bird!"

"Ah, ze *aigle*!—a fine bird. How come he on ze wickets? You laugh at me?"

We *did* laugh, I am afraid. The idea of an eagle sitting on a wicket during a cricket-match waiting for a "ballon de

York," as Crow called it, was something too funny! Yes, we laughed.

"You'll kill me, Johnny," gasped Jones, stamping about and holding his sides. "Oh dear, dear! An eagle perched on the stumps! My boots! what a sight for the Marylebone Club!"

Johnny Crapaud joined good-naturedly in the laugh, and Crow, who liked him very much, as indeed we all did, undertook to teach him something of the game in the anticipation of his being included in the eleven.

The match we had in contemplation was with Heatheringtons' Club, a strong team in which we heard were included three grown men, men with beards, one of whom bowled a terrific underhand style! Certainly it *was* erratic, as if one ball came in straight the next was pretty sure to drop into longstop's lap, or on his head. Sometimes a close "point" had to leap aside in bodily fear; but when the ball *did* come straight and true, which occurred, on an average, three times in eight deliveries, then a wicket generally went.

Two days passed, Saturday came, and all arrangements had been made. To our surprise Gentill declined to play, but he consented to act as umpire. There was some discussion as to Johnny Crapaud, but as he was such a good fellow, and could hit really hard, and had picked up some knowledge of the game, it was decided to let him play. He could throw the ball well in from long-leg, and had no fear about him; he fielded well, and

returned the ball smartly. On the whole, therefore, we agreed to try Johnny in the team.

Our eleven was thus composed:—Armstrong, Southwell, "Crow," Jones, Armand, Fox, Fraser (myself), Barton, Bell, Smith, and Richardson, a new boy, a good bowler. Gentill was our umpire, and little Tommy Hawkins scored for us. The match was to be played in Heatheringtons' Club ground, a large field across the river, where also were a pavilion and a refreshment booth. In the latter were the largest twopenny three-corned jam tarts that I ever remember eating. On this the whole eleven were unanimous, and we "tucked in our twopennies" in a new sense!

We found Heatheringtons practising. As we approached in all the glory of our white flannels, dark-blue caps, ties, and belts, a bearded man welcomed us and expressed himself honoured by our attendance. Armstrong, as captain of our team, responded. We were introduced, and then we all retired to the pavilion for a while, leaving the umpires to see to the pitch while we tossed.

Our opponents won the toss, and very properly elected to go in on a good wicket to make runs. The club had taken some pains to get a good wicket, and had succeeded. So we came out determined to play our very extra best and beat those bearded creatures.

Armstrong gave us a few hints, and we dispersed to our positions. Fox was to take the ball first, and oppose the Heatheringtons. Johnny Crapaud was placed "long-leg and off," Southwell point, Armstrong kept wicket, Fraser was slip and bowler, Jones cover-point, and so on. There is no need to explain the field, the positions will be sufficiently clear in the course of the story.

Play was called by the umpire. There was a hush in the pavilion, for lunch had been laid and no bustle was proceeding. There were several ladies and gentlemen present, and many of our own fellows came up, of course, some of them being permitted in the pavilion, though the majority preferred to lounge on the grass and munch tarts lazily. The day was hot and calm, quite a cricket-day.

Play! Fox stood waiting for a moment; Armstrong stooped behind the stumps. Then Fox, having measured his ground, ran forward, holding the ball in front of his waistbelt. As he came to the crease he extended his arm—not so high as his shoulder by any means—and, with a sweeping step and circling arm, sent the new, hard, red ball straight to the centre stump of the opposite wicket!

Click!

"Hurrah! Well bowled, Fox!"

The bails were five yards away, the stumps were untouched, and the bearded man, after looking at them, at his bat, and up in the air, stamped his foot, waved his bat angrily, and retired disgusted to the pavilion.

"Well bowled!" "Give us a catch!"

"Hi, look out!" These were the cries heard for a few minutes while we waited for the next man, who, not anticipating such an immediate downfall, was not ready as he ought to have been.

"Man in!" Here he comes, a laughing young fellow whom we knew well, and from whom we anticipated some trouble. Nor were we disappointed. Fox's next ball was sent to the leg for five, for Crapaud didn't handle it, and the last ball of the five in that over was cut by the other man for two. A very fair beginning, nevertheless, for Sandilands.

Then came my own turn, and, with the break-back with which nature had endowed me, I trusted to do wonders. I didn't! But if I got no wicket, the runs

out, would have qualified for a place in his namesake's Book of Martyrs! The bowling was changed without immediate effect, but Jones managed to check the run-getting with his slows, although we got no wicket. At lunch-time—for we had a whole holiday for the match—the score was eighty-one runs, two wickets—last wicket made twenty-six! This was cheerful indeed!

Armstrong did not despair. He bade us eat a good luncheon, and take very little liquid; then rest until the moment for going in, in the shade. We were all as red as mullet, and somewhat depressed.

"Try Richardson again after lunch," said Southwell; "he will do better, I dare say. Fraser, you muff, this isn't your day!"

"No, so it seems," was my humble reply; "but when I get another chance I'll try a new place."

"You're too expensive," said Armstrong. "You can bowl, though, at times. I'll put on Fox and Richardson first."

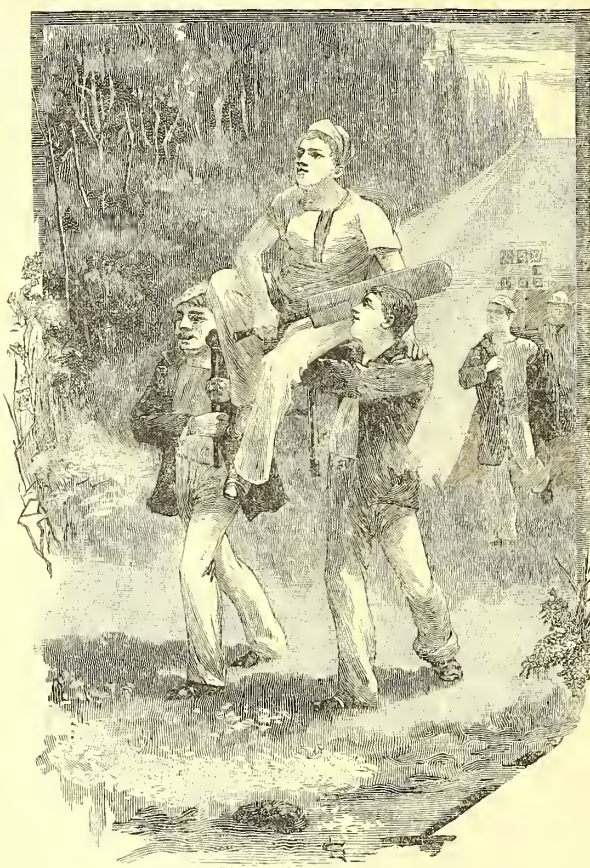
When the bell rang, therefore, these young fellows, fortified by a good lunch and a glass of milk each—no more—went on to bowl.

One hundred runs—two wickets; one hundred and two runs—smack! The young fellow we dreaded was caught at the wicket after making fifty-three runs. We all applauded him; and then a little man in spectacles came out—a clergyman, too—who played his first ball back to the bowler, missed the next, and skied the third into point's hands. Hurrah! four for a hundred and two! Last wicket 0! A lovely duck! I was always fond of the bird, but on that occasion it was doubly welcome.

To make a long story short, I may say that our opponents were all disposed of by Richardson, who took two wickets in one over with two successive balls—Fox and myself. The total of the Heatheringtons' innings was a formidable one—a hundred and fifty-nine runs! The last three wickets did little or nothing. One hundred and sixty runs to make to win! It was a one-day match, and we

would play until 7.30 if necessary; but when we went in it was four o'clock at earliest, and we doubted whether, even if we stayed in, we could knock off the runs against that bowling.

Armstrong sent in Southwell and Crow to combat the bowling of the bearded underlander and the youth we knew who bowled "slows" round. Nothing of any consequence occurred for three or four overs, when Crow, who had been batting carefully, let out at one from the underhand man, and got four. This hit he followed up with a snick for two, and stopped. But, alas! in the next half-hour both these wickets and Barton's had gone, and all for twenty-nine runs. The bowling was too good. Scarcely a ball was really off the wicket! Smith made twelve in as many minutes, and was caught splendidly in the long field from a skier, which was admirably judged. Then Armstrong went in, and put quite



Chairing Johnny.

were few. Six overs—two maidens, eighteen runs was the record when, plump with the last ball of my sixth over, went the elder man, who came in first, bowled all over his wicket with a fearful break-back, which, I may add, was almost unpremeditated.

It certainly was curious. "The break" was not constant, but when it *did* come off the leg-bail nearly always came off too, and the batsman retired. Two wickets down for thirty-seven runs. Very good, indeed!

But our congratulations were short-lived. A terrible man, lanky, tall, and strong, came in. Oh, dear! Well, I suppose I must tell it—the wonderful break of mine had no effect! He hit me to leg; he played me forward; he "cut" me to pieces, and "drove" me out of my mind. Fox's face when his favourite pitch on the crease only brought up four, then a three, and finally a "six," all run

a different complexion on the game. He played well, and when he came back the score was sixty-five for five wickets. Then occurred an incident which surprised us.

Jones went in, and Armstrong had great confidence in him. He was a steady bat. We never anticipated any mischance. We all knew that Jones wished to keep up his average, and win the bat which was adjudged to the highest scorer at the end of the "half;" and if he did not get it Armstrong would, but he was willing to give Jones every chance; and, to do him justice, he did.

Jones hit a ball—ran one; I was in at this time, and saw there was ample time for another, so we ran again. The ball came in smartly, but Jones was evidently safe. To my astonishment the umpire, without, so far as I could hear, any question being asked, said "Out!"

"Out!" exclaimed Jones, turning angrily to Gentill, who was umpire. "Rubbish!"

"He said out," remarked the wicket-keeper, throwing up the ball. "It was a near thing."

"I'm not out," said Jones. "Do you say I was, Gentill?"

"Yes," he replied, "I said so."

"Your own umpire!" remarked the wicket-keeper.

"It's all nonsense," retorted Jones. "But I'll go. It's a beastly shame. It may lose us the match."

Gentill said nothing. He looked at Jones, whom I was assured was not out at all, and I told him so.

"Yes, I know," he said; "but that idiot gave me out!"

"Who asked him?" I inquired, meaningly.

"I don't know," he answered, crossly.

"No more do I," I replied. "Here comes Johnny; now for some fun. I'm awfully sorry, Jenny."

We called Jones "Jenny" just as Price was called "Winny" after "Winifred Price" in the legend of the Clock. As I have already remarked, nicknames were rife at Sandilands.

Johnny Crapaud came in smiling. As he passed me he said,

"Jones is savage, I can tell you. But I am going to win ze match!"

I laughed, and watched the game with some anxiety, playing with all my little skill, too.

Johnny Crapaud had no science; he was tall for his age, and muscular. He was energetic and cool. Away the first ball went high in the air, but out of reach. Two. Then the next, and the next, and the next he received were all treated alike, swiped, pulled, or skied, but they all were runs!

"Well played, Johnny!" "Well hit, Armand!" "Go it, Frenchy!" were the exclamations which greeted him. Johnny only smiled and muttered to Gentill, "I 'it 'im. Zere is no eagle on ze wickets at all!"

Meanwhile I did my little best, and when Johnny had made a most tremendous hit for six down the hill, a straight ball mown round to leg, we had only thirty runs to make. You never saw anything like Johnny! He set all the canons of cricket at defiance, jumped out to swipe at slows whole yards, rushed in up the play and smacked the ball before it touched the ground, ran out to a wide and let it go for three to the on side; in fact hit and banged the ball about with

such earnestness and *naïveté* that every one was screaming with laughter and applauding him. It was useless to endeavour to stump him. He was as active as a monkey, and on his ground as soon as the ball he missed—he seldom did miss! The bowlers were changed, he got knocked about, but only laughed, and swiped away until he was caught, close in, by cover-point at 148.

He was cheered universally. Then my wicket went for fifteen. Johnny had made in all fifty runs, and only twelve remained to win. Bell and Fox were in, and only seven runs were wanted to tie, when Bell was bowled off his legs. Richardson whipped in, and at seven o'clock the winning hit was made by Fox. We had won by one wicket!

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" Such cheering and congratulations, in the midst of which the Heatherington captain said to Armstrong,

"You would have beaten us well if your umpire hadn't given that 'out.' He was in his ground safe enough."

"Well, then, why did your man ask him?" retorted Armstrong. "I am sure he wasn't out; but we couldn't say anything. Why did your men appeal?"

"We didn't," said the wicket-keeper. "But we were not going to refuse a chance."

"I'm sorry for Jones," said Crow, "because he was sure of the prize-bat till to-day. He is very mad about it!"

"But," resumed Armstrong, "surely some one appealed! Gentill wouldn't

volunteer an adverse decision like that, would he?"

"Not unless he had a spite against a fellow," I remarked. "Gentill is a cad for all his name, and as mean as a dried spider."

"Do you mean to say he did it purposely, Fraser?" asked Armstrong, hotly.

"I suspect so. Remember he owed Jones a grudge, and he said he would pay it off!"

"There's something in that," replied our captain; "wait until we get home, we will investigate this. But I am very glad we managed to beat you gentlemen. Armand did it. Come here Johnny."

The hero approached. "Johnny," said the captain, "you have covered yourself with glory. Have a tuppenny?"

"Merci, Armstrong," said the Gaul. "Thank you, I will. Crickets is fine gam'. I like eet!"

"You didn't see the eagle after all, Johnny?" asked Jones. "He didn't perch on your wicket?"

"No; 'ee fly away with the ball. There is Master Gentill. See!"

"Not so jauntily either," muttered Jones. "I believe he gave me 'out' on purpose!"

"So do I, so do I," said others. "Let us tackle him, Jones!"

"Agreed!" we all cried. "Come on!"

* * * * *

But the "Tackling of Master Gentill" must be related another time.

The Bully and his Fag.

WHEN the rain's descending heavily, and idle moments drag,

A bully's consolation is to lick his helpless fag:

For even Squeers (as we may read) habitually grew calmer

When he had thrashed the wretched Smike or caned "the junior Palmer."

Young Jenkins was a tender boy, and tasted pretty fully
The pleasures which were incident to fagging for a bully,—
Who emphasised each order with a vicious kick or cuff,
Till Jenkins thought with reason he had stood it long enough.

'Twas a simple sort of notion that occurred to him one day;
Instead of fagging any more he thought he'd go and play:
He got his licking afterwards; he looked for that of course,
But he wouldn't have escaped it had he worked like any horse.

His master had no toast that night, and much to his disgust,
Found all his books untidy and his table grey with dust:
To celebrate his natal day he asked some chums to sup,
But Jenkins was in hiding, so the feast was given up.

Poor Jenkins got his lickings for not seeing to his work,
But, on the whole, 'twas pleasanter to take his kick and shirk.
Till his master found it wiser another course to follow,
For doing his own fagging was a pill he could not swallow.

Young Jenkins said he'd fag for him and fag his level best
On the following conditions:—he should have the right to rest
Whenever he felt weary; that he never should be licked,
Or lammed, or tanned, and specially, he never should be kicked.

His master signed the treaty, there was nothing else to do;
And all the other hapless fags defied their tyrants too:
They stood a week's hard lickings before their foes surrendered,
Then they gave a bat to Jenkins for the service he had rendered!

PAUL BLAKE.

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER;

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chrums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

TO those who cared to keep their eyes open signs of impending trouble were not wanting. There seemed to be an increasing feeling in the school that this half they might do practically what they liked.

Some of the bigger boys, who were not monitors, took great advantage of the absence of the masters from the school, and of the incompetence of Mr. Partridge; the younger boys were only too glad to follow their example. The fear of monitors seemed to die out in great measure; boys did not hesitate to "cheek" them on very slight provocations.

Ashbee one day, when told by a monitor to stop hitting a small boy over whom he was exercising some tyranny, had the presumption to argue the matter with the monitor.

"He checked me," said Ashbee, "and I'm going to take it out of him! I don't see what need there is for you to interfere!"

"Don't you?" asked Bray, who happened to be the monitor in question. "Well, I'm afraid I shall have to open your mind a little on that point."

"I suppose you are going to sneak and report me?" said Ashbee.

Several boys were listening to this colloquy with considerable interest, for they had not yet gone so far as to absolutely defy a monitor in this fashion.

"No, I don't think I shall report you," said Bray, quietly.

"All right, then," said Ashbee; "I don't care a bit if you don't report me, for you can't do anything else."

"Why not?" said Bray, still speaking quietly and deliberately.

"Well, you know you can't bully us now," retorted Ashbee, "because you are a monitor."

"Oh, can't I?" returned Bray. "Pray let me disabuse you of that idea."

He took Ashbee by the arm and the leg, and, throwing him over his shoulder, carried him into a remote class-room. He then put him across a form and kept him warm for a minute or so, after which he told him he might go.

"But let me give you a word of advice," said Bray. "As long as there are monitors it is the wisest thing you can do to behave yourself."

Ashbee was not then in a mood or condition for further argument. He retreated as rapidly as possible, with his hand firmly pressed on the portion of his body which had suffered.

"Tell you what it is," he said to a group of sympathisers at the end of the room. "These monitors are getting a good deal too cocky."

"Yes," said Smythe; "we shall have to put our foot down. I'm not going to stand being bullied and reported by a chap who only came to the school two years before I did. I know my father didn't mean me to be under a master of that kind. If we pay to be properly

educated we ought to have proper masters to do it."

Ennis happened to be at hand, and, although it was somewhat beneath his dignity to join in a discussion which was confined to the smaller boys, he could not help putting in a word.

"That's right, you little beggars," he said. "Don't you stand being bullied by those fellows. If they like to report you, why, that's all right; but, hang it all, don't let them report you and whack you into the bargain."

Ennis passed on and came across Bucknill, and gave him an account of what had happened.

"Yes," said Bucknill, "it won't be long before these monitors find themselves in the wrong box. They had better not try on any of their games with us, or we'll pretty soon show them they can't do just as they like."

The Markiss happened to be within earshot just then. He often was at awkward moments.

"Well," he said, "and what do you fellows think of doing?" He rubbed his great hands with the broadest of grins on his good-natured countenance. "Do you want to be monitors yourselves?"

"I wouldn't be a monitor if you were to pay me," said Bucknill; "it seems to me a priggish sneaking sort of post."

"Well, I don't think there's much danger," said the Markiss, with a still wider grin. "The Doctor has not quite gone off his head yet."

"He will be before he makes you monitor," retorted Ennis.

"Oh, I don't want to be monitor," quietly replied the Markiss. "I've got my hands quite full as it is keeping you fellows in order. But what do you intend to do? Are you going to try to get monitors abolished?"

"Never your mind," rejoined Bucknill. "I expect it'll be something of that kind before very long."

"Oh, I don't mind at all," said the Markiss; "it doesn't make any difference to me. Monitors don't bully me very much; but don't you think you had better be a little bit careful? Supposing the monitors were to be abolished, who do you think will take their places? Are you under the impression that a master will stand cheek better than a monitor, or that the punishment that he will give you will be so much lighter than the monitor's?"

"I don't care anything about that," said Ennis. "What I think is that it's a shame that a fellow should have power to get you into a row just because he happens to be a little bit higher in the school than you are."

"All right," said the Markiss; "do just what you like, I don't care. Please yourselves, and I hope you'll like it when you've done it."

It certainly was becoming more patent day by day that the monitors were losing

ground. They themselves felt that they were, and several discussions on the subject took place between them in the monitors' class-room. These discussions, however, were kept a secret from the rest of the school, as the monitors were careful not to touch on the subject except when Ingram was absent. They knew full well that the greatest enemy to their authority was Ingram, who should have been the first to uphold it as one of the senior boys of the school.

Ingram's influence, in fact, was entirely on the side of disorder, and it was a great disappointment to him that he held a position which precluded his taking part in the various irregularities which prevailed. He himself did not care for the authority of Mr. Partridge. For some reason or other he seemed to have a secret understanding with that most unwise master. At all events, Ingram treated him as an equal, and Mr. Partridge never seemed to dare to take the slightest notice of Ingram's want of respect.

An incident happened soon after which showed the course which Ingram was taking, striving to reconcile his position of authority as monitor with his sympathy with the rebellious element.

Lee had been warned by Bray, as will be remembered, that he would before long learn what the "pound" meant. One day just before school-time he found he was minus his book of history. "Happy is the nation that has no history," says the proverb, but the author might have added, "Unhappy is the boy that has none;" at all events, when his history is wanted for class. Lee could not find it anywhere.

"Who's taken my history?" he shouted, just before school began, for by this time he had grown bold enough to speak without being spoken to.

"I think it's in the 'pound,'" said Ashbee, who had some reason for knowing, inasmuch as his books were always there.

"Where's the 'pound'?" demanded Lee.

Whereupon it was fully explained to him that books which are found about the schoolroom were impounded, and could only be redeemed on payment of a fine of one penny, the fines going towards the cricket fund. It thus became the object of the boys to impound all the books they could in order to increase the funds, and so possibly lower the subscriptions.

Lee hurried off to the keeper of the "pound" and managed to get his book out.

"How did it get in here?" he asked, "I'm quite sure I left it in my desk."

"Smythe brought it," said the boy. "You'd better be careful how you leave your books about. He's a terrible chap for getting hold of them."

"Oh," thought Lee to himself, "it was

Smythe, was it? I believe he took it out of my desk. Never mind, I'll pay him out before long."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE opportunity occurred before he expected. In the afternoon he was standing in the schoolroom when he saw a book lying on the desk, with no one near it, evidently neglected. He moved forward with the intention of seizing it and putting it into the "pound." It was near Smythe's desk, and Lee hoped that it might prove to be one of Smythe's books.

He had just reached out his hand when Smythe entered the room. The latter had remembered that he had left his dictionary on the desk instead of inside it, and had hurried back to put it away before it could be caught hold of by some prowler.

"Hi! you there, Lee, leave that alone," shouted Smythe running towards him as fast as he could.

Lee, however, was too quick. He got hold of the dictionary, and darting round a desk made straight for the class-room in which the "pound" was kept.

Smythe ran after him as quickly as he could, and caught him up just before the door was reached.

"You give that to me, you beggar," he shouted, clutching Lee round the neck, and trying to throw him over.

"Shan't," said Lee; "you sneaked my history this morning."

"Well, you haven't got my dictionary in yet," said Smythe, struggling with all his might to throw Lee down.

Lee only had one arm to spare, because with the other he was holding the dictionary like grim death. The struggle soon became somewhat more serious, and Lee dropped the book, trying with all his

power to free himself from Smythe's embrace. By a dexterous twist of his leg he threw his adversary over. Smythe, however, was up again in a moment, and hit him a violent blow. Lee returned this promptly, and a rough and tumble fight commenced. Several boys were near, and by their encouraging shouts incited the two youngsters to continue the combat.

The noise, however, attracted Bray, who was at the other end of the room, and he came quickly up to the scene. Ingram was standing there, but took no notice.

"Now then, you two fellows, what are you up to?" shouted Bray. "Stop that, Smythe."

He seized Smythe by the coat collar and swung him round.

"Don't you know that fighting isn't allowed? What do you mean by it?" said Bray, angrily.

"We weren't fighting," said Smythe, sulkily. "We were only having a little fun."

"Well, don't let us have any more of your little fun, as you call it," said Bray, giving him a push which sent him into the class-room, whilst Lee made the best of his way out of the room, not wanting to test the monitor's authority.

As Bray turned away he said to Ingram, "I don't know why you should give me the trouble of coming down from the end of the room when you were standing close by."

"I thought you liked that kind of job," said Ingram, carelessly.

"It's no fun to me to interfere, I can tell you," responded Bray, "any more than it is to you. But still, as we are monitors, I suppose we may as well do what we have got to do."

"Oh, bosh!" said Ingram. "You're a good deal too ready to interfere, it strikes me! Those two little beggars would not

have done each other much harm. It would have done them good, and they would be all the better friends for it afterwards."

"That's all rubbish!" said Bray, as he turned away disgusted.

Ingram was disappointed at Bray's interference, for he rather enjoyed seeing the youngsters have a good set-to. Before he had been elected monitor he had been a leader in arranging the fights of the school, which, in spite of all rules, occasionally took place.

He met Bucknill soon after, and related to him his disgust, as he styled it, at Bray's uncalled-for interference. Bucknill was as much annoyed at this as was Ingram, for he too enjoyed seeing a struggle when he was not one of the contending parties.

"Tell you what," said Bucknill; "we'll make these little beggars fight it out! You needn't have anything to do with it, you know."

"No, worse luck!" said Ingram; "I'm out of all that sort of thing now."

"Tell you what I'll do," continued Bucknill; "I'll get the fellows up into the chemistry class-room, and these two shall fight it out there. You shall go in first and get behind the desk, where you'll be able to see all the fun without any one suspecting you are there."

Ingram thought it a very good idea, and promised that he would go there and ensconce himself in safety out of sight directly school was over.

Bucknill employed his leisure time in telling some twenty of his chiefest friends, who he knew would be interested in the matter, that a fight was coming off in the chemistry class-room at the close of the afternoon school. He swore them all to secrecy, and told them to get up there one by one, so as not to create suspicion.

(To be continued.)

MILCH GOATS, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

BY H. S. HOLMES PEGLER,

Hon. Sec. of the British Goat Society, and Author of the "Book of the Goat," etc., etc.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

WITH the exception of that general favourite, the dog, I know of no domestic animal more suitable as a pet for a boy than a milch goat; provided, of course, that he possesses the necessary accommodation for keeping one. This, however, is no very difficult matter, for those who reside in the country have nearly always a stable or out-building of some sort that may, with a little ingenuity, be converted into a goat-house. This and a fair-sized vegetable-garden are the only requisites, but if there be an orchard or paddock attached to the home the conditions are of course all the more favourable.

In mentioning goat-keeping as a suitable occupation for boys, it must be distinctly understood that I refer only to the female, or "Nanny," as it is popularly called, the "Billy" being a disgusting and sometimes even dangerous brute, who is as undesirable as a pet as his mate is the reverse. It is true that the she-goat is often believed by those who have no personal acquaintance with these animals to possess the same objectionable features as the male—such, for instance, as its unpleasant odour and savage temper, but this is not by any means the

case. "Nanny" is as clean and inodorous as a creature as a cat, as playful as a kitten, and, to those who tend her, as faithful and affectionate as a dog.

Goat-keeping has, moreover, the advantage of being, when properly conducted with care and discretion, a profitable occupation, a feature which, in the present age, is appreciated quite as much by young people as by their elders. There is, in fact, an immediate return for the outlay expended, and that is more than can be said in connection with the generality of home pets. The dog-fancier has his puppies, which he hopes to turn to good account; but even should they prove a valuable litter it is not always easy to find a purchaser. Rabbits are prolific enough, we know, and sometimes make fancy prices, or if not, they are at least edible stock; but unless very superior specimens, they are likely to prove a drug in the market, and as for eating them—well, one cannot live upon rabbits, especially the tame bunny, in spite of the many ways of cooking it. In the produce of the goat, however, without naming the kids, which I do not take into consideration, we have an article of food that is in daily request in every household. Milk is indeed almost as requisite as

the "staff of life" itself; and that which comes from the goat is as far superior to the "sky-blue" fluid brought to one's door by the general milkman as is the home-made butter from a Jersey cow in comparison with the compound sold under that name at 1s. per pound. For delicate children that have to be reared by hand this milk is invaluable, so much so that I have known numerous instances where, on the doctor's recommendation, it has been procured and paid for at the rate of 2s. and 2s. 6d. per quart. In such cases of course the profit is enormous, but for household purposes alone a very good return may be secured at the ordinary price of cow's milk, a ready market for which should be found at home. The author has vividly in his mind, as he writes, the pride with which as a youngster he produced the first quart of milk from his own goat that was to inaugurate the new contract for the family supply. This was only enhanced by the satisfaction he experienced on receiving at the end of the week the payment due on the account for "Two quarts of milk per day, for seven days, at 4d. per quart, total 4s. 8d.," the cost of which to produce amounted to about 1s. 3d. This is only what any boy may do who is fond of animals, and has a desire to turn his

leisure hours to profitable occupation; provided, of course, that his friends are not averse to goat-keeping, and do not share the prejudiced views of some benighted individuals, who decline to drink this milk for no reason that they can explain except that it is not cow's milk. In the latter case, with patient reasoning, by personal example, and the perpetration of a very innocent artifice (as will be mentioned later on), such a difficulty may be overcome. Supposing therefore that my reader has by this time made up his mind to have a goat, it behoves me now to show him how to go to work to make his undertaking successful.

II.—THE GOAT-HOUSE.

The first consideration is the goat-house. This, as I have said, is a simple matter if a building of some sort is available, as the fitting-up may be done by any boy who has a little knowledge of carpentering and can use his tools properly. Any outhouse will do that possesses a door and window and measures not less than five or six feet square; in fact I have even known a large dog-kennel used for the purpose, but I need hardly say a more spacious erection, such as a stable or cow-house, is preferable. It is important that the place be not damp, and that it should afford some means of ventilation, as no animal can exist properly in a confined atmosphere. The requisite fixtures are a hayrack, feeding-bench, and milking-stall. I use the word feeding-bench advisedly, as I do not recommend a manger or any kind of feeding trough, as the food that remains uneaten cannot be easily cleared away from these; the consequence being that it accumulates and turns bad, and by becoming mixed with fresh fodder, often causes the latter to be refused. The simplest, cleanest, and most efficient plan consists in the use of small galvanised pails let down into openings in a deal board. This board should be at least one inch thick and eleven inches wide, with circular holes, two for each goat if space allows, of a size large enough to admit the pail to within an inch of the rim. The length of the board will of course depend on the number of goats and the space at command. It should be placed about fifteen inches from the floor, supported either by brackets fixed to the wall

an inch in diameter, placed one inch and a half apart. This may be immovably fixed, but I prefer it fastened at the bottom by hinges either to the wall itself, if the building be of wood, or to a rail nailed along the wall, if the latter be of brick. The bottom of the rack should come about ten inches above the feeding-board, the top, projecting forward a few inches, being prevented from falling farther either by a chain of the required length or by side pieces as shown in the illustration.

The milking-stall is a most invaluable structure, for by its use the painful stooping posture in which the process of milking is usually performed is avoided, and the work carried on with the greatest ease and comfort to the milker, besides placing the goat under complete control, as her head is so fixed that she is able to move neither forward nor backward. The apparatus requires to be built against one side of the goat-house, and to be provided with an arrangement for feeding the goat whilst she is being milked. It consists of two parts, the bench on which the animal stands, and the stocks to confine her neck. The bench should be about three feet six inches long and from fifteen inches to eighteen inches wide, standing on strong legs fourteen inches or so high. The stocks, which are erected at the head of the bench, are made as follows:—Two posts or pieces of quartering are fixed on each side of the bench, one being nailed against the wall and the other made fast in the ground. Two nine-inch boards are next taken about three feet long, and after being planed are joined together by

teen inches from the bottom, and the oval opening cut or sawn out that is to admit the

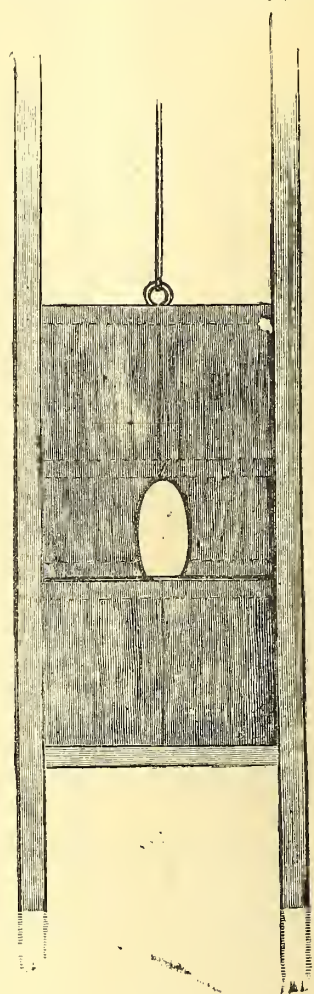


Fig. 2

goat's neck on the upper half or sliding portion of the stocks being raised. It is better to mark out this oval with a pencil before the slab is divided, otherwise it is difficult to get the

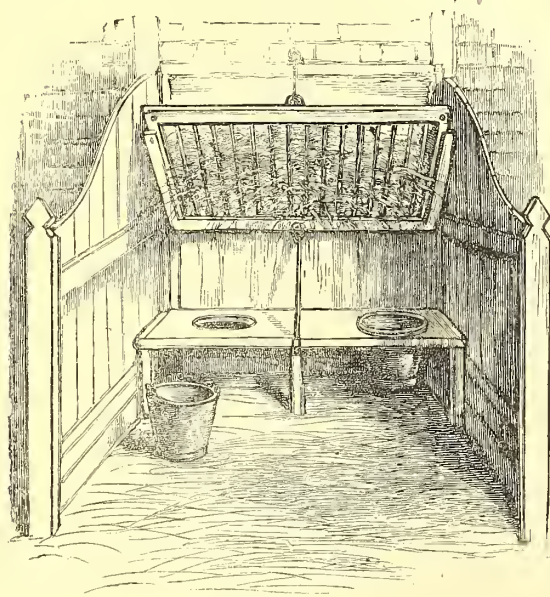


Fig. 1.

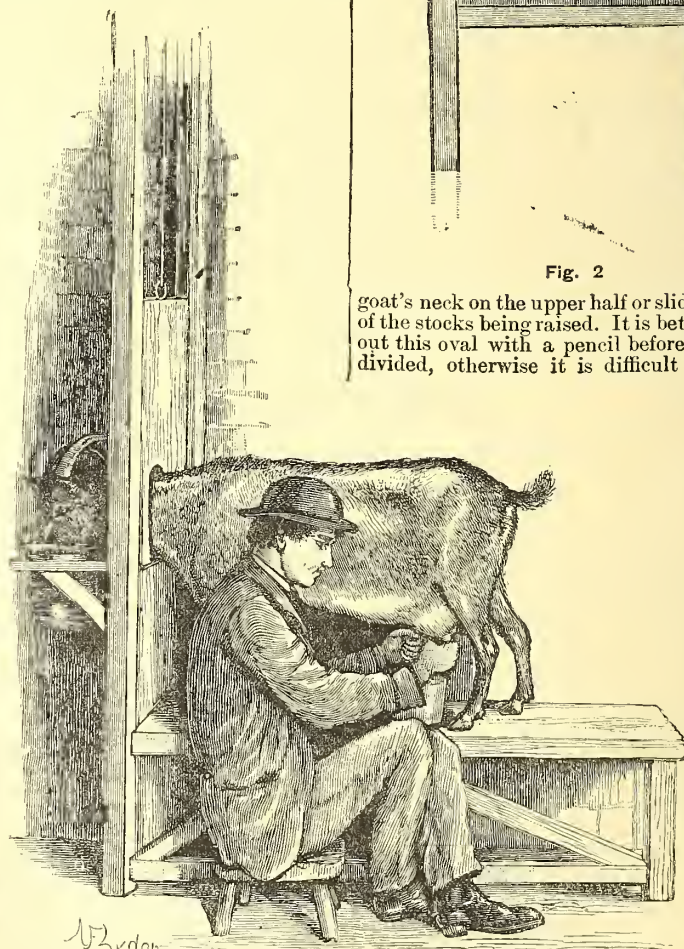


Fig. 3.

in front, or, if the goat-house is narrow, by battens nailed horizontally to the sides.

The hayrack consists of a wooden rectangular frame fifteen or eighteen inches deep, with bars, preferably of iron a quarter of

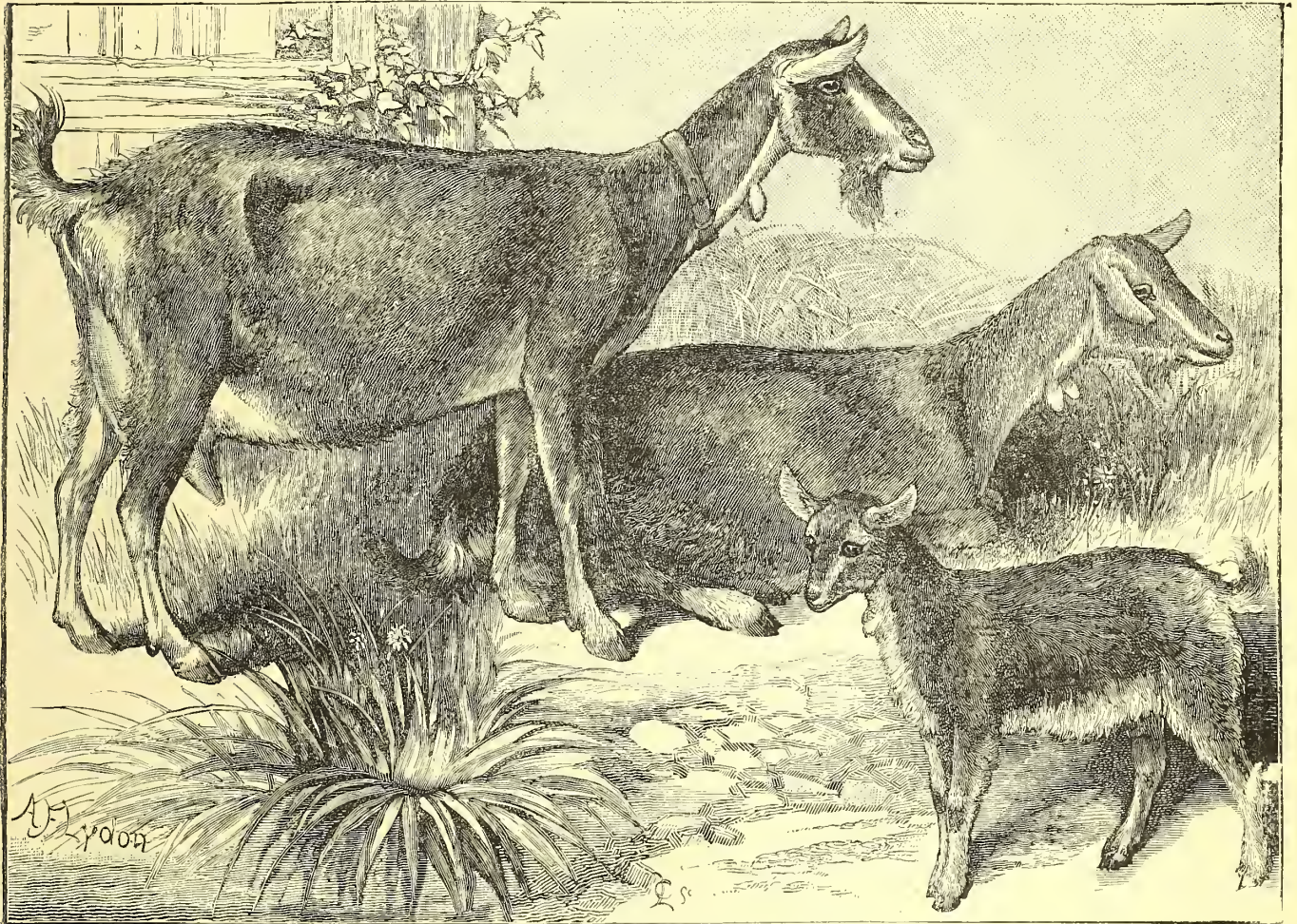
an inch in diameter, placed one inch and a half apart. This may be immovably fixed, but I prefer it fastened at the bottom by hinges either to the wall itself, if the building be of wood, or to a rail nailed along the wall, if the latter be of brick. The bottom of the rack should come about ten inches above the feeding-board, the top, projecting forward a few inches, being prevented from falling farther either by a chain of the required length or by side pieces as shown in the illustration.

proper shape. Four fillets or narrow slips of wood have now to be made, and to be nailed along the centre of the two posts inside to hold the boards. One fillet on each side must be nailed first, and then the lower portion of

the stocks fixed firmly against it. The upper part has then to be placed above, not nailed, but kept in its position by the remaining fillets. These must not press too tightly against the boards, but be just close enough to allow the upper stocks to slide freely up and down in the groove thus formed. A brass hook and eye may be used to keep the two parts together when the animal's head is con-

are kept, however, they would be likely to fight for the feeding-pail, and if the milking-bench were made double to provide for a pair there would be too much space for the goat being milked to move her body about and thus give some trouble to the milker. Goats that are fastened up in a stall should be secured with a short chain, that is to say, one only long enough to enable the animal to

ing different characteristics, are the Irish, Pyrenean, and Maltese. The Irish, however, are those most frequently met with, large herds being driven through the various market towns of Great Britain during the summer months. They may be known by their long shaggy coats, short prick ears, long upright and pointed horns, thin neck, and bony frame. They are of large size and



Swiss (Toggenburgh) Milch Goats and Kid.

fined, otherwise she will raise the upper portion with her neck and extricate herself. It is important also that the hole be not made too large, or the goat, especially if she be hornless, will wriggle her head out. For feeding the animal it is only necessary to fix a slab of wood just below the opening with a circular hole cut in it to receive the feeding-pail, as before described. This board can be held in its place by iron brackets screwed to the posts.

The woodcut (Fig. 2) shows a front view of the stocks, and the adjoining illustration a side view of the complete structure, which will give a better idea of the erection than I am able to convey by a written description.

A goat will in a very short time jump readily on to this bench when food is placed in her pail there, and may then be milked with the greatest ease, a low stool being of course required as a seat. I may here mention that when space is limited and only one goat is kept, and that not fastened up, the arrangement just described will answer the purpose for feeding and milking generally, no other feeding structure or stall being necessary, if a hayrack be placed somewhere against the walls. Goats like lying on a hard dry board, especially if it be raised from the ground, and will prefer this to the nicest bed of straw possible. When two

reach its hayrack, and lie down comfortably.

It should be provided with a spring hook and swivel at one end to catch into the ring on the goat's collar, or, what is much better, head-stall, the other end sliding on an iron bar so that it works freely up and down as the animal lies down or raises its head to feed from the hayrack. The artist has made a sketch of one of the stalls in my own goat-house which shows the position of this iron rod as well as the hayrack and feeding-bench (see Fig. 1). It is necessary to state, however, that stalls of this description are not actually required unless several goats are kept, in which case it is advisable to separate them from each other by some means to prevent their fighting or taking one another's food. A stable fitted up with these divisions has a very attractive appearance.

III.—VARIETIES AND SELECTION.

It is not my intention to give a description of all the various breeds of goats, some of which are more ornamental than useful, but to merely mention one or two of the most suitable for milch purposes. Generally they may be divided into two classes—the short and the long-haired, these being subdivided into horned and hornless specimens. The principal long-haired goats hav-

often yield a plentiful supply of milk, but it is poor in quality for goat's milk. These animals, too, are often ill-tempered and apt to do injury with their dangerous horns. The Pyrenean variety is of a similar type, but larger and with long pendulous ears; it is, however, seldom met with over here. The Maltese is a beautiful goat, but as rare in this country as the Pyrenean. It is remarkable for its long straight hair, generally white; its flat sides and thin neck. This variety has seldom any horns, and is therefore a very suitable goat to keep, being moreover one of the best of milkers. Goats are the only milch stock kept in Malta, where attention has been paid for years to breeding these animals for dairy purposes; hence their superiority in this respect. In that island, as in Italy, they are driven through the streets in herds and milked at the people's doors, so there is no fear of the consumer being cheated with adulterated milk.

Of short-haired goats it is only necessary to mention here three kinds, viz.:—the English, the Swiss (Toggenburgh), and the Abyssinian or Nubian, though the coat of the latter, in some varieties, brings it almost into the long-haired category. The Toggenburgh and the Nubian are very rare in this country; in fact the only importer and almost the only breeder of these animals is Mr. Paul Thomas,

of Devonport House, New Malden, whose goats form the subjects of the illustration given below and of that on page 585. The Toggenburgh is a beautiful creature, and may be regarded as typical of what a milch goat should be. It is nearly always hornless, has a large deep body but small bones, a fine head, with rather drooping ears and a long thin neck. It is hardy, docile, and an abundant milker of rich milk. The coat is very

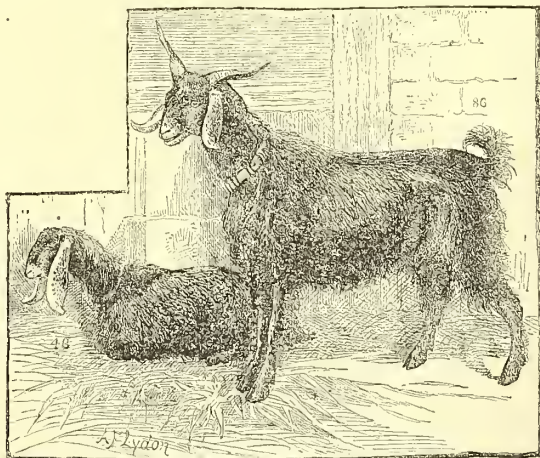
and of a reddish tan colour. It is a remarkable milker but not so hardy as most other breeds, with which, especially the British, it makes a good cross.

The English goat—that is, the improved animal—has generally some Abyssinian blood in its composition, which gives it its short sleek coat and slightly pendulous ears, but as English goats—so called—are met with in great variety, being crossed with different

be large, with good sized teats easy to handle and placed far apart from each other; the lag itself being soft and flexible and not fleshy, as is the case in some goats. The coat should be closely covered with hair of a fine quality; the colour is not material, though black, fawn, or brown, with more or less a mixture of white, is generally preferred. No better type of a goat of this description can be selected than that which forms the subject of the illustration we will give next week. This animal, the property of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, is descended from a half-bred Nubian purchased at a long price at the first Goat Show held at the Crystal Palace in 1875, where it carried off the highest honours.

In selecting a milch goat it is very important to make sure that the animal is not aged, for after six or seven years the yield of milk diminishes annually in quantity. The age is recognised by the teeth in the same way as that of a sheep, but as a little experience is necessary to form a correct opinion, it is best for those who are novices in this matter to obtain the services of a milkman or shepherd, who will generally be able to tell an old goat from a young one. When a goat is offered for sale that has been entered in the Kid Register or Herd Book of the British Goat Society, the age that is given by the purchaser may generally be relied on, as proof can be obtained if required from the secretary, otherwise it is not always wise to believe what one is told in that respect any more than with regard to the quantity of milk she is said to yield, which can only be correctly ascertained by trial and measurement. The best milkers yield two quarts a day, and sometimes even as much as three quarts, but the general average is from two to three pints. The cost of these animals varies according to the parentage and quality as well as the yield, but, taking the latter chiefly into consideration the price may fairly be regulated at the rate of £1 10s. for every quart of milk the goat yields in full profit. Thus one giving two quarts a day would fetch £3, or if only three pints about £2 10s.

(To be continued.)



Mr. Thomas's Nubian Goats.

short and of a peculiar light drab or mouse-colour with a little white, the hair being soft and of fine quality.

The Nubian differs from all other breeds. It is a tall animal, its legs being not only of unusual length but somewhat out of proportion to its body. The head also is peculiar, being very prominent, almost conical at the forehead, and coming abruptly to an angle at the mouth. The ears are very wide and hang down far below the jaw. The specimens possessed by Mr. Thomas are rather long in the hair and black in colour, but in the Abyssinian variety the coat is quite close

imported specimens, it is necessary that I should give a detailed description of the particular animal I recommend. To be well grown it should stand twenty-seven or twenty-eight inches high at the shoulder, with a neat head tapering to the muzzle, showing little or no beard and a thorough feminine appearance. If it has horns they should be fine and delicate, curved well to the rear, by preference, being then harmless. The neck should be slender and the body long, deep, and bulky, especially towards the hind quarters, the ribs being well sprung and the hip bones wide apart. The udder should

TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late hour to which the drinking and dancing had been kept up, all were alert at day-break and were soon on the march towards Humbi. I was left without much to do, and amused myself with examining this rocky village fortress of Kam-bala, and I was astonished to see how skilfully every natural advantage had been made use of, and how King Kongo had guarded himself from treachery within as well as from foes without. Besides the drums at the different gates, which were beaten on any person passing them, I found that there were a number of bells hung in various places and that these were constantly used to give notice of the movements of people within the town, and if too many people collected in any one division some of the king's immediate followers or guards at once appeared and dispersed the gathering.

As the day grew hot I returned to my hut and lay down there a prey to rather

gloomy forebodings. I had certainly, owing to the loyalty of Bill and his fellows, weathered through this trouble about Humbi and its inhabitants almost, as one might say, by the skin of my teeth, but if the pombeiros were to be willing to sacrifice me to every little difficulty at so early a date in our journey, indeed, almost before our journey could be properly said to have commenced, what was I to expect from them when we had quitted Bihé and were alone in the wilds where no white man had ever penetrated? Besides, I could not but deeply deplore the bloodshed now likely to take place.

As I was turning these thoughts over in my mind, Bill came running into my hut to tell me that a white man was coming; as I had heard the pombeiros arrogate the title of Mzungu or white man to themselves, I thought nothing of it until he insisted that it was a real white man that was coming, and that some of his servants had already arrived.

I got up, and coming out of my hut found that some of the slaves of Senhor Guilhermé, son of Senhor Gonçalves, whom I had met at Benguela, had come into the enclosure where my hut was, and they said their master would arrive in about half an hour on his way down to Benguela.

This was good news to me, for Senhor Gonçalves had always been most kind to me, and Senhor Ferreira had said before I started that it would be most unfortunate for me that Guilhermé would be away in a journey to Jénjé, a long distance to the south-east, when I should arrive at Bihé, as otherwise he would be able to give me great assistance in organising everything, and he would have settled any difficulties that might arise with the pombeiros or with the Chief of Bihé. I at once went out to meet him, and had not gone far before I saw a hammock with a white awing coming towards me, and when it came close a good-looking

Portuguese got out of it and shook hands with me.

Senhor Guilhermé, for it was he, was only about four or five and twenty, but had made many journeys into the interior. When he met me he of course asked who I was and what I was doing; so I told him of Senhor Ferreira's plans for my visiting Katanga and also of the muddle in which I now was owing to what I considered the treachery of the pombeiros. He told me that I was fortunate indeed to have escaped, but that if the demons of Humbi were discredited, as most probably they were by my having killed one, there would be very little time wasted before all the Bailunda porters and their loads would be at Kambala. As for Pedro and Baptista, he said one ought to let them take their chance, as he had found out that they and some other pombeiros at Bihé had for some time been engaged in an organised system of fraud, and it was that partly which was taking him to the coast. The other reason for his going to Benguella was that he had also lately heard rumours of the wonderful wealth of Katanga, and he was going to ask his father's permission to take a journey there in order to test the truth of these rumours. "Now Senhor Ferreira has started a party," he said, "I am sure my father will agree, and there is no use in my going down to the coast; and as this is to be only an expedition to find out about trade and gold, I think that we cannot do better than travel together."

This proposal of his seemed most advantageous to me, for I could never have felt any security in travelling with Pedro and Baptista, and in Senhor Guilhermé I recognised one who not only was thoroughly experienced in travelling, but who would also be a pleasant and agreeable companion on the march.

We returned together to Kambala, and he took up his quarters with me, and sent up a message to King Kongo that he would call on him in the morning. Among my new companion's servants was one who was a very decent cook, and from the plentiful supplies which were furnished to us he soon contrived a comfortable meal, which was much more appetising than the messes which, with all his good-will, Bill had been providing me, and the food we washed down with some good coffee.

After this meal we had a long conversation, and Guilhermé in the course of it told me that the journey up to Katanga would be a very long and difficult one, but that, as he intended to take none but good men, he would assist me in selecting those I was to choose from the slaves of Senhor Ferreira. At last, well pleased with the chance which had thrown me in the way of this new acquaintance, I went to bed and slept soundly until in the morning I was aroused by the sound of the big drums.

I found Guilhermé already on foot and inquiring what might be meant by the drums being beaten, and we soon found that they were answering others which were announcing the return of Munyi Hombo from his search after the man I had shot, and the people said that he had not only found the dead man, but also had two prisoners. I asked how they could possibly tell this, and they said that the drums told them, and Guilhermé said that the people were able to talk on their drums about all sorts of things, and

that as each village was bound to repeat the signals, news was carried to great distances very quickly and accurately.

Guilhermé now said he was going to see Kongo, who was an old friend of his and his father, and as it was always a good thing to be friends with these chiefs, he was going to make him a present, and he thought I should do so too.

"How on earth can I make a present?" I asked. "I have only the clothes I stand up in!"

"I know that," answered Guilhermé. "But I have a lot of things here which I brought on purpose, and we can divide them."

He called to some of his men, and they brought a couple of boxes into our hut, and, unpacking them, showed me a quantity of hawks' bells, large beads and bangles of copper and iron, and two old uniform coats. To these he said, as Kongo had taken up the matter of the Humbi people in a friendly sort of way, he would add a couple of muskets, four pounds of gunpowder, and a dozen gun-flints, which, as it was very rare that they gave any guns to the natives, would be counted as a most valuable present.

We had scarcely finished arranging our presents when messengers came to tell us that King Kongo was ready to receive us, and we were conducted up to the top of the hill, if possible with even more ceremony and precaution than the day before. When Kongo appeared, he, instead of at once sitting down in his chair, came and shook hands with Guilhermé, and was going then to take his seat without noticing me, but Guilhermé said something to him, when he also shook hands with me, and then sat down and lighted his pipe, while Guilhermé's servants—for to-day this fell on him—banded liquor round, and when drinking was finished the presents were spread out. Old Kongo's eyes glistened as he saw the beads, bells, and bangles, and his wives and women giggled with delight. The two coats were also much admired, but when the two muskets were brought out a regular chorus of approval burst forth, and Kongo so far forgot his kingly dignity as to express his delight at receiving such a valuable present, and they were at once handed over to two of his wives, to be stored away in his own particular hut.

As soon as the business of the presents was concluded Kongo told us that Munyi Hombo would arrive when the sun was right overhead, and that he had heard by his drums that the party sent against Humbi had met a part of my caravan, and that they would arrive the next morning. We again went into the clump of trees with him, and visited the point from which Kongo used to look out, and, pointing in the direction of Munyi Hombo's village, he said he could see him and his people coming. I strained my eyes to their utmost, but was forced to confess I could see nothing, though Kongo not only said he saw the party, but also could count the number of men it was composed of.

Guilhermé and I now returned to our huts, and I was much interested in all he told me about his journeys, though necessarily my stock of Portuguese being limited to what I had picked up since my arrival at Benguella, I could not understand all that he said, though, as I had had no one to speak English to, I had made much more progress in speaking the language than I otherwise should.

As Kongo had told us, at noon Munyi Hombo arrived, and old Kongo had been actually correct about the number of men in his party, though when he told us how many they were they must have been at least eight miles away from Kambala. They had not only found the man I had shot, and brought his head with them, but had also captured his two companions. It seemed that the one I had wounded suspected that his companion was going to leave him to his fate, and, taking advantage of his looking another way, had knocked him over with his club, and that the two had then had such a struggle that they were both disabled, and were found lying on the ground about half a mile from the corpse of their companion.

They had not received over tender handling from Munyi Hombo and his men, and were now in a most wretched condition. A message came down from Kongo immediately after their arrival that Hombo and his men were to take their prisoners up to him, as well as an invitation to Guilhermé and me to come up and see justice administered. Guilhermé told me that we had better make an excuse, as the unfortunate wretches were certain to be cruelly tortured and ultimately put to death, and that as he was certain we could do no good, neither of us would find pleasure or profit in the sight. I fully agreed with him, and proposed that to pass away the time we should go for a stroll towards a remarkably fine clump of trees about a mile away from the village, and which, having all the surrounding trees and undergrowth cleared away, stood out clearly on the plain. Guilhermé said he would come, and followed by his servant and Bill carrying our guns, we started off towards it. We had not got half way before some people came running after us, and wanted to know why we were going in that direction. Guilhermé told them that we had been attracted by the size and beauty of the trees, and were only going to have a look at them, and if, as was probable, we found any pigeons there we should try and shoot some.

On hearing that we intended to shoot there was a great hullabaloo, and we found that the grove was a great fetish, being the burial-place of King Kongo's family, and that no one was permitted to enter it without the permission of either Kongo or the fetishman who was the guardian of it. "Well," said Guilhermé, "I think it will be worth seeing, but we shall have to pay something to this fetishman. Shall we go on?"

I could not help feeling anxious, yet said that I should like to go to see the place, so Guilhermé asked whether the guardian of the grove was there or in the village, and was told that he was never permitted to quit the immediate neighbourhood of his charge, but that his granting leave to any one to enter the grove was not at all to be counted upon.

As we got nearer to the trees we found a broad path cleared, and that for two hundred yards round the trees there was not a blade of grass allowed to grow, and that the trees themselves were surrounded by a strong palisade. At the entrance to this were three or four huts with whitewashed walls, on which were depicted in red and black rude figures of men and beasts. In these huts the fetishman and his family lived, and we found him sitting on a stool outside one, smok-

ing his pipe. On our asking permission to go inside, he at first said that it was quite impossible to give leave for any one to go in, but he soon began to be more yielding when Guilhermé promised him a liberal present, for though he must have been of an immense age he was still quite alive to present profit.

Calling for some of his attendants, the old man, who was bent nearly double, and the scanty remains of whose wool would have been white if it had not been for the dirt with which it was encrusted, ordered the entrance to be unbarred. Inside we found seven great mounds, which were the tombs of Kongo's predecessors, all of whom, our guide said, had been buried there either in his own time or that of his father. Besides these there were many graves of various sizes, which, like the larger ones, all were made in an east-and-west direction. At the head of each grave was a hut with open sides, and disposed underneath them were pots of beer and provisions cooked and uncooked, and in some cases rolls of cloth and strings of beads, whilst round the eaves were hung human skulls, and on posts planted around were the horns of buffaloes, antelopes, and the jaws of hyenas, panthers, and other wild beasts, but to the royal graves was reserved the great honour of being surrounded by human skeletons secured to stakes in an upright position, while in the huts at the head of their graves provisions, cloth, etc., were provided in profusion.

I asked why the graves were of different sizes, and the old ghoul who was taking us round showed his toothless gums in a ghastly grin, and said, "Why

a great chief like Kongo when he dies must be accompanied into the next world by wives and slaves to attend on him, and warriors to defend him," and that when Kongo's father died over two hundred had been sent to accompany him to the spirit world, and that the other members of the family had varying numbers killed and buried with them, so as to afford an escort in concordance with their dignity.

In the trees were roosting vultures and turkey-buzzards, either too tame or too lazy to pay any attention to us, and these fed upon the offal of the goats and other things which we were told were sacrificed every day to provide provision for the royal ghosts. In the centre of the whole place was a large hut where were stored the death-drums, which are only beaten at the death of a chief, and axes and knives which were also used on those occasions in the dispatch of victims.

Whilst we were looking at these evidences of a barbarous belief we heard the drums up in King Kongo's eyrie beating, and thinking that this might betoken some news, we left the royal cemetery and hastened towards Kambala. When we got near we were astonished to see a number of people near the precipitous part whence King Kongo had shown us how his people answered to the signals on the war-drums, and watching closely to see what they could be doing we saw two people pushed over the precipice on to the rocks beneath, while all the time the drums were beaten in a dull monotonous manner.

When we arrived at our huts we were informed that Kongo had sat in judg-

ment on the two sham demons whom Munyi Hombo had brought in, and after having extorted a confession from them that they and the chiefs of Humbi had practised magic against him and robbed his people, Kongo had ordered them to be thrown over the rocks. Munyi Hombo, who told us this, seemed quite delighted that he had captured the two, because he had therefore been selected to conduct the execution, and described how they struggled whilst they were being bound, and how they screamed and begged for mercy as they were dragged to the brink of the precipice.

Guilhermé said he was afraid now that Kongo had tasted blood he would be like a wild beast, and would not quiet down till he had satiated his lust for slaughter, and said that we would have to be careful not to give him any cause of offence, or we might have to pay dearly to save our lives. I said to Guilhermé that he would surely not dare to harm him, especially as he had an escort of slaves armed with guns, but that if there were likely to be any difficulty we should do best to leave the place at once.

"Unfortunately, Senhor Tomas," he said, "we cannot here depend on the slaves, as they have seen Kongo's power, and believe him to be a big fetishman, and if we leave now we shall lose all the goods in Senhor Ferreira's caravan, and your friends Pedro and Baptista will be sure to be put to death along with the Humbi wizards; I am certain you do not wish that, and so we must wait quietly until the men sent out to bring them in return."

(To be continued.)

RED-FINGERED CYRIL;

OR, THE RUSSIAN PRINCE AND THE TARTAR BOY.

A STORY OF ANCIENT RUSSIA.

By DAVID KER,

Author of "Drowned Gold," "Ilderim the Afghan," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.—TREACHERY.

"A RUSSIAN!" cried Feodor, who was making the circuit of the walls with Sviatogor, to see that all was ready for action. "Open the gate quick, lads, and let him in!"

"Gently, my boy," interposed Sviatogor, waving back the men who were about to obey. "Don't go into the water till you've asked where the ford is.* We won't open any gates here, I can promise you, till we've made sure that that fine fellow outside hasn't got fifty Tartars behind him, all ready to rush in upon us. Hollo, you fellow down there! can you climb a rope?"

"Yes, yes! Throw it to me quick!" cried the voice, in the same shrill agonised tone as before.

"There, then," said Sviatogor, throwing down the end of the cord; "but mind you don't bring anybody else up with you, for the moment I feel any extra weight on the rope I'll cut it, and you'll get a broken neck for your pains."

He had hardly spoken when he felt the

rope shake, and up came a dark figure so rapidly that it seemed to have mounted the wall at a single bound. A torch held by one of the soldiers showed the newcomer to be a tall, gaunt, haggard man, clothed in rags, which hardly sufficed to cover him, and with a blood-stained bandage around his closely-shaven head.

"Safe at last!" said he, drawing a long breath. "These Tartar villains took me prisoner seven days ago, and offered me large rewards if I would help to betray the town into their hands. When I refused, they tortured me, as you see" (and he displayed several fearful scars upon his bony chest). "At last I pretended to agree to it, and then they watched me less closely; and so, last night I managed to slip out and creep away into the darkness till I reached the foot of your wall."

The Russians raised an applauding shout, and even Sviatogor appeared to be satisfied at last.

"Take him with you, and see that he is well cared for," said he to the soldiers. "When he has had some food, and rested a bit, we'll hear all about him."

Sviatogor had not long to wait. Three hours later he was aroused from a hasty snatch of sleep by a message that the strange man wished to speak with him; and the old chief set off at once, bidding Feodor keep good watch in his absence.

Meanwhile Silvester, awaking from the heavy and unrefreshing sleep into which he had fallen after two days and nights of constant watching, heard with no small interest the story of the night's adventures, told by half a dozen Russian soldiers at once, in high glee at the escape of their countryman and the disappointment of their enemies. But when the group of eager speakers had dispersed, Cyril crept up to the monk's side, and whispered,

"Father, there's some trick in all this; I'm quite sure of it."

"Why do you think so, my son?" asked Silvester, startled to hear this young lad utter so confidently the very thought which was in his own mind at that moment.

"Because I know the Petcheneygans. We have feasted with them, and have

* An ancient rhyming proverb which is still current in Russia.

fought with them, and I know that no prisoner from whom they expected such a service would ever get a chance of slipping through their fingers as this fellow pretends to have done. Then, again, if he'd really been tortured as *they* would torture him, he wouldn't be able to lift

"Good news, father," cried he. "Ostap—that fellow who escaped from the Tartars last night, you know—tells me that before he got away he overheard the Tartar chiefs planning to attack the town to-night at the western gate. We'll be ready for them, won't we?"

a dull measured sound, like the stealthy tread of a great multitude, beginning to mingle with the ghostly moan of the night wind.

Instantly a fire blazed up from a projecting corner of the wall, and showed to the defenders a shadowy mass of dark



"What is to be done with this man?" "Death!"—See chap. x.

Cyril and the monk exchanged a meaning glance; but the old chief, without noticing it, proceeded to detail his plans for beating off the enemy, after which he went away in high good-humour.

The Tartar boy looked inquiringly at Silvester, who answered earnestly,

"Son, we will tell nobody of our suspicions at present. To-night will show whether this man Ostap has spoken the truth."

Night came on, chill, dismal, black as pitch; a fit time, indeed, for the advance of their wily and murderous enemies. For a time the silence remained unbroken, and there was no sign of movement in the Tartar camp; but towards midnight the watchers at the western gate heard

faces and glaring eyes and bristling spears, almost within arrow-flight of the gate. Ostap's warning was true!

The Russians raised a shout of defiance, and stood ready to let fly the moment their enemies came within range. But the Tartars seemed completely disheartened by finding their attack foreseen and guarded against, and after discharging at random a few harmless flights of arrows they vanished into the darkness again, amid the taunts and laughter of the garrison.

After this, as might be expected, Ostap was quite the hero of the town, and in the whole garrison there were only two persons who did not put full trust in him; but those two were somewhat important exceptions, for the one was Cyril and the other Silvester.

Born and bred amid the ceaseless plots and stratagems which had made "Greek cunning" the byword of that age, the gifted monk of Constantinople, although the very soul of truth and honour himself, was admirably fitted to detect any deceit in others. The more he thought

himself from the ground, much less to climb a rope."

"But were not the scars *seen* on his breast?"

"Scars are all alike by torchlight, father; but if you were to look at those marks of his in broad daylight I fancy they'd turn out to be *old* wounds."

Silvester looked grave; but before he could answer, old Sviatogor came up with a radiant face.

over the whole matter the stronger grew his suspicions. It was a new thing for the terrible Tartars, whose craft and ferocity were proverbial, to let their intended attack be so easily discovered, and to retreat before their mortal enemies without striking a blow. If, as Silvester firmly believed, Ostap were really a spy sent into the town to betray it, might not this abortive assault be a mere feint, arranged beforehand to give the Russians full confidence in the man whom they regarded as their deliverer?

But what could he do? It would be worse than useless to bring a vague and unsupported charge of treachery against the man whom all Kief regarded as a hero and a martyr, who had saved their town and suffered torture for their sake. Before anything could be done he must have a substantial proof of the spy's villainy, a proof clear and unshakable enough to convince the most obstinate. But how was this to be obtained?

"Do you know, father," said Cyril to the monk, three days after the night attack, "every time I look at that fellow Ostap I feel as if I'd seen him somewhere before?"

Silvester started, for he had had the very same feeling himself. The shaven head, beardless chin, and narrow, receding forehead (which gave the lean, wolfish face a hideous likeness to a fleshless skull) were indeed utterly unfamiliar, but there was at times a peculiar look in the man's deep-set eyes, and a peculiar tone in his harsh voice, which impressed the monk with a vague and bewildering sense of recognition.

"I feel certain that I have met him formerly," he answered, "though I cannot tell how or where. But it is no use saying anything against him till we have full proof of his treachery, and we must

watch him night and day till we get it. Remember, I trust you."

"So you may, father: I won't break when you lean upon me."

Then they parted, Cyril going to the ramparts to watch the enemy's movements, and Silvester into the town to consult with Sviatogor.

Passing close beneath the inner face of the town wall, the monk slipped suddenly and fell backward with great force. At the same moment a huge stone from the rampart above fell with a tremendous crash upon the very spot where he would have been but for that fortunate stumble.

Silvester looked up quickly, but no one was in sight. It was plain, however, from the force with which the stone had struck the ground, that it had not fallen of itself, but had been thrown at him with deliberate aim; and *who* the thrower must have been the shrewd monk could easily guess.

"A man who could give up an entire city to massacre," mused Silvester, "would think little of a single murder, especially if he believed that my death would make his work easier. Can I have let him see that I suspect him? I must be careful."

A few minutes later he was in consultation with Sviatogor, but neither to him nor to any one else did the wary monk breathe a word of his late adventure, and a far keener observer than the rough old warrior would have found nothing in Silvester's calm features and clear musical tones to betray that he had just escaped by a hair's-breadth from the hand of a murderer.

* * * *

Two nights later all Kief was in a bustle of rapid but silent preparation. Ostap—the *trusty* Ostap—had shown the Russians how they might surprise, by a midnight sally from the gate overlooking the river,

a carelessly-guarded part of the enemy's camp, and cut off, if successful, a large portion of the Tartar host.

An hour before midnight Feodor, who was to lead the attack, stood beside the river-gate with a thousand stalwart spearmen at his back, all far too eager for the fight to notice that their friend Ostap was not with them.

So many men had been drawn away to swell the attacking column and the reserves which were to support it, that only a small force was left to man the walls. There were fewest of all at the western gate (which lay on the opposite side of the town), for no one thought it likely that the Tartars would assault *it* again after having been foiled there only five days before.

The few men who watched it were pacing sulkily to and fro, muttering their discontent at being baulked of a share in "the night's sport," when hurrying steps were heard approaching, and Ostap's voice shouted breathlessly,

"Hollo, brothers! make haste! you're wanted at the river-gate, every man of you!"

Instantly the whole band were flying at full speed toward the other side of the town, overjoyed at this unexpected chance of taking part in the coming battle. The gate and the wall on either side were left completely deserted.

Then Ostap, with a grin of hideous triumph, crept up to the gate, and imitated the cry of an owl, which was echoed a moment later *outside* the wall.

"Good!" chuckled the traitor; "the Tartars are ready. Now for it!"

Exerting all his strength, he tugged out one of the heavy wooden bars that secured the gate, and was just loosening the other, when a crushing blow on the head felled him senseless to the earth.

(To be continued.)

BANTAMS: FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

WE have reason to know that the Boy's OWN PAPER has girl readers, scores of them, and the delightful fancy of bantam breeding is one I should sincerely wish boys to take up in company and partnership with their sisters. We often see firms called, for example, "Smith Brothers," but as far as a great many live stock hobbies go, I would like it were more often "Smith Brothers and Sisters." You see, no creature, rabbit or fowl, fur or feather, will thrive unless it be regularly attended to, regularly fed and watered, and dry-bedded daily. Well, suppose you, Frank, are going away from home for a day or two, you will naturally be anxious about your pets. Who is going to look after them? "I will," says somebody. Yes, but somebody has perhaps no interest in them, and so your bantams or bunnies are but poorly seen to. Therefore, Frank, lad, if you have a sister, take her into partnership, and behave towards her in a straightforward business manner, and I am sure you will not regret it.

I might adduce very many reasons why bantam keeping should be a favourite pastime, but let one or two suffice. 1. The little creatures do not take up much space, their yards and runs, etc., may be of fairy dimensions almost. 2. They are so very beautiful. 3. So gallant, so gay, so affectionate, so winsome and brave. Why, I have known a

game bantam constitute himself a kind of Jack-the-giant-killer, and, Don Quixote-like, set off in quest of adventures, fighting and conquering all the midden-cocks in the vicinity, and I have seen the same bold little feathered iota chasing a Cochlin China. 4. Bantams lay well; their eggs are not very big, you may tell me, and I answer, "Well, Frank, neither are you." The eggs are not big, but they are very nutritious and very delicious, and if you have three for breakfast it will not look odd. 5. They do not eat much.

Well, now, let me answer the question, What is needed to insure success in bantams? First, you must have a place to keep them in, and although this may be small it must contain every comfort requisite for larger breeds. It must have a nice dry fowl-house with a dry easily-cleaned floor, with nest-boxes and perches. It must have a yard, and if possible a bit of grass run, a shelter-shed with a dust-bath and drinking-dishes. The little pets must be well fed, and have gravel and old lime, and plenty of green garden stuff to scrape among. The run may be surrounded with zinc mesh wirework, and if it be covered in—at top with ordinary garden twine-netting 1d. for two square yards—then you can have perches here and there in it, and this is to bantams a very great comfort. In fact the

whole run and fowling may be made a thing of beauty and a joy to you for many a day. But beware of overcrowding. If you do overcrowd you will have paralysed legs, drooping tails, diarrhoea, white faces, bumble feet, bad plumage, and no end of dirt and discomfort, with few or no eggs for your trouble.

Indeed, if you overcrowd I question if you will get any eggs at all, for the few that are laid may be speedily eaten or destroyed.

As to the general treatment of bantams, pray do not go away with the idea that, because they are easily contented, and eat but little compared with other breeds, they need but little attention. If you do, you will dig a pit for yourself, and into that you will fall, and your efforts to breed bantams will accordingly end in failure.

Here are a few hints, then, which you must lay to heart.

1. Requisition the house scraps, except what are needed for the dog and cat. These will consist of broken vegetables, potatoes, etc., with bits of bread and fat. Chop all this up, and mix with any kind of pot-liquor before you use it. Do not let it be too wet, but simply druggled. Feed with this in the morning, throwing it down for them in a clean place. If you feed early, which you ought to—seven o'clock at latest in summer—you had better give a handful of grain

about midday, and again a soft feed in the afternoon, with more grain before they go to roost. If you give meaty scraps from the house they will hardly need any other stimulant to lay, but a tiny morsel of chopped bullock's liver will do good else. You must beware of making them too fat. You ought to be able to tell at a glance if your feeding is right, because, if so, the birds will be happy-looking, in good feather, and have plenty of colour in their combs.

See that they have clean water, fresh and fresh every morning, and if they are looking at all sickly you can put some rusty nails in it.

Black Bantams.—These, if bred to perfection or anything near it, are great beauties.

Get a really good strain to begin with, setting the eggs beneath some good mother, Dorking, Dumpy, or Silkie. The chickens are rather delicate till fully fledged, so you must beware of damp and dirt and cold, and you must feed *often* on the best you can get. The pullets will begin to lay when about four months old.

In points the Black Bantam follows the Black Hamburgs, rich red comb, face and wattles, white deaf-ears, blue-grey legs, rich dark plumage with green metallic sheen. Tail should be large and well hung, and

wings somewhat drooping. The comb and tail are chief features, so are the deaf-ears, which should be round and smooth, and of medium size.

White Bantams.—These are in shape and points similar to the Black, but the colour is of the very greatest importance. The ears should be free from red, and the bird somewhat smarter altogether.

The Sebright.—This is a very small and very beautiful bantam, and presents no great difficulty in breeding if a good strain has been procured to commence with. There are the Golden and Silver-laced Sebrights, the ground-colour of the former being a kind of golden-straw, that of the latter white; and while each feather is laced or edged with black, it must not be spotted or ticked, and the ground-colour itself should be clear. Even the tail feathers should be laced if possible. The hackles are short, the tail upstanding, not flowing, and the birds are short-backed, erect, bold and shapely, with rose combs.

Japanese Bantams.—These are also pretty, the bodies being white and tails flowing and black, the legs short and of a yellow colour.

These are easily domesticated, are good layers and good mothers, and not over quarrelsome.

Cochin Bantams.—They are really diminutive Cochin-Chinas, but very short in legs compared to their big brethren.

Game Bantams.—These are, to my way of thinking, the prettiest and most engaging of any. They are kindly, gallant, capital mothers, and the cock is quite a knight-errant in bravery and devotedness to his charge.

Game Bantams are of many different kinds, and the most lovely are perhaps the piles or the black-reds.

In breeding bantams it must be remembered that the chickens are delicate, and therefore it is best not to set hens too early—not before April. Shelter the youngsters well from east winds, feed all day long, keep dry, and see that they are well housed at night—not on a damp, dirty floor.

The cheapest way to begin is, of course, to buy eggs of good strains and set them. But you might get laying pullets and a cockerel, and thus not have to wait so long. Prices of eggs of really good strains about 2s. to 5s. a sitting.

Prices of cockerel and, say, three pullets, about 15s. to 20s. It is best to advertise for them, but beware of being imposed upon.

(THE END.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.*

"T'WAS long ago—ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened
the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud
and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions
marched on to their hearts' desire.

On roofs and glittering turrets, that night, as
the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a
jewelled crown;
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people
lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of
St. Michael's, rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a
golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its
earthward fall;
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made
the harbour round,
And last slow-fading vision, dear to the out-
ward bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the
waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as they
were wont each night;
The noise from buyer and seller from the busy
mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city
slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the
sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the
rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces, through
mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous,
stroke on stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the
houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom
shrieking in nameless dread;
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled
wall and capstone high,
And planted their daring banners against an
inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and
the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city was driven the
surging crowd;
While yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed
by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger, the
church of St. Michael's stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a
sudden wail,
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of
the gale,
On whose scorching winds updriven a single
flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a
bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from
a thousand whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbour they watched it
from the ships,
A baleful gleam, that brighter and ever
brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-the-wisp
to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man
whose brave right hand,
For the love of the perilled city, plucks down
yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the
people heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow, and
no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face
upturned to the sky—
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy
spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that
terrible, sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in
his veins at the sight?

But, see! he has stepped on the railing, he
clings with his feet and his hands,
And firm on a narrow projection, with the
belfry beneath him, he stands!
Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a
single tempestuous breath,
And there falls on the multitude gazing a
hush like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught
save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on
the face of the spire;
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a
gleam like a meteor's track,
And hurled on the stones of the pavement,
the red brand lies shattered and black!

Once more the shouts of the people have rent
the quivering air;
At the church door, mayor and council wait
with their feet on the stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a
touch of his hand—
The unknown saviour, whose daring could
compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them
as they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of
wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had
perilled his life to save,
And the face of the unknown hero was the
sable face of a slave!

[With

* We have been asked by several correspondents for this recitation, and reprint it here, therefore, from the American copy.

With folded arms he was speaking in tones that were clear, not loud ;
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd.
"Ye may keep your gold—I scorn it ! But answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a man !"

He stepped but a short space backward, and from all the women and men
There were only sobs for answers ; and the mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran ;
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door a man.

MARY A. P. STANSEURY.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

THE CHESSBOARD PROBLEM.

A Fellow of the Institute of Actuaries writes to us as follows with regard to our paragraph on page 384 :—

"Observe that 3 grains of corn will be placed on the two first squares, taken together, and 4 on the third. That 7 will be on the three first ; and 8 on the fourth.

Generally, the number of grains to be placed on any square will be one more than the total number already on the board.

The successive numbers will be 1, 2, 4, 8, etc., to be written thus : 1, 2, 2², 2³, ending with 2⁶³, and the total number of grains will be one less than the number which, if there were a sixty-fifth square, would be placed upon it.

The total number of grains is, therefore, 2⁶⁴—1.

This one grain cannot appreciably affect the result, and may for the present be excluded.

The number of grains in a pint is 7,680, which = 2⁹ × 15.

Dividing, we have the quantity stated in pints = $\frac{2^{65}}{15}$

The number of pints in a quarter of corn is 512, which = 2⁹

Dividing, we have the quantity stated in quarters = $\frac{2^{46}}{15}$

The value of a quarter of corn is £1 7s. 6d., which = 1 375 = $\frac{11}{23}$

Multiplying, the value of the corn is, in pounds sterling = $243 \times \frac{11}{15}$

The use of printed tables not being forbidden, substitute for this expression its equivalent $\left\{ 243 \times \frac{22}{15} \right\}$

and observe that 2⁴² is the seventh power of the sixth power of two.

The sixth power of 2 is 64 ; and by Barlow's Tables the seventh power of 64 is

	4396046511104
	22
	8796093022208
	8796093022208
{ 5	96757023244288
{ 2	193514046488576
	£ 6,450,468,216,285 '86'6

The decimal fraction '86'6 being equal to 17s. 4d.

On receiving a cheque for the amount stated, the merchant should deliver the one grain of corn for which the customer has been overcharged in the calculation.

This solution may be of some use to young folks as showing how they will be able, with a little practice, to shorten labour by a general grasp of the case proposed. Following the question step by step, we should have doubled sixty-three times, only to reverse much of the work by halving twenty-one times (in effect) in the conversion of grains of corn into pounds sterling.

If printed tables had been forbidden, I must have proceeded by actual multiplication. In that case I should have looked along the series for a handy factor, thus—64, 128, 256, 512, to 1,024—the very thing to suit me. The "nought" will give no trouble, 2 and 4 are easy numbers, and when the products have been written down in lines they can be checked, before adding, by running the eye along to see that the figures in the second line are one-half of those in the first ; and that the figures in the third line are one-half of those in the second.

As 1,024 is the tenth power of 2, I have only to multiply it three times by itself to get the fortieth power of two ; and four times this number gives the forty-second power of two, as taken from 'Barlow.'

One correspondent gives a result just one-half of mine. I think his figuring has been correct, but he has misunderstood the question as applying to the quantity on the last square alone."

[Of the ordinary working no example need be given. We have received correct answers from EDWARD BROWN (Homerton), G. C. NORTON (Newmarket), E. HUMPHREY (Haverstock Hill), L. DOWN (Maidstone), N. LEONARD (Bristol), J. W. COX (Bow), C. F. P. LEE (Campbeltown), J. J. CRAIG (Edinburgh), R. A. JENKINS (Highgate), and J. R. NOBLE. Of the many incorrect answers we say nothing.—ED. B. O. P.]

CYCLING SONG.

Along the road we go, we go,
So blithely O, so cheerily O ;
Our cycles, under hand and toe,
Are bounding forward briskly.

The road is smooth, and high and low,
Along we go, along we go ;
The moon meanwhile comes sailing slow,
To look upon us kindly.

We prance, we glide, yo ho, yo ho !
So fast we go, and never slow ;
Until we touch a spot we know,
Where welcome's ever ready.

Then forward, boys, we go, we go,
Right boldly O, and bravely O ;
In spite of winds that rudely blow,
If only roads be cleanly !

W. DEES.

Correspondence.



Our Head Master.

ROBUR.—1. Make yourself a perpetual calendar as described in No. 157. 2. "Straightforward Conjuring Tricks" were in the third volume. 3. About three shillings.

T. R.—To braze iron and steel without heat put two ounces of brass filings and one ounce of steel filings into a quarter of an ounce of fluoric acid, and apply the mixture to the edges you wish to unite, and which you clamp together. In ordinary brazing the composition is soft brass, and the metals have to be raised to its melting-point to form the joint.

J. LAND.—1. Hair cloths were made of goat's hair. As a fabric it was in use by the Cilician soldiers and sailors. It was worn as a penance by Englishmen and others, but doubtless there were several qualities of more or less scrubbiness. Thomas à Becket wore a hair shirt, and we read of his chaplain washing it. 2. Pliny says that the hammer was invented by Cynira, the son of Agriopie ; but he did not know everything. Such simple tools are nearly all prehistoric. Our shipbuilding forefathers used hammers much of the present shape. The wooden hammer of the chairmen and auctioneers was used by the abbots and priors to keep the monks in order.

TAYLOR.—To keep your feet in condition wash them in hot water before you go to bed, and in cold water when you get up.

SOPH.—1. Yes. Almost all dances are love stories told in pantomime. 2. Brides used to wear their hair down their backs at the wedding to show they were maidens. Our queens used to be married with their hair loose. The first to be married with hair tied up was Anne Boleyn. 3. There is a "Guide to Northern Archaeology" by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen, edited for the use of English readers by the Earl of Ellesmere," but it was published in 1848.

T. I. C.—To clean coral turn it bottom upwards, and hang it in a saucepan by means of a piece of wire, so that the dirt as it boils off may drop into the water instead of down the septa. Boil it in a strong solution of washing soda for at least three hours.

A. X. Z.—Old copper is cleaned quickest in a bath composed of a hundred parts of nitric acid, one part of salt, and one part of soot, with the volume about thirty times that of the things to be cleaned. Take the things out almost immediately.

AMATEUR.—1. The moon always turns to us the same face, and so revolves in the same period as the earth. 2. A sextant will give you the right ascension, etc. ; but it is measured in observatories by the transit instrument and sidereal clock.

H. BELL.—The ordinary almanacs are founded on the Nautical Almanac, which is always published four years in advance, and is an official publication under the control of the Commissioners for finding the longitude at sea. Easter, Whitsuntide, etc., are church festivals, arranged according to the table given in Church of England prayer-books which refers to an imaginary full moon known as the Easter moon. All the movable feasts are dependent on Easter. When the calendar was last taken in hand it was proposed to make Easter a fixed festival, but the proposal met with much opposition in influential quarters.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The Hearts of Oak Benefit Society has offices in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, at the bottom of Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road.

TWO PARENTS.—Get "How to Send a Boy to Sea," price one shilling, from Messrs. Warne and Co. ; or apply to the Mercantile Marine Office, St. Katharine's Docks, Tower Hill.

C. W.—The MacGregor "Rob Roy Canoe" adventures were in our first volume, which is now out of print.

PAT.—The largest British colony is West Australia ; the second largest is South Australia. If you take the Canadian Dominion as one colony, you should, for the purposes you require, take Australia as one colony ; the areas then are—Canada, 3,470,392 ; Australia, 3,067,998 square miles. The continent of Europe has 3,790,000 square miles.

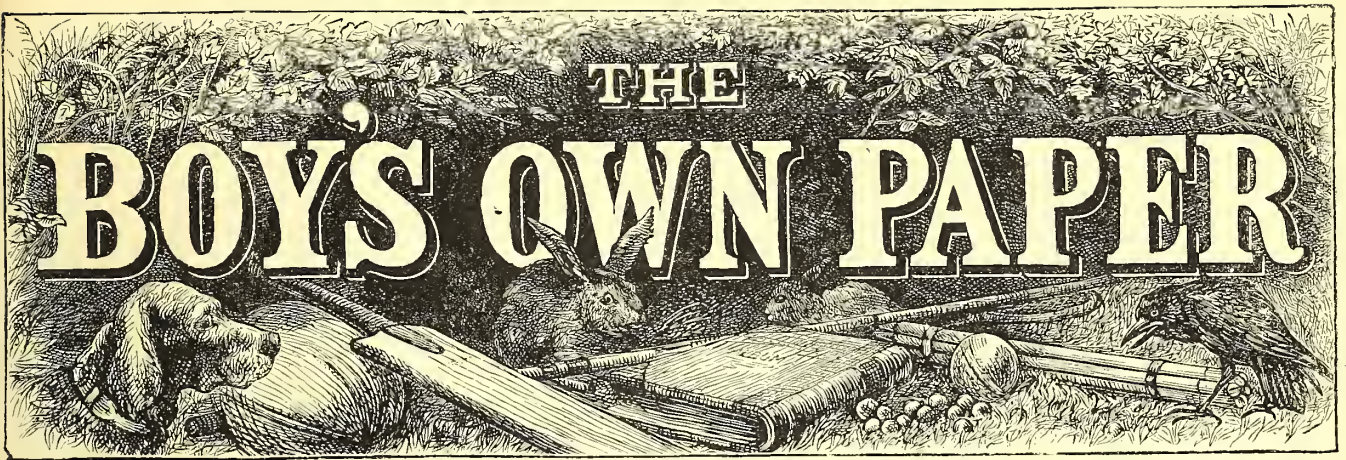
T. REYNOLDS.—See "The Boy's Own Pigeon-Loft and Dovecot," a series of articles by a professional judge, in our third volume. And read all the pigeon hints in "Doings of the Month," now publishing.

LEONIBUS.—Write to the secretaries for a copy of the club rules. The secretary of the Serpentine Model Yacht Club is Mr. H. Lear, 13, North Street, Westminster, S.W. ; the secretary of the Clapham Model Yacht Club is Mr. H. R. Girdlestone, 4, Prima Road, Stockwell, S.W.

S. G.—John Bull is the personification of the English nation. The name and allusion are derived from Arbuthnot's successful satire, entitled the "History of John Bull," first published in 1712. Mrs. Bull was Queen Anne ; John Bull's sister, Peg Bull, was the Scotch, who by no means saw the joke ; John Bull's mother was the Church of England ; Jack was Calvin, etc., etc. The book was one of those elaborate pieces of foolery that were the delight of our so-called Augustan age, and is only memorable for the one character which happened to amuse people.



Our Second Master.



No. 440.—Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1887.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]



At Duty's Call.—Drawn by G. H. Edwards.

RED-FINGERED CYRIL.

By DAVID KER.

CHAPTER X.—A DESPERATE VENTURE.

At daybreak next morning all Kief was in an uproar, and contradictory reports were flying on every side. Some said that the Tartars had entered the town through an underground passage, others that Ostap had been murdered, while others still maintained that the spells of a Tartar magician had made the western gate fly open, breaking its strong bars like reeds.

But soon a wild blast of war-horns, echoing far and wide through the still air, drew the whole town to the western gate, where a strange and fearful spectacle awaited them.

On the platform above the gate sat a silent ring of gloomy figures—the old chiefs of Kief, bearing the snows of many a winter on their long grey hair, and the scars of many a terrible battle upon their weather-beaten faces. In the midst of the circle, stern and immovable as a statue of granite, towered the mighty form of Sviatogor, and beside him, paler even than usual, appeared the worn features of Silvester.

In front of his assembled judges, with his hands tied behind him and his feet bound together at the ankles, stood the traitor Ostap. Nothing of him seemed living except his dark-grey eyes, in which a gleam of fierceness still lingered.

The rising sun lighted up a sea of upturned faces both within and without the wall. The whole population of Kief had crowded into the space around the western gate, while the black masses of the Tartar host, drawn together by the blast of the war-horns, were clustering like bees around the foot of the hill, with their small, glittering eyes fixed upon those few dark figures which stood out on the summit of the rampart against the bright morning sky.

In the midst of a dead and ominous silence, Sviatogor rose slowly to his feet, and shouted, in a voice like the roar of a winter storm through the pine forests,

"Warriors of Kief! you see this man, whom we have trusted and cherished as our brother. You shall hear what he has done, and you yourselves shall be his judges."

At a sign from him Cyril stepped forward, and told how he had followed Ostap unperceived the night before, had heard his signal answered by the Tartars outside the gate, and had struck him down just as he was unbarring it.

This evidence was confirmed by the soldiers, some of whom had seen Ostap lying prostrate with the gate-bar beside him; while others declared that he had lured them from their posts with a message that they were wanted at the river-gate.

"Father Silvester," asked Sviatogor, "have you anything to say?"

The monk met a glance of deadly hatred from the prisoner's eyes with his usual grand calmness, and answered,

"Nothing."

The fierce look passed from Ostap's face, and was replaced by a glance of reluctant and wondering admiration. This man whom he had attempted to murder refused to denounce him! This monk disdained even to mention an injury which concerned himself alone!

But Silvester's generous forbearance availed nothing. What had already been told was more than enough to seal the doom of any man in Russia.

"Brothers," cried Sviatogor, "you have heard all. What does this man deserve?"

Instantly, like the roll of thunder, there broke upon the silent air one universal shout,

"Death!"

"You hear," said Sviatogor to the prisoner. "What have you to say?"

Then the doomed man drew himself up to his full height, and throwing back his head proudly, faced his judges with a frown of stern defiance.

"What have I to say? Nothing. I would have shown you no mercy, and I will ask none from you. I had hoped to set up again, in his chosen city, the ancient worship of the Thunder-god; and, now that I have failed, I care not to live longer. The curse of Peroon upon you all! Strike!"

The death-stroke fell; but it fell almost unheeded, so utterly overwhelmed were the spectators by the astounding revelation which this mention of "Peroon the Thunder-god" flashed into their minds like a sudden blaze of lightning. Even Silvester cast a startled glance at the fallen man, and Cyril's dark face grew white to the very lips as he muttered hoarsely,

"It's Yarko, the high priest of Peroon!"

And now commenced the strain of the siege; for the Tartars, despairing of accomplishing anything by stratagem, and furious at the detection and death of the emissary by whose aid they had hoped to win the town without a blow, began to make themselves felt in earnest. Turning their superior numbers to account, they kept threatening the town at several different points at once, and making feigned attacks, now here and now there, till the handful of defenders, kept constantly on the alert, were almost worn out with fatigue.

Meanwhile clouds of Tartar horsemen hovered incessantly around the wall, showering such a hail of arrows upon it as they galloped to and fro, that the Russians, however carefully they kept themselves under cover, lost several men every day, a loss which their scanty force could ill afford.

Sviatogor and Silvester were unwearied in keeping up the spirits of their soldiers, who faced this fearful trial as bravely as men could do. But neither their own courage, nor the utmost efforts of their leaders, could make the Russians wholly proof against the slow, freezing horror of the haunting thought which was in every heart, although no one dared to give it utterance—the dread of *famine*.

This was, in truth, no idle fear. Water they had in abundance, thanks to the wells in the citadel; but food was already beginning to run short, for the flight of the neighbouring villagers into the town before the destroying advance of the Tartars had given the Russian garrison many additional mouths to feed, and that, too, at the very time when, by ill-fortune, their supplies were scanty.

The necessity of reducing the daily allowance of food one-half (which had already been done) had greatly troubled Sviatogor, who knew well that his few soldiers—barely able even now to hold the walls against ten times their number of active and ferocious enemies—would have no chance whatever when weakened by starvation. But Silvester's keener intellect foresaw another and a more immediate danger. Octai Khan, who was skilled in all forms of Eastern warfare, might use some of his Tartar waggons to form a rude shed or pent-house, under cover of which, when pushed forward to the foot of the ramparts, a body of the enemy, completely protected against the arrows and stones discharged at them from above, might undermine the wall or break open one of the gates.

With the ready Greek, to foresee any peril was to provide against it forthwith. He lost no time in sending for several carpenters and blacksmiths, the best that were to be found in the city, and held a long conference with them, from which they returned with looks of manifest amazement.

It was soon noised through the town that Father Silvester had invented a machine which would destroy the whole Tartar army at one blow; and an eager crowd came pouring into the yard where the labourers were at work upon it. But all that they could see was a confused heap of logs and iron bars, the use of which the workmen themselves could not explain.

The next morning Silvester's worst fears were fully realised. The keen-eyed Cyril could distinguish in the midst of the Tartar camp several waggons drawn close together, around which a number of men were ceaselessly coming and going. It was now a race whether the Tartar pent-house, or the Russian engine framed to destroy it, would be ready first; and the chances seemed terribly against the Russians.

Sviatogor had just called his chiefs together to consider what was best to be done, when Cyril suddenly entered the circle, and said:

"Fathers, we must have help speedily, and it is better to risk one life than many. I will go forth and pass through the enemy, and bring word to Prince Vladimir that his city is in peril."

So unexpected and so utterly startling was this daring offer, that the grim warriors looked blankly at each other, not knowing what to say. At length Feodor broke the silence:

"No, no, lad—this must not be. It shall never be said that we Russians sent out a boy to die for us because we were afraid to risk our own skins. I killed your father, and I won't help to kill you too. If anybody's to go, I will."

"Can you pass for a Tartar, then?" asked Cyril, meaningly.

Feodor's bold face fell, and he remained silent, while Cyril proceeded to expound his plan. He would let himself down from the wall by a rope during the night, enter the Tartar camp unperceived, and pass through it (being a Tartar himself) without attracting any notice. Once clear of it he would seize one of the

straggling horses, and make all speed to Kamenskoe.

"An army may need eight days to march thither," said he, "but a Tartar lad on a Tartar horse will do it in three; and besides, the Great Prince may perhaps be on his way home by this time. Within ten days, fathers, if I'm not killed, you shall have help."

* * * * *

The next morning at daybreak one of the Tartar sentinels who stood nearest to the southern side of the town saw a boy wandering disconsolately along the hillside with a Tartar bridle in his hand.*

"Have you seen a stray horse anywhere about here?" asked the lad, in a doleful voice.

"A horse?" echoed the Tartar (who was a bit of a wag), glancing with a broad grin at the countless horses that were grazing on the vast plain below. "How should I see a horse *here*? Can't you see for yourself that there's not one anywhere near the place?"

The boy, evidently cut to the heart at being laughed at when he was in such trouble, looked sulkily at him without making any answer, and went slowly down the hill towards the Tartar camp.

"Have you seen a horse?" asked he of another man whom he met on the way.

"No, I hav'n't seen a horse," chuckled the Tartar, "but I've seen an *ass*, and what's more, I see him now!"

In fact, the farther the poor boy went the more mercilessly he was jeered and laughed at. Some asked how many legs his horse had; others inquired whether it was a live horse or a dead one; and one particularly waggish fellow said, with an air of great earnestness,

"Now I think of it, I *did* see a horse the day before yesterday, and he looked so nice that I ate him. I've got a little bit of his mane left if you'd like to taste it."

But these rude jokers might have been a little less merry if they could have heard what was being said just then by a small group of men who were looking fixedly down from the walls of Kiev upon the mighty camp below.

"He's passed the first sentinel. Well done, Cyril!"

"See, he's stopping to speak to another man. He is a daring fellow, indeed!"

"Look! he's close to the camp now!"

"There he goes right into it, and no one seems to notice him."

"Where is he now? I can't see him any more."

Where, indeed? Amid that great host of moving figures the light form of the boy-hero had vanished like a raindrop in the sea.

In vain did the anxious group strain their eyes to the utmost, in vain did they stand watching there till the sun was high in the sky. Cyril was seen no more, nor could any one tell whether he had succeeded or failed in the terrible venture upon which hung not merely his own life, but the lives of the whole garrison.

CHAPTER XL.—SILVESTER'S IRON HAND.

BUT the Russians soon had other things to think of. The terrible summer heats were now beginning in earnest, and adding fresh violence to the sickness

* The daring stratagem here ascribed to Cyril is historical, and may be found in the oldest Russian chronicles.—D. K.

which had already broken out in the ill-fed and overcrowded city. The wounded men were dying fast; many others who had been in full health were suddenly struck down; and with famine and disease within their walls, and a merciless enemy all around them, even the boldest of the Russian leaders began to despair.

And now, as if all this were not enough, they were suddenly threatened with a new and even more formidable peril.

The dreaded pent-house, under cover of which the Tartars meant to attack the wall, had twice broken down in their unpractised hands, but numbers had counterbalanced the want of mechanical skill, and the redoubtable machine was ready for use at last, while Silvester's engine still required several hours' work to complete it.

From their ramparts the hard-pressed Russians could see their enemies covering the roof of the pent-house with raw hides to make it proof against fire, and knew that a few minutes more would see it moving forward to the assault. Even Sviatogor's iron face grew blank as he looked; but just then Silvester touched his arm, and whispered a few words in his hear.

Instantly the old warrior's gloomy face lighted up with a grin of boyish glee. With his own hands he tied a white cloth to the point of a spear as a signal of truce, and ordered his men to sound a parley, while Feodor flew to Silvester's labourers with a message bidding them work for their lives to finish the engine.

The Tartars, hoping that the firmness of the garrison was beginning to give way at last, promptly answered the signal, and sent two of their chiefs to parley with the Russians. After a short but very animated conference (judging from the excited gestures used on either side) the envoys returned to their camp, bearing a proposal from Sviatogor to Octai Khan that the war should be decided by a combat either between the Khan himself and young Feodor, or between twelve Russians and twelve Tartars, picked from the best warriors of either army.

Octai, who was as brave as he was ferocious, wished to accept the challenge at once; but to this the older and more experienced chiefs strongly objected. They argued that this very Feodor had slain the great Tartar champion, Mamai, without receiving a scratch, and that the magic arts of the Christian enchanter had undoubtedly made him proof against all weapons, so that any attempt to match him in fight would be as hopeless as it was unfair.

For the same reason they opposed the offered combat of twelve, urging that such a proposal, made when the siege had already lasted so long, proved that the Russians, feeling their ease to be desperate, were attempting to trick their besiegers out of the victory which was now a mere question of time. A few days more would lay at the Khan's feet the city and all within it; why, then, should he put to the hazard of a doubtful combat the prize which was already in his grasp?

These arguments prevailed, and the Tartar messengers carried back to Sviatogor Octai's refusal of both his offers, coupled with a taunting allusion on their own part to the impending fate of the town.

But the savage men little dreamed, as

they went back down the hill chuckling over their anticipated triumph, how completely their despised foes had outwitted them. Three hours had been wasted in this useless parleying, and during this respite the Russian workmen who were completing the war-engine, feeling that the safety of the town hung upon *them*, had accomplished wonders. By the time the Khan's envoys returned from their second mission to the city the mysterious engine was ready at last, and being slowly rolled forward to its place on a platform erected for it just inside the western gate.

A strange-looking object it was, very much like a modern garden-roller of enormous size, with a handle shaped like a monstrous iron hand. Had the Russians been acquainted with classical history they would have recognised at a glance the "balista," or monster sling, of the ancient Romans, in an altered and improved form. But to men who had never seen anything like it before it might well appear magical, and the wondering Russians watched eagerly to see how it would act.

The strange machine was ready not a moment too soon. Scarcely had it been fixed in its place when the Tartar pent-house was seen to move slowly forward, and as it advanced foot by foot up the slope toward the city-gate a yell of ferocious triumph came floating on the wind to the ears of the Russians.

At a sign from Silvester two men placed a huge stone in the hollow of the iron hand attached to the engine, while the monk himself, folding back the sleeves of his frock, seized the lever that worked the spring.

Instantly, to the amazement of all who saw it, the heavy stone shot up like a rocket, traced a mighty curve through the air, and fell at length (just missing the pent-house itself) right into the dark mass of yelling savages behind it.

A dreadful cry told what havoc it had made, and the astounded Tartars, hardly understanding as yet what had happened, stood for an instant mute and motionless as statues. But the next moment another stone came whizzing from the fatal engine, a tremendous crash echoed along the hillside, and the famous pent-house, the labour of so many toilsome days and nights, lay a heap of shattered timbers, beneath which were buried at least twenty of the Khan's bravest warriors.

Then broke forth a universal howl of dismay, and the savage men scattered like sheep before this new and terrible destroyer. Chiefs and common men fled together, many flung away their weapons in order to run the faster; and had the Russians been able to sally forth upon their disordered and terrified enemy the siege would have ended there and then. But the garrison was now far too weak for such a venture, especially as the river-gate (in accordance with Octai's previous commands) was now threatened by a strong body of Tartars, who, still ignorant of the disaster that had overwhelmed their comrades on the other side, swarmed close up to the wall with furious cries, and poured such a storm of arrows against it as to keep the Russians on that side fully employed.

For that day, however, the city was safe. The assailants of the river-gate withdrew in dismay on learning the defeat of their comrades; and so universal was the confusion and terror of the be-

siegers, that when the next morning dawned the Russians fully expected to see the Tartar camp deserted.

But they were speedily and terribly undeceived. Octai Khan, when once his first panic had spent itself, recalled the descriptions of similar engines which he had heard from the Greek traders who occasionally visited his country; and, having made up his mind that there was no magic in the case after all, he soon brought his men to the same opinion.

Then, as usual, the shame of their recent alarm made the Tartars doubly ferocious, and the sun had hardly risen when they were seen coming on against the town with fresh fury. Their new form of attack was the most formidable which could well have been devised, for it consisted in showering upon the city flights of arrows tipped with flaming grass. The wooden houses were as dry as tinder from the long heat, and if one of them caught fire the whole town would soon be in a blaze.

Happily the prudent Vladimir had left a wide space between the wall and the

nearest huts, and of all the arrows that flew over the rampart not one reached the houses. But the two gates (for the town was assailed on both sides at once) were soon stuck full of these fiery darts, and the dry timber broke into a flame so fierce as to defy all efforts to quench it.

Yet even in this fearful extremity the indomitable Russians held out as stubbornly as ever. As the Tartar bowmen circled to and fro on their swift little horses, the Russian archers in the turrets sent arrow after arrow among them, and never once in vain. Meanwhile Silvester and a band of picked men, defying the shafts that rattled around them, were piling up with wonderful quickness barricades of stones and baskets filled with earth just inside the blazing gates; and when the burned timbers fell in, and the Tartars came charging on with yells of savage triumph, they found themselves stopped by a new wall, from behind which a storm of stones and arrows struck them down by scores. Once more the Khan's best warriors ebbed sullenly

away from the impenetrable rampart, and when the sun set upon that superhuman conflict Kief was still untaken.

Early on the following morning the Tartars sounded a parley in their turn, and four of them, apparently unarmed, were seen coming up the hill toward the town, three walking abreast, while the fourth kept slightly behind them.

Their business was soon told. Octai Khan offered to raise the siege and retreat with his whole army if the Russians would deliver up to him, bound hand and foot, the Christian enchanter, Silvester.

"Go back to the dog who sent you," answered Sviatogor in a voice of thunder, "and tell him that—"

That sentence was never completed. The Tartar who had kept himself hidden behind his three companions made a sudden movement, the twang of a bowstring was heard, an arrow, aimed at Silvester, just grazed his shoulder, and then pierced the breast of Sviatogor, who fell bleeding to the earth.

(To be continued.)

TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS advice was so sensible that there was no disputing it, and we remained as quiet as possible until the army of King Kongo returned, bringing with them all the Bailunda porters of my caravan and all their loads, whilst some twenty of the Humbi people were brought in as State prisoners in company with Pedro and Baptista, the whole of the population of the village having been reduced to slavery. In effecting this there had been a good deal of bloodshed, and the bodies of those of King Kongo's men who had been killed were brought back to be given a ceremonious funeral.

Guilhermé and I were summoned to attend the council which was to be held to try the prisoners, and he told me before going that we should have to pay a heavy ransom both for the pombeiros and the goods, and that we should, before any question of their guilt or innocence with regard to plots either against King Kongo or me, at once claim that they should be handed over to us according to the customs existing between the Portuguese and the native chiefs.

When we arrived in Kongo's place of audience we found that he had, besides the wives and women we had seen in attendance on him before, a strong body-guard of women all armed with shields and spears, the officers carrying the few muskets which were the old despot's choicest treasures.

In front of Kongo's chair the prisoners were arranged, and so closely bound that they could not move hand or foot, and behind them four men, the State executioners—two with axes and two with large knives—were standing. These men had on vizors or masks of buffaloes' hide and tippets of leopards' skins, and round

their waists were broad girdles, in which stuck a number of switches and whips, cut out of some thick hide. Behind these, again, were ranged stools, two of which were reserved for us, while on the others were seated Kongo's counsellors and the chiefs of the villages who had sent their men on the expedition.

Pedro and Baptista were among those who were lying bound on the ground, and as soon as they saw Guilhermé and me they loudly protested their innocence, and begged us to have them released from their ignominious position. Guilhermé told them that it would serve them quite right if we left them to their fate, but that I had interceded for them, and that therefore he would endeavour to get them given up to us.

He then spoke to Kongo, and said that, as the pombeiros were servants of a Portuguese merchant, it was only right and according to custom that they should be given up to him to take to Bilé to have their misdeeds judged of by the traders there. Kongo said that in all ordinary cases he would do this, but that these men, having been taken in association with men who, both by magic and by other means, had attempted to overthrow him, he would deal with them himself.

Guilhermé, however, by dint of long argument, and by promising to pay Kongo largely for the recovery of the goods, and to give the price of six slaves for each of the pombeiros, at last gained Kongo's consent to their being given up to us, and they accordingly were released from their bonds and sent down to our huts in charge of some of Guilhermé's men.

We now tried to get leave to go away, but Kongo said that as we had been wit-

nesses to his authority being disputed, we must now be present at the trial and execution of the offenders. The prime minister got up and made a long harangue, in which he spoke of the power and fame of his master, and recited a long string of names and titles belonging to Kongo and his ancestors, and then declared that the prisoners had been guilty of the abominable crimes of rebelling against his authority, of levying tribute from caravans without his authority, and, most heinous of all, of by magical arts trying to compass his downfall.

When he had concluded he ordered the executioners to release one of the prisoners, and then examined him as to his guilt. The poor wretch at first protested his innocence, but was immediately seized and flogged. He still said he had done nothing wrong, when one of the executioners cut several long cuts down his back and rubbed red pepper into them. At first the victim held out, but soon the pain became too intense to be borne, and he owned to everything that was urged against him. As soon as his confession had been extorted in this manner he was again bound and placed on one side to await his fate, and the same process was repeated with another. So this went on. Some unfortunates, thinking to escape torture, confessed at once, and made all sorts of wild accusations against their companions in misfortune; but this availed them nothing, for the king ordered them to be flogged and tortured as well as their companions.

At last only the three principal men were left, and these, rendered desperate, not only avowed what they had done against Kongo, but also threatened him

with what they would do after their death. They were not given much opportunity, however, to do this, for they were soon thrown on their backs, and the executioners, who acted with a skill that betokened much practice, cut their tongues out. When this was done Kongo pronounced sentence, which was that all the minor offenders should be thrown over the rock, and that the three chiefs should have their eyes plucked out, and noses, ears, fingers, and toes cut off, and then be hung over the rock, there to linger till death put an end to their sufferings. I felt so sick and faint from what I had already seen that I begged Guilhermé to

our arrival at Bihé, when he would summon a meeting to discuss their conduct and settle what ought to be done to them. Whilst this was going on we could hear shriek after shriek as the unfortunate wretches we had left above were being launched into eternity, and at five in the evening the prime minister came down to inform us that all the sentences had been carried into execution. "And now," he said, "we will settle what you have to pay to King Kongo."

Bargaining and chaffering over this occupied us till a late hour at night, and, considering what risk I had run of losing everything, I concluded when it was all

ment, where I was astonished to find so much comfort at such a distance from the coast. The European house was large and well built, with boarded floors, whitewashed walls, and high-pitched thatched roof. There were good doors and windows to the rooms, and they were furnished neatly and comfortably. Inside the stockade which surrounded the dwelling-house and stores were gardens, where European vegetables were cultivated, and large orange-trees loaded with fruit, while hedges of roses twenty feet high were covered with flowers.

Close by the principal enclosure were others, in which the people who formed a



On the War Path.

intercede, that we might be spared from witnessing this final cruelty and butchery, and fortunately King Kongo consented.

We at once made our escape from this scene of horrors, and found that at our huts all the goods with which I had left Benguela had been carefully stacked with the exception of a very few that had been stolen. Pedro and Baptista, when we arrived, insisted that Bill had not told me the truth, but that they had incurred the wrath of the people of Humbi by refusing to give me up, and that instead of being punished they should be rewarded, but, unfortunately for their tale, their conversation had been overheard by many, who now, when they saw that I was befriended by Guilhermé, came forward and confirmed the story that Bill had told me.

Guilhermé was excessively severe on them, but said he would do nothing until

finished that I might consider myself fortunate in only having to part with ten loads, including the ransom of the pombeiros. Early in the morning the payment was made, and then, after bidding farewell to Kongo, who now seemed as mild and amiable as a sucking-dove, and very different from the bloodthirsty monster of the day before, I set out with Guilhermé for Bihé, where we arrived at his father's house, without any more adventures, two days after.

The pombeiros he kept here with us, as well as the goods I had under my charge, and sent messengers round to all the traders and their agents to assemble the next day to consider what should be done to these men for having conspired to betray me into the hands of the fetish-men of Humbi.

While waiting for their arrival I had time to examine and admire the settle-

ment, where I was astonished to find so much comfort at such a distance from the coast. The European house was large and well built, with boarded floors, whitewashed walls, and high-pitched thatched roof. There were good doors and windows to the rooms, and they were furnished neatly and comfortably. Inside the stockade which surrounded the dwelling-house and stores were gardens, where European vegetables were cultivated, and large orange-trees loaded with fruit, while hedges of roses twenty feet high were covered with flowers.

Close by the principal enclosure were others, in which the people who formed a

guella with a recommendation to Senhor Ferreira to degrade them from their position as pombeiros and to otherwise punish them as he should think fitting.

Guilhermé, when this matter was settled, busied himself most energetically about the preparations for our journey to Katanga, and in about a week after our arrival we had a hundred and fifty well-armed men ready, drawn in part from Senhor Ferreira's slaves and in part from those of Senhor Gonçalves. Although we had taken precautions to keep our destination as secret as possible, it had leaked out that we intended going far beyond the limits to which trading parties usually penetrated, and several parties of men, some commanded by small negro traders and others composed of natives of Bihé, banded together and announced their intention of accompanying us.

When I heard of this I asked Guilhermé what he intended to do, as the presence of these people might prove most inimical to the objects of our expedition. He told me that he could not forbid them accompanying us, though as they would be sure to dawdle on the road we should soon be able to shake

them off, but that start with us they would, as it was always a custom of Bihé for the natives and small traders to take advantage of any powerful caravan starting to tack themselves on to it for the sake of the protection that it would afford, and many of the larger merchants had encouraged this in order to give themselves more importance with the chiefs whose countries they might visit in the course of trade.

Prior to our starting Guilhermé said that we should have to visit the Chief of Bihé, Kagnombe, and that we should send all the men, except those necessary to attend on us, to wait for us at the ferry across the Kwanza, and that in two days' time we would go to the town of Kagnombe who, he said, kept up a great state and thought himself a much bigger chief than Kongo of the Bailunda, inasmuch as he had been sent by his father to St. Paul de Loanda to be educated, and though he had not learnt much had become imbued with an immense idea of his superiority to all heathen and uneducated chiefs, and always took care to impress this on his visitors.

The arranging of the loads, which were all numbered, and their contents entered

in a book with the name of the men who carried them, took some time and trouble. The loaded men, when this was done, were sent on under the charge of two of Guilhermé's pombeiros and one of Senhor Ferreira's called Bastian, who after much consideration I had decided on taking with me, notwithstanding the bad behaviour of Pedro and Baptista, so that in case of anything happening to me there would still be some one to look after my employer's goods.

We kept twenty men besides our hammock-carriers and Guilhermé's cooks and servants to be a body-guard on the occasion of our visit to Kagnombe, and with them we made our start, visiting on our way the settlement of Silva Porta, which was named Belmont. This was much larger than that of Senhor Gonçalves, and, besides the dwelling-houses and stores, boasted of a chapel where a black monk at times performed services and married people, and administered the rites of baptism, many of the natives professing Christianity, though I confess I could see no difference between their manners and those of their heathen countrymen, and they seemed quite as addicted to believe in magic as these did.

(To be continued.)

A STRANGE TRIP ABROAD.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "Bobby Bounce," "Honest Harry," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

WITH the first streaks of dawn I got up, shook off the hay that stuck about me, and stole out into the courtyard to reconnoitre. No one appeared to be stirring. The back door of the tavern was open. I slipped into the dark room, and on the table, still littered by mugs and puddles of spilt liquor, laid that chilling of the pilot's. Even though it cost me all my small means, I scorned to be beholden to those hosts for such entertainment as they had given me.

Then I softly let myself out of the yard; and, with a few early cocks crowing over my departure, came clear of the sleeping village.

Through the night I had conceived a wild notion of jumping into the first boat and making off, on the chance of being picked up by some vessel bound for England. But the sobering effect of being on one's legs was alone enough to drive any such foolhardy scheme out of my head. And I had no sooner got away from the shelter of the houses than I saw the fishermen were right about not caring to put to sea in such weather. A regular gale was blowing upon shore, carrying the salt spray far off that low point on which the village stood, cut off by a mile or two of sandy waste from any other signs of habitation.

Sinking ankle-deep in the sand at every step, I trudged on with my back to the wind, making for one or two lights that twinkled out through the grey dawn; and when it became clear enough to see a little about me, I found myself at the base of a range of low white dunes or sandhills that apparently formed the shore of the mainland. One of these I scrambled up, and here, half buried in

the loose sand to keep me warm, I remained for some time awaiting daylight.

My plan now was to make for the nearest town, where surely I should fall in with people of a better class, who would understand my story, and take pity on my situation, and do something to help me home. And, sure enough, a straggling ray of sunrise that broke through the cloudy sky at length showed me the red roofs of what appeared a considerable seaport at the distance of several miles. This was probably Flushing, not that I knew anything about it at the time, but hoped here to find some English ship. Thither I must direct my course, taking the bearings of it as well as I could, and making straight across the intervening country, which lay before me a monotonous green plain, almost as flat as the colourless expanse behind, where a streak of dirty foam like soap-suds showed the sea bursting far out upon the wet sands.

I hobbled on painfully, for my bare feet had been cut by the coarse grass and prickly plants, the only growth on those sandhills. The trousers, which made the best part of my costume, were so much too large that I had to turn them up to keep myself from stumbling. There were at least few hedges to stop me, but when I had crossed two or three meadows I had to turn along a ditch, too deep to wade and too wide to jump. This took me a good bit out of my way, and after walking the best part of an hour I was again brought up by what seemed an arm of the sea, bordered by an artificial bank, which I climbed to get another view, and found the town no longer in sight. Could

it be that I had landed on an island? A tack in another direction brought me to an impassable swamp. I began to see that it would not be so easy as it looked to traverse this flat country.

I had taken a windmill in the distance to steer by, but as the horizon cleared up before me at least half a dozen windmills came into view, and I got puzzled among them. I saw also what I guessed to be a road running along the top of a high embankment, marked out by a line of fir-trees, their scraggy tops all bent the same way to show the force of the prevailing wind. This, however, was miles off, shutting in the prospect on one side, as on the other it was closed by the jagged hillocks fringing the shore.

You may judge if I admired that scenery of ditches and drains, amid which I floundered disconsolately, and could find no dry spot to rest on. The ground was soaked by the rain, which came down from time to time in slanting showers, soon wetting me through to the skin. A wetting would have been nothing but a joke had I known when I should have a chance of drying myself; but it was no laughing matter to be so drenched and utterly at a loss where to turn for shelter. I was tired and hungry already. The damp, raw wind made me shudder in my thin dress, hatless and shoeless. To add to my other miseries, I had caught a cold in the head, and I did not possess even a pocket-handkerchief. I thought there could not be a lower depth of want.

I met nobody to direct me. Occasionally, indeed, I caught sight of country people working in the fields, but I rather kept out of their way, my shy pride shrinking from being stared at and jab-

bered over in the style of yesterday. I was quite pleased once to fall in with a cow. The beast looked so familiar and English-like that I could almost have hugged her as an old acquaintance among those unsympathetic foreigners. But the cow showed no signs of desiring my intimacy; she gave me only sidelong glances of indifference out of her great mild eyes, and went on chewing the grass with a content that I admired and envied. A well-fed cow was not going to trouble its head about any barefooted lad without a stick or stone in the world.

"If I could only milk you!" I exclaimed to the unsuspecting cow, and that idea painfully called up before me the bright well-laid breakfast-table, the bowl of bread-and-milk, the rasher of bacon, the cup of warm tea, to which I should be, ah! how welcome could some good fairy just waft me over the windy Channel and set me down in Ramsgate as if nothing had happened.

But now neither bite nor sup offered itself to the penniless exile. Robinson Crusoe, and adventurers of that sort, I ruefully reflected, were better off than me. They, if story-books are to be believed, always had chests of tools and barrels of provisions, and such like, shipwrecked conveniently beside them; or, at the worst, they could shoot wild goats or feed themselves with bread-fruit and cocoanuts. But here was I, cast away in a civilised country, not knowing when or where I could next come by a bed and a dinner. I had not yet been brought to stealing; but if a turnip-field had offered itself, I am far from sure that I could have resisted such temptation. All I had to eat that morning was a few hips and haws, or the like, which I gathered off bushes here and there.

Since then I have more than once been living in a foreign country, with no one to speak to in my own language, obliged to put up with strange ways and customs, longing to be back among all the little comforts of home, and I found it dull enough work, even though I had plenty of money in my pocket and might start off by the railway whenever I pleased. But in such circumstances, which every traveller has to put up with sometimes, I could take consolation in recalling how much worse off I was on that first trip abroad of mine. Then I felt indeed what it was to be friendless, as I wandered, cold and hungry, about those damp meadows, and a hundred times bitterly lamented the carelessness that had brought me into such a plight.

"I wish I had never gone to school," was the end of my gloomy reflections, "then I should never have met Jack Brown, then he would never have put it into my head to learn swimming, then I should never have gone out of my depth, and now I should be sitting comfortably by the fireside at home instead of tramping over a country like this, where people can't even speak English. I wish I had never been born!" I cried, in my desperation going to the root of the matter; and then I wished I had been a cow, which can make itself at home so easily anywhere out of doors, and is a foreigner in no country that produces grass.

But wishing could not help; and I had to keep always stirring, for it was too cold to let me stand still or sit down in the wind. I had quite lost my bearings by this time, but I plodded doggedly on, making now for a little island of trees

with a dumpy church spire rising out of the middle of them, which was the best landmark visible over the plain.

After meeting that cow I had an adventure with a dog. There came in sight a white house with outbuildings which had the look of a prosperous farm. I had almost resolved to make an appeal to its owner, and was trying to think what signs would most clearly express my need. But as I hung shyly outside the yard a great lean cur rushed out, barking and snapping so viciously that I hurried away, taking this as a hint of the kind of reception I should meet from its masters. And there was a pig, too, which looked up from routing in a heap of refuse to grunt after me as I passed. In my humiliated mood I fancied that this fat uncleanly beast regarded me with an air of contempt, such as so prosperous an inhabitant might well feel towards a destitute vagrant like me. To be despised by a Dutch pig!

I walked on for a mile or so without seeing any more houses but a few miserable mud huts, thatched with reeds, and they appeared to be empty. I tried to keep up heart; I told myself that my troubles were bound to come to an end some time; I sought comfort in picturing the happy day when I should be restored to England, home, and roast beef. However stupid these Dutch people might seem, they surely would not let me die of starvation in a Christian land. The very next respectable house I saw I would take fresh courage to knock at the door and put in my plea for help. I was sorry now in a fit of foolish temper to have left that village, where at least people knew what I wanted. But I could no more find my way back there than to the town which I had caught a distant glimpse of. I must just fare on, even if at random, and on I went. I attempted to whistle a tune by way of encouraging myself, but it was a dismal failure, and ended in a sneeze.

Before I came to that clump of wood a little raised above the surrounding meadows, which I had taken as a beacon, my feet seemed really too sore to carry me farther. By the side of a marshy copse I saw several bundles of reeds that had been cut down and left there. It occurred to me to make a bed of these, in which I might take a little rest. So I cuddled in among the reeds, piling them over my shivering limbs; and this couch proved such a comfortable one that after a short time I fell into a doze in broad daylight, and lay there sleeping and waking by turns, with the wind for a fitful lullaby and the rain every now and then lashing or trickling on my face to rouse me again.

Of one serious danger I was unaware that I ran by sleeping on that marshy soil. This was the very district where in my babyhood such havoc had been wrought by disease among the ranks of our gallant soldiers. The expedition to Walcheren made a great noise at the time, and might have proved a well-aimed blow at the power of Napoleon. But the troops had not been a week on shore when its fatal ague began to strike them down by hundreds. Conquered by the pestilential climate, before meeting any other enemy capable of resisting it, the army had to return to England with thousands of sickly invalids, and many more bearing the seeds of a fever that would torment them all their lives. We

hear much of Trafalgar and Waterloo, but our histories say little about the disasters of that campaign, as deadly as it was inglorious.

To return to my own private history. Once more I was destined to be disturbed in my slumbers. A hand gently placed on my head awoke me, and I started up to see the queerest figure, so it struck my eyes, moving away the covering of reeds that had almost hid me from his great horn spectacles.

It was an old gentleman, at once kind and dignified-looking, dressed in black from head to foot, with an odd sort of cocked-hat, knee breeches, and a long black coat of formal cut. Such an apparition had at first sight something funereal about it, and might well alarm my confused senses. But soon I recalled the dress of church dignitaries whom I had occasionally seen at home, and found little difficulty in guessing that I must here have to do with some kind of clergyman. So he was, though no dean or bishop, but only the *dominie*, that is, minister of the parish.

Half wonderingly, half suspiciously, this grave personage stood surveying me through his spectacles as I scrambled out of the reeds and presented myself before him in all my forlornness. He spoke to me in a gentle tone, but I could only shake my head. Then I had the idea of trying him with French, the one foreign language I knew a word of, and few enough words of that; I had lately begun to learn it from my eldest sister, as a holiday task, and now managed to come out with:

"*Anglais—je suis anglais—garçon anglais.*"

It was his turn to shake his head and be puzzled.

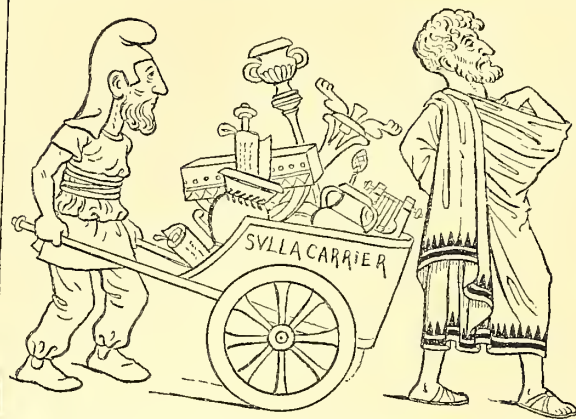
"*Non parle français,*" he said, which sounded to me very like a fib, as he apparently knew quite as much French as I did.

But my miserable appearance spoke plainly enough for itself; and, after a little consideration, the good man, making signs for me to accompany him, walked off towards that island of trees which I have already mentioned. I followed him willingly, footsore as I was, for he had a kind face, and something told me that in a clergyman of any church or country I should be most likely to find a friend. I felt sure he could not help being kind to me, did he only know how eagerly my heart was longing after one crumb of comfort.

(To be continued.)



HENRY'S LATIN EXERCISES ILLUSTRATED.—No. 2.



2. Balbus, a man unworthy of life, does no good. 2. It is certain that Caius has removed to Athens, that he may live well.

3. He would sleep.



4. Having written his letter he went to bed.

5. Balbus will laugh. Caius must not sleep.

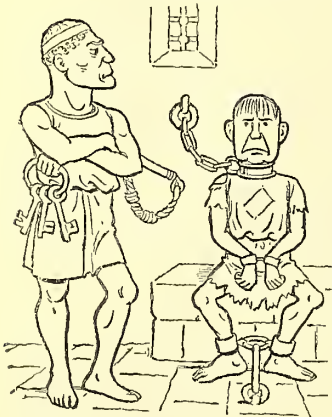
6. Caius will hear the voice.



7. The figure has no stability.

8. He will accuse Balbus of theft.

9. Balbus will go away in the evening.



10. He is remaining at Tibur unwillingly.

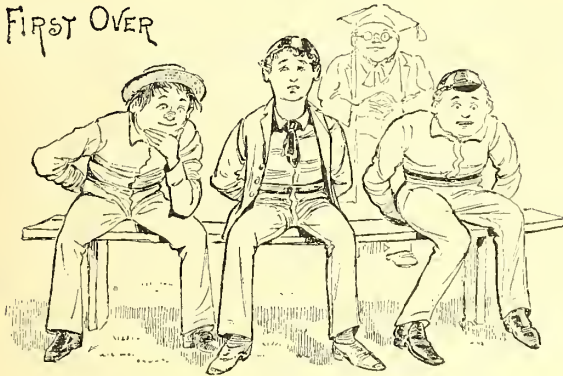
11. The girl will open the letter with her own hand.

12. The girl will marry Caius.

THE EPIC OF CRICKET.

BY THE REV. CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

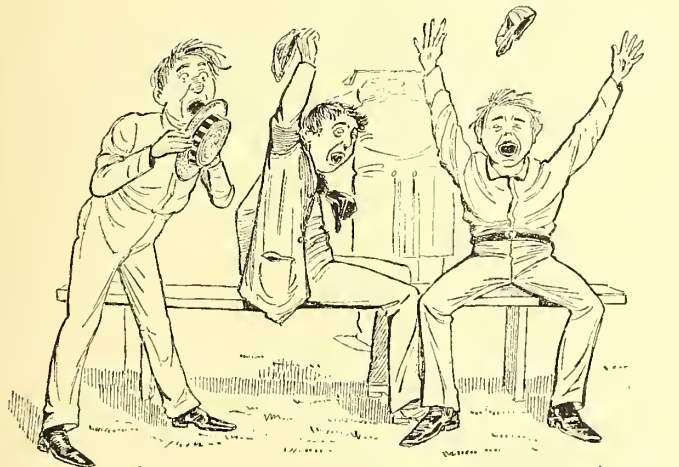
THE FIRST OVER



CLEAN BOWLED



THE WINNING HIT.



J. P. Dorney.

THE plain of Troy and the cricket-field have not many points in common, but each can at least boast of its heroes and its epic poet. It is true that the name of Homer is more familiar to the world than that of Mr. James Love, *alias* Dance, but, on the other hand, the personal identity of the latter is unquestionable, while considerable doubts have been expressed whether Homer ever had any real existence. If he had, his blindness would have incapacitated him from cricket, and thus placed him in a lower position in the athletic world than Mr. Love attained. We need not, therefore, grudge him his poetical pre-eminence.

Of the early history of the bard of cricket we have been able to gather some authentic particulars. He was the eldest son of George Dance, the City architect who built the Mansion House and Shoreditch parish church, and was born in the year 1721, when George the First was king. At the age of eleven he was sent to Merchant Taylors' School, where, whatever else he may have learnt, he could not have been taught cricket, for a dismal stone-paved yard was all the playground then belonging to the school. But in 1737 he entered the University of Oxford as a commoner of St. John's College, and, as his academic career was brief, and he failed to obtain

a degree, we may presume that his time was spent in cultivating those arts which are not regarded in the schools as of primary importance. He became a member of the Richmond Cricket Club, and as early as the year 1740 celebrated in heroic verse the glories of the game in which he delighted. As we are more concerned with the poem than with the man, it will be enough to say of the writer that he changed his name from Dance to Love, betook himself to writing plays, and died in 1774.

He republished his poem on "Cricket" in 1770, and we may perhaps infer its popularity from the fact that the British Museum Library contains only a single copy of the later edition, and none whatever of the earlier.

In dedicating it, after the manner of his time, to the members of the cricket club at Richmond, in Surrey, he states that when the poem was written the game "was cultivated with the utmost assiduity and patronised by the most capital people." The ground was thronged by enthusiastic spectators when, as on the occasion which inspired the poet, a good match was to be played, and betting upon the result was far more general than, happily, is now the case. A note tells us that "the robust cricketer plays in his shirt. The Rev. Mr. W—d particularly appears almost naked," and the present writer (albeit only in mid-life) can remember the time when "flannels" were less the rule than was the chimney-pot hat. It would seem that in 1740 cricket, though described as a "glorious, manly, British game," was not played in many counties. Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, and Notts, which are now in the first rank, were then nowhere, and the poet sings only of—

"Fierce Kent, ambitious of the first applause,
Against the world combined asserts her cause;
Gay Surrey sometimes triumphs o'er the field,
And fruitful Sussex cannot brook to yield;
While Loudon, queen of cities, proudly vies,
And often grasps the well-disputed prize."

The particular match which forms the subject of the epic is one which was actually played between Kent and All England on the Artillery Ground at Finsbury. The names of the elevens are given, and among them are to be found Newland, a Sussex farmer, and the best batsman of his time; Bryan, a London bricklayer; Hodswell, of Dartford, and Mills, of Bromley (both excellent bowlers); Kips, a noted wicket-keeper; and Lord John Sackville, and Rumney, the gardener at Knowle Park, representatives of perhaps the oldest cricket club in England—viz., the Vine. Most persons who have visited Seven-oaks are acquainted with the piece of ground outside Knowle which bears that name, and not a few may have noticed the old public-house on the hillside long known as the Bat and Ball.

The epic opens in a truly classical style—

"The stumps are pitch'd. Each hero now is seen;
Springs o'er the fence, and bounds along the green,
In decent white most gracefully array'd,
Each strong-built limb in all its pride display'd."

Then follows a description of the game. The Counties win the toss and go in, and five of them are out for "three notches," the score being apparently kept on tally-sticks.

It would have been interesting if we could have given all the terms then in use on the cricket-field, and compared them with those now current. This, however, is impossible. But we learn that "some at a distance for the long ball wait" (a curious phrase), and that "the seekers out change place" when the bowling is changed. The word "wicket" seldom occurs; and, in order to describe

Kips's deftness as wicket-keeper, the writer has to employ the very roundabout language: "Kips is particularly remarkable for handing the ball and knocking up the stumps, if the batsman is not extremely cautious."

The first innings give for the Counties a total of "forty notches." Then Kent goes in and scores fifty-three. In the second innings a brilliant catch is made by Lord John Sackville, who, slipping—

"yet glorious in his fall,
With arm extended shows the captive ball."

But the Counties are not out until they have scored fifty-seven to the good. In Kent's second innings the play is careful, and the excitement becomes unbounded as runs come but slowly.

"The two last champions even now are in,
And but three notches yet remain to win,
When almost ready to recant its boast
Ambitious Kent within an ace had lost;
The mounting ball, again obliquely driv'n,
Cuts the pure Æther, soaring up to Heaven."

Weymark was ready; Weymark all must own
As sure a swain to catch as ever known;
Yet whether Jove and all compelling Fate,
In their high will determin'd Kent should beat,
Or the lamented youth too much relied
On sure success and fortune often tried,
The erring ball, amazing to be told,
Slipp'd through his outstretch'd hand and mock'd
his hold."

And so the contest ends in the Counties winning by three, and Mr. Love, *alias* Dance, celebrates their triumph in heroic verse, of which we have given a sufficient specimen. It is easy to account for the very low scores which even the best elevens were able to make in the last century. The bat was a very imperfect weapon of defence, as any one may see who looks at pictures of cricket painted more than a hundred years ago. In shape it resembled a kidney-bean, gradually curving and thickening from the handle to the end. It is true that until 1770 or thereabouts there were only two and not three stumps to defend, but the space occupied by the wicket was the same as now, and the bat less able to cover it. And, again, there is no

doubt that the modern cricket-ball is capable of being hit to greater advantage than its predecessor, while it would have been hard to find such absolute perfection in level and other respects as are nowadays presented by the grounds at Lord's, the Oval, and elsewhere. When the third stump was added it was naturally thought that run-getting would be injured, as the straightest balls had previously gone between the stumps without upsetting the bale. Such, however, was not the case. Batting rapidly improved, and especially the defence; while the bat itself gradually assumed the straighter form with which we are familiar, and which favours hard hitting. Even in 1776 we find it recorded that Aylward, in a match between Hambledon—an old Hampshire club—and All England, made the formidable score of 167 in one innings.

But we have no intention of writing a history of cricket. It is enough that we have done something to rescue from oblivion the forgotten poetry of the noble game, and to trace its popularity back for a century and a half.

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER;

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND.

By PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER afternoon school Lee sat down to write home. He had written home once before, but had not been able to give a very cheering account of his experience of school life. This time, however, he hoped to be able to tell his father that, after all, school was not a bad sort of place, and that he was getting on a great deal better than he expected.

What was his surprise when Bucknill, before he had fairly started, came up to him, and, touching him on the shoulder, said,

"Come along, Lee."

"Come along where?" asked Lee.

"To fight Smythe, of course."

"To fight Smythe?" exclaimed Lee, "I don't want to fight him."

"Oh, nonsense," said Bucknill, "he struck you this morning; surely you aren't going to take a licking from him? It's the proper thing to do if a fellow hits you, to fight him. If you don't you will have every chap in the school bullying you in no time. You must show a little proper spirit."

Lee did not half like it, but had not the moral courage to say so. He had no particular quarrel with, or grudge against, Smythe, although he disliked him, and he had almost forgotten the little fray of the early part of the afternoon.

However, Bucknill seemed to consider it an absolute necessity that he should preserve his dignity in this way, so he somewhat unwillingly shut up his writing-case and followed Bucknill to the chemistry class-room.

On arriving there he found about twenty boys already assembled.

Smythe was there, waiting for him.

Ennis had taken Smythe in hand, and had not found it very difficult to persuade him that he must fight Lee. Smythe was pretty certain that he could give Lee "pepper," as he expressed it.

The door was locked; an impromptu ring was formed; the two small boys took off their jackets, and the fight commenced.

Amongst those who were present was Glubb, who felt no interest whatever in fights, but hearing that Lee was in for one, had thought it his duty to come and back him up to the best of his ability.

It is not necessary to describe the scene that followed. Fortunately, neither of the youngsters knew much about fighting, and simply hit out at each other more or less wildly, without doing much harm. The boys, however, grew very excited over it, and the shouts of approbation and encouragement grew louder and louder.

Seizing his opportunity, Lee caught Smythe round the neck, intending to try and pull him over. Smythe nearly fell, and in stumbling caught hold of Lee's legs.

This of course was not according to the "strict rules of the game," and there were loud shouts to separate them. Bucknill, who was taking the lead in this business, advanced and did his best to pull them apart. Some, however, did not see the fun of stopping the affair for a detail of that kind, and the recriminations and shouts became more and more pronounced.

So loud indeed was the clamour that the Doctor, who happened to be crossing the courtyard on his way to the Abbey, was struck by the unwonted uproar. He could not imagine what was going on in the chemistry-room, which was generally pretty well deserted, and perfectly so at this particular time of the day. He turned towards the class-room, and mounted the stairs which led to the class-room door.

The two combatants were just then placed in position again, ready to renew

the struggle, when there came a loud knocking at the door.

A sudden silence ensued.

"Who's there?" inquired Bucknill, advancing to the door, but not opening it.

"Open the door instantly," said the Doctor, sternly.

His voice was recognised at once by everyone, and a more crestfallen set of boys were never seen than were these who a few moments before had been excitedly shouting and cheering.

Bucknill felt exceedingly uncomfortable as he unlocked the door and threw it open for the Doctor to enter.

"What does this mean?" asked the Doctor in his sternest tones.

Lee and Smythe had not had time to put on their coats again. Even had they been able to do so, it would have been extremely difficult to have disguised all traces of the encounter, for Lee's nose was bleeding in an unmistakable manner.

Of course the Doctor took in the situation at a glance.

"Who is responsible for this affair?" You, Smythe, this is not the first time I have had occasion to punish you for grave irregularities. Who is that other boy?"

"Lee," confessed the other boy in a low voice.

"Do you not know that fighting is against the rules?" asked the Doctor, sternly.

Lee had a great mind to say "No, sir." Indeed he never had actually heard that fighting was against rules. But he said nothing.

The Doctor, however, did not let the matter end as most of those present thought he would do. A few inquiries elicited the facts that Ennis and Bucknill were the ringleaders in this affair, and that the two boys had been led to fight,

if not against their will, at all events without malice.

A monitor was sent for and instructed to take down the names of all those present.

"You will each of you write out two hundred lines," said the Doctor, "and keep within the precincts of the school for a week. As for you, Bucknill and Ennis, I shall send for you this evening, and I will consider what punishment I shall mete out to you."

To their surprise and dismay, Smythe and Lee were told to follow the Doctor. He led them into the house, and gave them a short lecture on the gravity of their offence, ending by telling them that for this occasion only he would pass over their misdoings, as he did not consider them so much to blame as those who had led them into the unwarrantable breach of discipline.

Both lads expressed themselves humbly thankful, and left the Doctor's room in a higher state of glee than was the lot of those who had found enjoyment in seeing their pugilistic encounter.

CHAPTER XV.

It is scarcely necessary to say that no one who had assisted at the scene in the chemistry class-room was more dismayed at the Doctor's entrance than Ingram. He had watched the progress of the encounter through a convenient crack in the back of the desk, regretting that he could not join his advice to that volunteered by the members of the ring. When, however, he saw the Doctor enter he heartily wished he had not yielded to his love of excitement and taken up such an undignified position.

Fortunately for him, the desk was an enclosed one, and he was absolutely invisible. The Doctor never thought of looking behind the barrier for any one, and after he had taken his departure Ingram heaved a sigh of relief and felt safe.

"I'm glad I'm well out of that," he said to himself. "There'd have been a row if I'd been nabbed."

Though he disliked his duties as monitor, it would have galled his pride deeply to have been degraded.

He opened the door quietly, when all sound of departing footsteps had died away, and slipped quickly out.

He was totally unaware that his movements were the object of close scrutiny and considerable interest to another boy. But it so happened that Glubb during the fight had taken up his position close to the desk, and was pretty certain that he heard something moving inside it just before the Doctor knocked. His entrance gave him something else to think of, but when his punishment was allotted, and there was nothing further to fear, the recollection of the mysterious noise in the desk recurred to his memory.

"Somebody was behind that desk," he soliloquised. "Wonder who it was. Why was he there?"

He did not impart his wonder to any one else, but kept a careful watch on the door from a safe distance. As he anticipated, the door soon opened and (as he had not anticipated) Ingram came out.

Glubb indulged in a chuckle. "That's luck!" he said to himself. "I shall have that beggar in a hole if he comes trying any of his games on me again. He won't

drag me out to football any more, he may bet his life!"

Whereupon he went to console Lee, who had just reappeared, thinking that he had probably received a caning; instead of which he found that Lee was in a position to console him.

Ingram found Bucknill in the playground, in a far from pleasant frame of mind.

"Hullo! you're out then!" he exclaimed, as he saw Ingram approaching.

"You needn't proclaim to all the world though that I was ever in. Uncommonly narrow squeak I had of it."

"Great row I'm in for," said Bucknill, lugubriously. "Wonder what he'll give me. Do you think he'll cane me?"

"Cane you? bosh!" was Ingram's response. "He wouldn't cane so big a fellow as you except for some frightful row."

"It's all very well for you to be sure about it; wish I was. I shan't be sorry when to-night's over."

"It mayn't be so bad as you think," said Ingram, consolingly; "something may happen before then."

"I sincerely hope something will," said Bucknill. "I don't half like the look-out. Though I don't quite see what there is to happen."

The bell rang for tea, and the boys trooped in. After tea the choir were summoned for a practice in the Abbey, and for the first time Lee was allowed to accompany them; he had been sufficiently drilled by Mr. Griffiths and Miss Calcott to enable him to join in the hymns and chants. The anthem was as yet beyond him.

The Abbey looked weird enough by the dim light of one gas bracket around which the boys stood, whilst far away in the apse a speck of light showed where the organist was seated. The great notes rolled and echoed around the arches. Lee thought he had never heard anything so awe-inspiring and beautiful.

The practice only lasted half an hour. Lee thoroughly enjoyed it, especially a beautiful solo which Ashbee sang, and sang well. At its close Anthony collected the service books and put them in a box ready for the Sunday.

"You'll have to look over somebody till Easter," he said to Lee; "we shall have new books then."

Lee was not sorry, as he was scarcely advanced enough to read music by himself. But he made up his mind to learn; it would be splendid if he could only sing like Ashbee.

The boys filed out of the Abbey and through the dark cloisters towards the school.

"Look out," said Ashbee to Lee; "there are two steps just ahead."

"All right, thanks."

He withdrew his thanks a moment after, as he found there were four steps, down the last two of which he stumbled head first amidst the laughter of the whole choir, who played the trick regularly on every new member.

"What did you tell me there were only two for?" asked Lee, angrily.

"I didn't; I said there were two, and so there were," retorted Ashbee, whose conscience was perfectly satisfied with this explanation.

Lee had, however, by this time learnt that he must take a joke in good part, and contented himself with a mild revenge. As they filed into the school-

room, where preparation had already begun, he gave Ashbee a push which sent him stumbling into the silent room.

"Take care, Ashbee!" cried a manly voice; "is that the way to enter a room?"

Ashbee muttered an apology and walked to his seat with extra care. Lee was wise enough to be the last to enter the room. He would not have ventured on the trick had he thought that Mr. Thomson was "taking" preparation. Where was Mr. Partridge?

That was a question which interested others also.

"Do you know where he is?" asked Bucknill of Ingram.

"Gone away for a day on urgent private business," was the reply.

"Fact?"

"Yes, he told me."

"He's been looking awfully seedy lately; I think something's up," said Bucknill.

"Shouldn't wonder if there is," was Ingram's reply.

"Hullo! something's up," cried Bucknill, as old John opened the door. Such a thing was of the rarest occurrence. "He's come for me, I guess."

"Please, sir," he said to Mr. Thomson, "Miss Calcott would like to speak to Master Bray."

The master nodded to Bray, who at once left the room. He found Miss Calcott waiting for him in the passage.

"I was obliged to send for you," she began, "as there is no one in the house available. Have you any idea where the Doctor is?"

"Not the slightest," replied Bray.

"It is very strange; I don't know what to think; I'm almost frightened. He left for a walk this afternoon and did not return to dinner."

"He may have called somewhere and been detained," suggested Bray.

"Yes; I know he thought of calling on Mr. Thwaite, but I sent John to see if he were still there, but he had not called at all. What shall I do?"

"Have you sent over to the rector's?"

"Yes; I expect him here every moment. Ah, here he is!"

"The hearty voice of the Rev. Arthur Calcott announced his arrival.

"What is it, Emma?" he asked.

Miss Calcott explained what had occurred.

"It's very strange," assented the rector; "he would certainly have sent word home if he had stayed anywhere. Dear me, I'd no idea it was so late."

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Miss Calcott.

"Do?" said the rector; "don't do anything except see that there is some supper ready for him. He's probably lost his way on the moor; we must send out after him."

He made his sister go away, and then turned to Bray.

"I don't like this, Bray," he said, quickly. "My brother is the most regular and methodical of men. I'm afraid something's happened. Go and tell the monitors to meet me in the yard as soon as they can. Let them wrap up well. Don't lose time, now."

Bray obeyed: he whispered a word or two to Mr. Thomson, who gave the necessary orders. They did not cause much sensation, for it was no very unusual thing for the Doctor to summon the monitors in a body to consult with him.

Those who were sitting near the windows, however, heard the sound of voices in the yard, and wondered what was up.

The yard was a strange place to hold a meeting of monitors. A feeling of mystery was gradually generated, and the

boys wished they knew what was going on.

(To be continued.)

MILCH GOATS, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

By H. S. HOLMES PEGLER,

Hon. Sec. of the British Goat Society, and Author of the "Book of the Goat," etc., etc.

IV.—HABITS AND MANAGEMENT.

THE goat in its wild state, as most people know, habits mountainous districts and rocky situations, jumping from crag to crag at dizzy heights over dangerous precipices where no other animal except those of the same species could obtain a footing. The love of skipping and climbing is so inherent in these creatures that even in the domesticated condition the propensity is quickly apparent as soon as the kid acquires the use of its legs if the least opportunity be afforded it. To witness this—and nothing is more amusing—it is only necessary to place a couple of chairs at a distance from each other with one end of a narrow board resting on the back of each. The kids, after a little while when they have understood and got accustomed to their playground, will jump first on the chairs and then on to the board, and meeting in the middle of the latter, dispute possession of the situation by tilting and butting until one has to give way and spring to the ground, when it immediately scampers back to the chair to recommence the assault.

A necessary point to be observed in regard

thus varied, it soon tires of any one thing; hence the motto should be, *feed often and give constant change* if you wish your goat to do exceptionally well. In a house with a vegetable garden and a plot of grass, especially if situated in the country, where access may be had to the hedgerows, a goat need cost, during six months of the year at least, next to nothing, for almost everything that would be otherwise thrown away and wasted may be converted into milk. Thus, scraps of bread, the uneaten portions of the children's porridge or rice, the peelings and refuse parts of potatoes, carrots, parsnips (not turnips—these are generally refused), apples, and pears; the waste leaves and stumps of cabbages, lettuces, cauliflowers, or broccoli; the clippings of hedges and fruit-trees, ivy and shrubs, carefully avoiding, however, *rhododendrons* and *yew*, both of which are poisonous to goats. Every article I have mentioned, besides many weeds, such as young nettles, sow-thistles, docks, and other things which are not uppermost in my mind at this moment, are eaten by that omnivorous creature, but not each with the same degree of avidity. Goats have their likes and dislikes, even as

herbs she most fancies, pulling out a quantity at a time to get at the tit-bits, and trampling on the remainder, which is accordingly wasted; for this fastidious female eats nothing that has been once trodden under foot. When she is very voracious after her corn, bolting it too quickly, it should be mixed with some chaff, either the husks of wheat after threshing the ears, or hay chaff, with or without the addition of bran. To encourage an abundant yield sloppy food may be given, such as bran mash, boiled linseed, brewer's grains, or barley meal mixed with water into a thick mess like that given to pigs; good milkers generally delight in this, and it shows its effect decidedly in the pail, but it is questionable how far it pays when the food is costly. The same remark may apply to such delicacies as Thorley's food, linseed cake, or, what most goats greatly relish, the round spiced meal cakes of the Waterloo Cake Company, which are so freely exhibited at all the agricultural shows. Water should be offered daily to goats that are dry, and twice a day to those in milk. These animals, however, are not great drinkers, except when in profit, especially if they are supplied with food of a succulent nature. A lump of rock salt should be kept in one of the pails in the feeding bench, or on the bench itself if only one pail is used. It promotes digestion and keeps the animal in health.

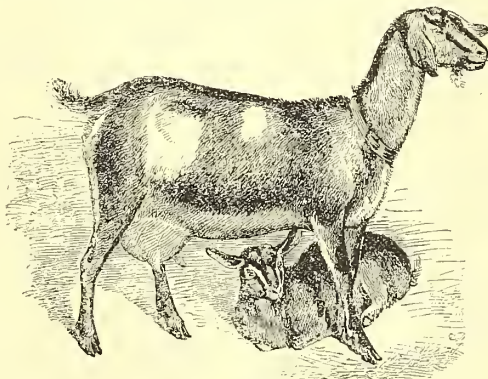


Fig. 5.

to goats is to keep them as dry as possible, both in the stable and out of doors. These animals hate rain, and their feet are not adapted to cloggy wet soil, in which they are liable to contract foot-rot. They will live and thrive well not only without pasturage but even in constant confinement, provided they have some little scope for exercise occasionally, either in a large stable or outhouse or in some sort of yard. In fact a goat does really much better under such circumstances than if tethered week after week on the same plot of grass, which, by being repeatedly soiled with its droppings, becomes after a time rank and unhealthy food. It is far better in such cases to mow the grass and feed the animal with the crop, alternately with vegetables and other food, in the stable.

Feeding.—This brings me generally to the subject of feeding, and here I would impress one important fact upon my young readers. A goat will eat almost anything, from a piece of bread to a small newspaper, and then on to a pouchful of tobacco, and all without injuriously affecting it, though of the three items in this bill of fare the literary portion may be regarded as the least digestible; but—and this is the particular point—although its taste is

boys and girls, some eagerly devouring what another will scarcely look at. But nothing in all this extensive bill of fare will be touched unless it be perfectly clean, no animal being more particular in this respect. And when I use the word clean I do not mean merely wiped; I may even go so far as to say it must be in that state of cleanliness that we should require if we were obliged to eat it ourselves. In fact it is not at all uncommon for one goat to refuse what another of his species has had part of in his mouth.

When during winter and early spring the garden no longer affords sufficient to feed this scavenger of the household, some extra food will have to be bought, such as mangolds, swedes, or small potatoes, and, in the way of dry food, hay and corn—oats, peas, and maize, or bran. As regards hay, a small quantity will be required throughout the year as a change from garden produce, to be given at night, and occasional feeds of corn will also be useful if the goat has lost flesh after having her kids, or through an exhaustive yield of milk. Both these articles should be given sparingly, however, the latter whilst the animal is being milked. If much hay is placed in the rack at a time, the goat picks out the

Goats generally drop their kids in March or April, having usually two at a birth. If reared they should be allowed to take all the milk they can get until they are six weeks old, by which time they will have begun to nibble grass and tender shoots, besides bran and crushed oats. They may then be partly weaned by only allowing them to be with the dam at night and feeding them during the day, continuing this treatment for a fortnight, after which their milk diet may cease altogether. Kids, however, though interesting, pretty, and amusing, are not profitable to rear, as they rarely if ever fetch, when sold young, the value of the milk they have consumed, which cannot be worth less than 15s. Moreover, if space is limited they are a good deal of trouble and annoyance during the weaning period, in their attempts to get at their dam. It is true that if the kid is a female and born of aristocratic parents who have either won prizes at shows or whose names have been registered in the Herd Book of the British Goat Society, she may pay to keep, especially if the mother is a good milker, in order to come in for future stock. Once weaned, the cost of food during the summer and autumn months is very trifling. If the kid be a male, however, it is far better to have it killed at birth, hard as this may appear on the little animal, for the chances are that if reared the owner will feel obliged to part with it by the time it has reached nine or ten months old, and it will be more profitable to him to do this at first as I suggest.

VI.—GOAT CARRIAGES.

The only exception is when the kid is to be reared for drawing a carriage, in which case a necessary operation should be performed upon it by a veterinary surgeon to convert it into a gelding, as is done with

horses. The best kind of goats for this are the short-haired, especially those with much Nubian and Abyssinian blood; as their long legs and necks, small heads and glossy coats, give them quite an equine appearance when nicely harnessed to a carriage.

The exhibits of goats and goat carts at the Aquarium Goat Show last year created great attraction amongst the juvenile visitors. The animals were driven round the building for the amusement of any child who desired a ride, the goats showing themselves to great advantage with their new harness and handsome little vehicles. The artist has very faithfully depicted in the engraving (Fig. 6)

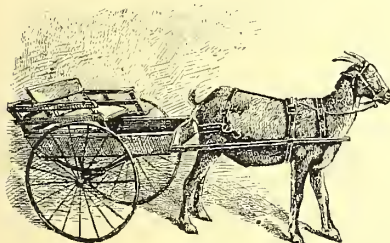


Fig. 6.

the "turn-out" which gained first prize and which afforded so much pleasure to its occupants. The style of carriage here shown is perhaps the lightest of any, though not so ornamental as some.

The training of a kid for draught purposes requires to be commenced when it is about six months old. The animal should be driven about at first without a bit and without being attached to any kind of carriage. It must then be accustomed to the bit by standing for some hours with it in its mouth; then driven about until it understands its use in guiding it to the right or left. Finally, a light carriage may be harnessed to it and the goat after being led about for a few times can be driven like a pony. The lessons require to be given regularly and repeated frequently, otherwise the animal forgets what it has learnt. The greater proportion of draught goats one meets with require to be led about. This is simply because the animal has never been trained with a bit and therefore will not properly obey the reins. It does not look well for one thing, and is besides very inconvenient.

VII.—MILKING THE GOAT.

I have now to say a few words about milking, for it is very advisable that the young goat-keeper should be able to be his own dairymen, and for this reason, that the animal requires to be milked regularly and thoroughly, which can only be accomplished with certainty when done by oneself. Of course this is I know rather a tie, as a boy cannot be always on the spot at the required time, but even if he only milks his goat with his own hands now and again he will be able by so doing to judge, by comparing the quantity obtained at such times with what is supplied on other occasions, whether the animal is milked dry in his absence or not.

The manipulation of the teats, to extract the milk from the udder quickly, thoroughly, and with comfort to the goat, is an art which can only be learnt with a little practice, and after seeing the process performed by an expert. With a few lessons, however, any boy may acquire the knack, and dexterity soon comes with experience. To milk a goat in the same way as a cow, the teats must be large enough to be grasped fairly with the hand, pressure being applied gradually, from the first finger to the last, at the same time that the teat is pulled downwards. This has to be continued as long as the stream flows; on its cessation the hand is raised by pushing it up briskly towards the

udder, without, however, relaxing the hold upon the teat, and the same process repeated. The accompanying illustration,

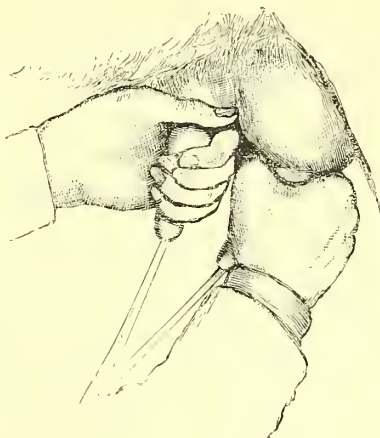


Fig. 7.

Fig. 7, will give some idea of the position of the teat in the hand. When the full flow ceases, the little milk that remains should be drawn out by "stripping," that is, dragging down the teat between the finger and thumb whilst slipping these down to the ex-



Fig. 8.

tremity (see Fig. 8), and afterwards laying hold of the teat again in the same manner at the top, and repeating the operation until scarcely a drop remains. When a goat has teats so small that she cannot be properly milked in the manner first described, this stripping process has to be gone through from the commencement. It is more easily learnt, but takes longer to perform, and is not, in my opinion, so cleanly. If a goat stands quiet to be milked, as she generally will when accustomed to the milker, and if fed during the time, the milking may be done with both hands, each teat being drawn in succession, the flow from the one teat commencing just as it ceases from the other, and so on in alternation, the receptacle for the milk standing on the bench. When, however, the animal is inclined to be restive it is better to milk with one hand at a time, whilst the other holds the bowl close under the teat.

It often happens that when a goat is first milked, after separation from her kids, there is some trouble in getting her to stand quietly. This may be got over by having some one to hold up one of her hind legs, which entirely prevents her kicking. At other times a goat will squat down on her haunches, sitting so close that there is no room to work the teats, and milking her is impossible. This may be prevented by an assistant holding the hind legs in such a position close under the tail that she cannot squat. These tricks, however, soon disappear when

the animal gets accustomed to the milker. Some goats possess the power in an extraordinary degree of holding back their milk, so that it will not flow with the manipulation of the teats. This power is generally exercised when she hears the cries of her kid, but it may be readily overcome by placing the kid by the side of the dam without, however, letting it take any milk. I possess myself, at this moment, a goat—a splendid milker—who exhibits this peculiarity in a marked degree. After milking, say, a pint from her, the flow ceases, and any one unaccustomed to milk her would think he had taken all, in spite of the fullness of her udder. By first working the bag gently in the hands, however, and then, whilst grasping the teats, striking upwards into it, in imitation of the action of the kid's head when it wants to obtain a better supply, the teats again distend, the flow returns, and another pint is extracted. It is well in every case to carry out this latter movement after all has been obtained that is possible in the ordinary process; it encourages the draught of milk, and will generally result in another quarter of a pint at least being secured.

During the prevalence of cold east winds a goat that is suckling kids often suffers from sore teats, which makes her not only troublesome to milk, but leads her to refuse to allow the kids to suck, on account of the pain they cause her. In such cases a little vaseline rubbed on to the teat before and after milking will soon effect a cure.

VIII.—GOAT'S MILK.

With a few words on the milk of the goat I shall conclude these articles. First, however, I should state with regard to the yield, that it generally falls off in quantity about every three months, so that a goat that gave, say, three pints in March, will have reduced her flow to a quart by June or July, and a pint by September or October, decreasing gradually after that till at Christmas she yields scarcely sufficient to be worth milking. Another goat should therefore be ready to come in profit at Michaelmas if it is desired to maintain a good supply all the year round. This, however, is not always obtainable, for it is rather difficult to get these animals to breed out of their natural season, and therefore, when successful, such goats fetch high prices.

The milk that is drawn for three or four days after the birth of the kids differs in its composition from the subsequent supply. It is of a yellow colour, and of such thick consistency, that if placed in a pudding-dish without any addition whatever, and baked, it comes out more solid than a custard.

Eaten with jam this milk-pudding is well liked by children, and is most nourishing. The milk, however, is not in a condition to be boiled until the third or fourth day, when it assumes its ordinary character.

Goat's milk is the most digestible of all milks but that of the ass, and the most nourishing of any. It neither tastes nor smells different from cow's milk, unless it be drawn or allowed to stand in vessels that have not been properly cleaned after having been used for the same purpose previously. Hence it is important that the milking-bowl and strainer be thoroughly scalded out each time and exposed to the air. This necessary precaution applies as much to the milk of cows as of goats, however. No one who has once used goat's milk for domestic purposes would ever care to return to cow's milk. It gives tea or coffee the rich delicious flavour of cream, whilst in puddings and cakes it leads one to suppose that an unusual number of eggs have been used. Taken fresh from the goat this richness is not so apparent, and any person ignorant of the fact would suppose they were drinking cow's milk. When I have met with people who, with the foolish prejudice that is so common, have declined to taste it, I have generally managed

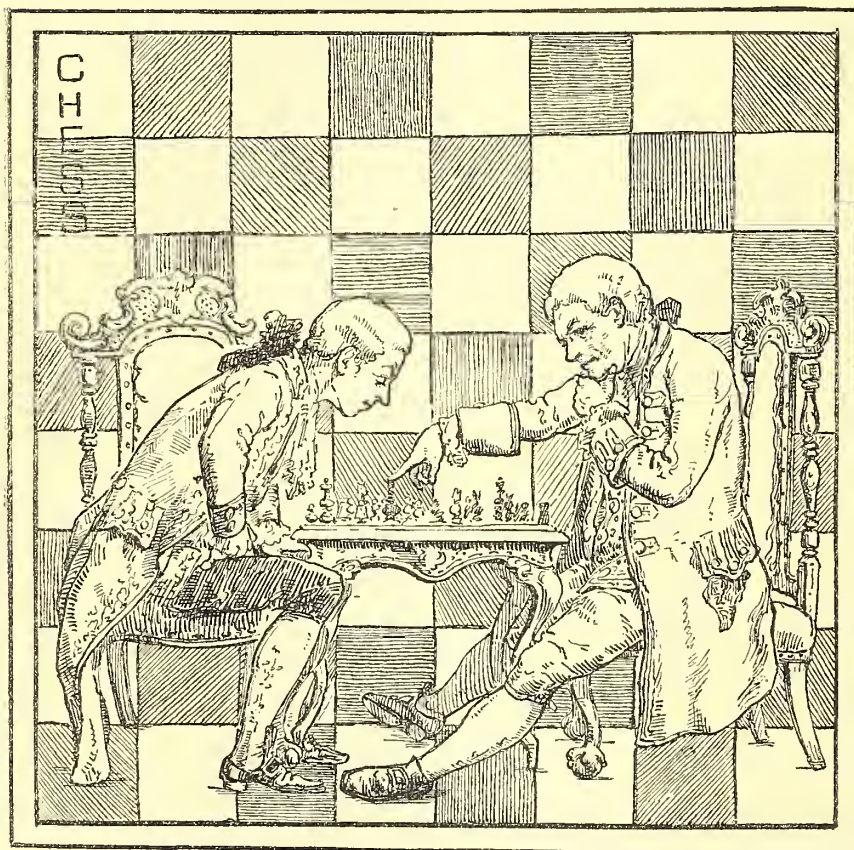
that they should drink it in their tea or coffee without knowing that it was not cow's milk, and their remark, if any, has nearly always been, "What rich milk you get here!" And when I have induced friends to taste a glass of cow's milk, and one of goat's milk in order to detect, as they always boast they can, the one from the other, it has nearly always resulted in their coming to a wrong decision.

One peculiarity in this milk is that it throws up a very small proportion of its cream, even after standing for twenty-four hours. Either the cream or the whole milk, however, when churned, makes very good butter, though it requires some annatto to colour it, otherwise it appears perfectly white. My own children have often made butter from the cream in small quantities for amusement by shaking the latter up in a wide-

mouthed bottle for some twenty minutes. I have, however, known butter made regularly for household purposes in quantities by this simple method. Nevertheless, goat's milk is more suitable for cheese than for butter-making. In France several fancy cheeses are made from it which are highly appreciated, but Gruyère is not of the number. This cheese is not, as so many people suppose, made with goat's, but with cow's milk.

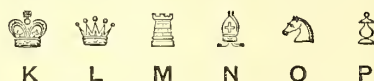
A NEW CHESS GAME.

"THE JUBILEE."—BY HERR MEYER.



EACH of the two players places alternately one of his sixteen men, beginning with the K, upon any square of his first three rows. The two N's may, if preferred, be placed on the same colour. A check within the first sixteen moves must immediately be covered, and should it not be possible to cover, then the player checked has lost the game. When all the men are placed, then the moving and taking begin, the player whose turn it is to play having the move. The K M move, that is, castling, is not permitted. The pawns move, and take in passing. A white P in the first row, or a black P in the eighth row, can start by moving one, two, or three squares, or such a P may first move one square and afterwards one or two squares, but in his adversary's territory only one square at a time. When moving two or three squares it can be taken in passing. A black P on g 8 moving to g 5 can be taken by white P's standing on f 5, f 6, h 5, or h 6.—When a P reaches the last square, then the player promotes it and chooses any one of the seven officers which is not on the board, but when all the officers are on, then it remains a P for ever.

The letters from K to P are used for the six kinds of pieces, thus:—



The first game of this kind was played last month between H. F. L. Meyer (White) and J. Swyer (Black). It is a so-called diagonal game, because the K's are placed diagonally opposite one another (on h 1 and a 8); it would have been a straight game if the black K had been placed on h 8. Both players surrounded their K's with the P's, and thus made sure to be safe against checks for a long time. The moves are the following:—

WHITE.

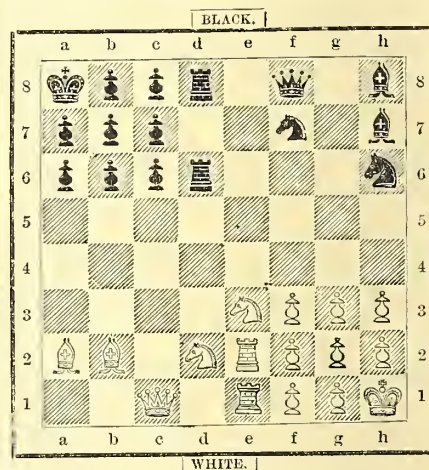
1. K h 1
2. P g 1
3. P g 2
4. P h 2
5. P f 2
6. P h 3
7. M e 1
8. M e 2
9. P f 1

BLACK.

- K a 8
- P a 7
- P b 7
- P b 8
- P c 8
- M d 6
- M d 8
- P a 6
- P b 6

- | | |
|-----------|-------|
| 10. P f 3 | P c 7 |
| 11. P g 3 | P c 6 |
| 12. N b 2 | N h 8 |
| 13. N a 2 | N h 7 |
| 14. O d 2 | O f 7 |
| 15. O e 3 | O h 6 |
| 16. L e 1 | L f 8 |

The men are now placed thus:—



- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| 17. N a 3 | P c 5 |
| 18. O d e 4 | P b 5 |
| 19. O d 6: (a) | P d 6: |
| 20. O d 5 | N d 3 |
| 21. M e 3 | P c 4 |
| 22. P f 4 | N d 4 |
| 23. M e 7 | P c 6 |
| 24. O b 4 | N f 6 |
| 25. M 7 e 6 | N g 7 |
| 26. O d 3: | P d 3: |
| 27. L d 2 | P c 5 |
| 28. L d 3: | P b 4 |
| 29. L d 5 | O g 8 |
| 30. N e 1 | O f h 6 |
| 31. P g 4 | O f 6 |
| 32. L f 3 | O h g 8 |
| 33. P g 5 | O e 8 (b) |
| 34. N d 5 | Resigns. (c) |

NOTES.

(a) Black thought he might give the M for the O, and work the P's through.

(b) He loses time in moving the O's, he ought to have prevented the attack on the P b 7.

(c) It is now useless to defend b 7, for if M d 7, then M e 8:, and if L f 7, then M e 7.

FIREWORKS.

BY ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

As it has been determined, in connection with the Jubilee celebrations, to have a grand illumination and firework display in London, a few details as to manufacture may be welcome to readers of the B.O.P.

According to Gibbon, the secret of the Greek fire, or mediæval fireworks, was confined above 400 years to the Romans of the East; it was at length either discovered or stolen by the Mohammedans; and in the Holy Wars of Syria and Egypt they retorted an invention contrived against themselves on the heads of the Christians. The use of Greek fire was continued to the middle of the fourteenth century, when the more efficient use of gunpowder was substituted.

Highly ornamental designs in pyrotechny were produced in England as early as 1635 by "John Babington, gunner and student in the Mathematics." The genius of this gentleman impelled him to write a curious folio: "Pyrotechnia, or a Discourse of Artificial Fireworks, in which the true grounds of that art are plainly and perspicuously laid downe, etc., etc. Whereunto is annexed a short treatise of Geometrie." This singular volume contains ample instruction in the art of making rockets, wheels, etc., and is embellished with many well-executed engravings, showing with great exactitude the method of making fireworks then in use.

According to a fashion which prevailed till a recent date, the foundation of most of the compositions was gunpowder "mealed;" and although many quaint recipes are given for coloured stars, none of them inspire the reader with absolute faith. We are shown how to "represent a coat of arms in fire, how to compose a castle of fire, an antick dance, and how to make a dragon or any other creature run upon a line."

Since Babington's day many noteworthy exhibitions have taken place. In 1697 no less a sum than sixteen thousand pounds was spent to celebrate the Peace of Ryswick. In like manner the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was fêted in 1718; in 1814 the hundredth anniversary of the accession of the reigning family was marked by a display in St. James's Park; and in 1856 a grand exhibition of fireworks was given in the London Parks on the conclusion of Peace with Russia. On this occasion no special devices, Chinese bridges, temples of concord, etc., were attempted, the display being principally confined to fountains and cascades of fire and aerial fireworks—shells, rockets, and parachutes.

Handsome and brilliant as was this display, it yet wanted the charm of modern fireworks, as shown in perfection at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. This consists in the profuse introduction of colour—an art not more than forty years old. Tinted fireworks were first exhaustively dealt with by Chertier, in 1840, who was followed a few years later by Tessier, a regularly educated chemist—who, far more scientific than his predecessor, lacked in many respects his technical skill. The researches of these clever Frenchmen have been utilised, and their methods greatly improved within recent years by Messrs. Brock, at the Crystal Palace, who have succeeded in bringing coloured fireworks to a pitch of perfection unimaginable by the last generation.

The mechanical elements of pyrotechny are very simple. Most of the chemical mixtures are put into tubes or cases made of cartridge-paper by rolling round a rod or pasting. Some of these cases are port-fires for lighting the various fireworks filled with a slow-burning composition; some are leaders which carry the fire to each particular piece; some are quick-match and some slow-match, terms that convey their own meaning. Many kinds

of cases are capped with bits of touch-paper steeped in nitrate of potash or some other solution that will enable it to catch fire quickly.

Given the chemical mixtures, and the cartridge-cases to put them in, it is left to the inventive genius of the pyrotechnist to work the various combinations which rise to the crown of glory in golden rain, flying dragons, magnesium balloons, girandoles of rockets, revolving stars of infinite variety and beauty, etc. Elementary fireworks, all simple in themselves, make up these grand displays.

We see, then, that here are successive stages of complexity, as there are in all well-ordered arts and operations. In the first place, combustibles are brought into contact with supporters of combustion to produce heat and flame. In the second place, substances are added which produce white-hot sparks in addition to the flame. In the third place, by introducing metallic powders and salts colours in almost infinite variety may be given to the flames and sparks. In the fourth place, paper and other tubes supply convenient cases in which the composition may be packed with more or less density according to the kind of effect intended to be produced. And in the fifth place, by varying the mode in which these tubes and cases are made and filled, simple and elementary fireworks are produced, such as are fired off by thousands on Gunpowder Plot celebrations.

Approaching the higher grades of pyrotechnic art, we come to "set pieces," large combinations in which all the elementary fireworks are combined by means of ingenious mechanical contrivances. It should be borne in mind that all the chemical phenomena of pyrotechny are developed in the plain and simple fireworks; the great displays at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere are accumulations of these effects brought about by inventive taste and skilful construction. Rockets, suns, mosaics, palm-trees, waterfalls, Chinese fountains, fire-globes, fire-wheels, Bengal lights, theatre fire, are examples in point.

To the despair of magistrates, the farmers of Government bills, and other anti-explosive persons, fireworks must be made somewhere, although the small practitioners have been, if not exterminated, widely scattered by Government inspectors, and it is only under severe restrictions that fireworks are allowed to be made at all. Not within fifty feet of any dwelling-house must the operation be carried on, and the quantity of gunpowder to be kept in store is rigidly prescribed.

At Messrs. Brock's establishment, at Nunhead, there is no large building or factory. To insure safety from explosion, dozens of small huts, or sheds, are scattered over seven or eight acres of ground, so widely separated that a catastrophe at one would not be likely to affect any of the others. No more explosive material is kept on the premises at one time than is needed for one day's work, the rest being safely stowed in a barge somewhere down the river. Chlorates and nitrates are kept in different sheds from that which contains sulphur. Every shed or hut is small; it is carpeted with kamptulicon, the workmen wear woollen slippers, and no person may smoke or carry matches within the precincts of the establishment. All doors are kept unfastened when work is going on, except by a thin string or latch. Buckets of water are placed each morning near the doors of the huts, and stringent rules for the conduct of the workpeople are laid down. Far distant from the powder magazine is the firework magazine, and distant from both are other magazines containing barrels of willow and alder charcoal, reams of brown paper of various degrees of thickness, other reams of

cartridge and blue paper, packets of pins for attaching quick-match to "set pieces," barrels of steel and iron filings and turnings, etc. Not the less important among the stores are the chemicals which produce the exquisite colours so well known to visitors of the Crystal Palace pyrotechnic displays. The nitrate of strontia, for producing red; nitrate of baryta, for green; sulphuret of antimony, for white; oxychloride, carbonate, and arsenate of copper, for blue fires and stars, are examples. When great brilliancy is required, chlorates are substituted for the nitrates above enumerated, chlorate of baryta, for instance, producing a more vivid green than the corresponding nitrate.

Another wooden hut, the rolling-shed, is appropriated to the case-makers. Gunpowder is not, as popularly supposed, the basis of most fireworks, it burns too quickly.

Except the framework at the back, the chief component of the large and brilliant "set pieces" is a multiplicity of small filled tubes called "lances," not much thicker than quills. These lances connect the revolving wheels, and also form letters, figures, and other designs in the "set piece." In the open air, outside one of the huts, the manufacture of quick-match takes place. A piece, many yards long, of lamp cotton is saturated with wet gunpowder, and is then reeled off and dried; in this state it is only slow-match, and requires to be incased in a tube of white paper before it becomes "quick." To facilitate this operation, it is cut into lengths, and then insinuated into the paper tubing. In making this fiery macaroni, girls are employed, and turn out millions of yards in a short space of time.

When the summer and autumn displays of fireworks at public gardens are over for the year, the pyrotechnists prepare the store of squibs, crackers, catherine-wheels, etc., for the fifth of November. Of this small fry Gny Fawkes requires at the hands of Messrs. Brock three million pieces.

THE "BOY'S OWN" HOME OF REST FOR WORKING BOYS.

(Contributions received up to May 17th, 1887.)

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	515	1	8
April 14.—Collected by W. Kerridge (London, S.W.), 11s.; T. H. MacDermot (Jamaica), 7s. 7d.; Collected by Wm. Scott (Perth), 3s.	1	1	7
April 18.—Collected by R. T. Brett (London, N.)	0	3	0
April 22.—Collected by F. Moore (Belfast), 3s. 6d.; Collected by A. Sivewright (Fochabers, N.B.), 13s.	0	16	6
April 27.—"Bozzog"	0	0	6
April 30.—Collected by W. T. Gladstone (London, S.E.), 7s. 6d.; Collected by M. Furlonge (Charmouth), 15s.; W. T. Copinger, 1s.	1	3	6
May 2.—Collected by E. E. Emery (Co-bridge)	0	10	0
May 6.—Collected by G. Dryden (St. Albans)	0	1	0
May 10.—Collected by H. L. Staines (London, N.W.), 2s. 6d.; Collected by Geordie Stephenson (London, W.), 4s.	0	6	6
May 17.—Collected by William Wykes (Leamington)	0	1	6
Carried forward	£519	10	9

. Collecting Cards may still be had. It is particularly requested that all cards which have been out more than three months be returned *immediately*. Those wishing to continue the good work will gladly be supplied with fresh cards.



Correspondence.

BUTTERFLY.—1. Both the "Whip-poor-Will" and the "Chuck-Will's-Widow" are American birds, and both are nightjars. The latter is often known as the Carolina Nightjar. 2. You can find good collecting-ground in any of the English counties. 3. No "good and cheap coloured plates of British Butterflies" are issued, so far as we know.

EGG COLLECTOR.—1. Morris's "British Birds," 8 vols., which you can get through any bookseller. The price, we believe, is £3 3s. 2. Yes, the Peregrine Falcon is sometimes seen in England, and the Gyr Falcon is a very occasional visitor. 3. Both birds nest on ledges of lofty cliffs. 4. Probably a sparrow-hawk's, but we cannot be sure without seeing it.

C. J. HUNT.—Depends entirely upon the species. Very often there is no outward difference. But if you find a moth with strongly-feathered antennae you may feel quite sure that it is a male. The females, also, are generally the larger, but this is not invariably the case.

E. D. W. C.—Try Newman's "British Butterflies and Moths," which you can procure of any of the London dealers. You cannot have a better book.

R. A. C.—The monthly parts 67 and 68 may still be obtained. The Index to Vol. VI. is quite out of print.

VICTIM.—In a paper read not only by boys of all ages, but also largely by their sisters, the difficulty of effectively treating on such a subject will be readily understood. While, however, it is impossible for us to go into details, we trust the whole tone and teaching of our paper must warn and tell against impurity of every kind, whether of thought, word, or deed. At school, as elsewhere, it is a safe rule to avoid everything, no matter who may be the tempter, of which you could not fearlessly speak to your father or mother.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.—1. "The Dog with a Bad Name" is not published separately, and can only be obtained by securing the parts or volumes of the B. O. P. containing it. 2. Another writing competition in due course. 3. Ascott Hope is still writing for our columns, as you will see by reference to the current numbers.

L. K.—No; the Index to Vol. VI. is now out of print. It cannot be reproduced; nor can any of the earlier ones.

NAT THE NATURALIST.—1. Depends upon the insects. Butterflies are usually "pinched"—that is, nipped smartly between the finger and thumb upon the lower part of the thorax. Moths may be painlessly killed by placing a drop of chloroform in the box containing them; beetles by plunging into boiling water, or by means of a "laurel bottle." 2. We never answer questions by post. 3. Hard-bodied insects, such as beetles or earwigs, may be preserved for any length of time in methylated spirits. Those with any red about them, however, will very likely lose their colour. 4. Go to the manufacturers, or to a wholesale chemist.

LEONARD SMITH.—All white the Aylesbury ducks must be, very large, in fine feather, and with flesh-tinted (not yellow) bills.

A. FISHERMAN.—See answer to J. CONNOR.

J. ANONYMOUS.—Bill-fitches are seed-eaters.

J. N. (Gosport).—The word is French, and has distinction of sex. If applied to males, spell with one *e* only; if to the opposite sex, with two.

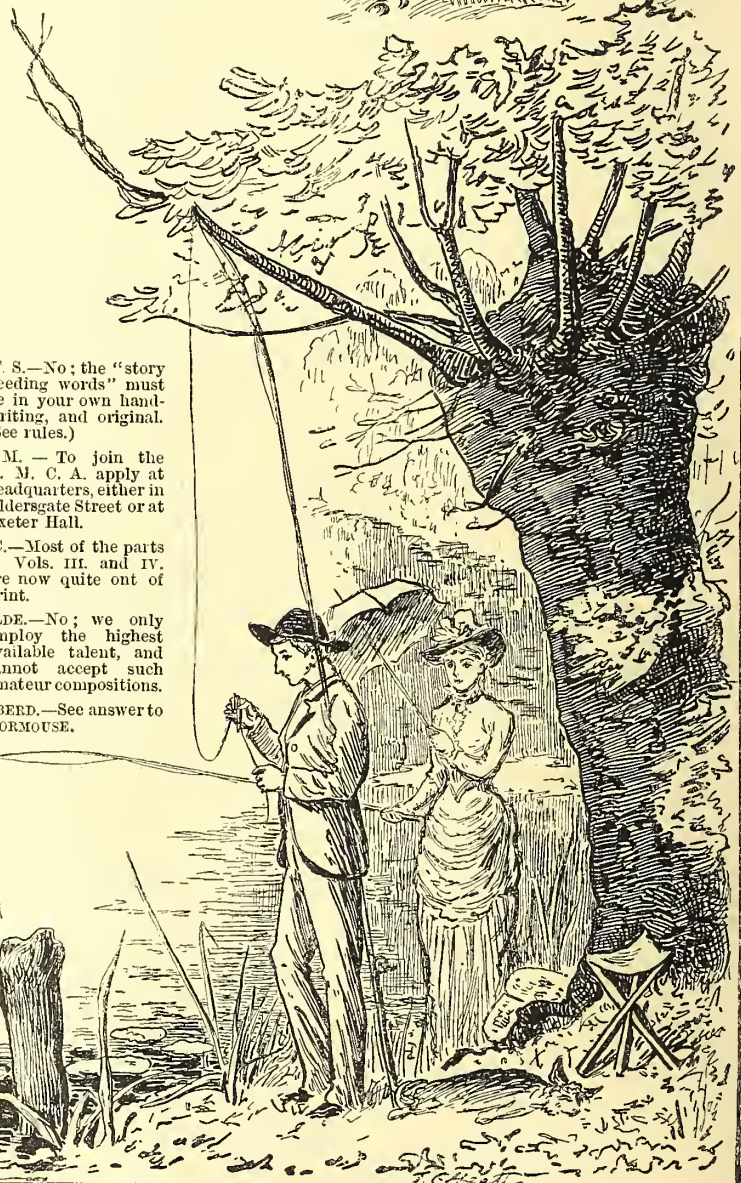
E. T. S.—No; the "story needing words" must be in your own handwriting, and original. (See rules.)

R. M.—To join the Y. M. C. A. apply at headquarters, either in Aldersgate Street or at Exeter Hall.

E. C.—Most of the parts of Vols. III. and IV. are now quite out of print.

WILDE.—No; we only employ the highest available talent, and cannot accept such amateur compositions.

AMBERD.—See answer to DORMOUSE.



ROSE.—We would willingly oblige you, but space forbids. We cannot write essays in these columns. Get your bird to thoroughly know and love you, and then try teaching it. There is much cruelty in the usual methods.

A. NORRIS.—We can only say that we think both your birds must be hens.

DORMOUSE.—1. Put more than one together; they are companionable. Feed on grain, nuts, acorns, etc., and give drinking-water. 2. They breed in early summer. 3. No, but do not disturb the young.

J. CONNOR.—Small garden worms, meal worms, bits of boiled grain, frequent change of water, or a properly-prepared aquarium with aquatic plants.

TRENT COLLEGE.—Such amateur verses are of no manner of use to us.

CLIPPER OF CLOUDS.—The only way you can obtain our coloured plates of the British Army is to procure the monthly parts in which they appear, or the yearly packets containing them. None of our plates are sold separately.

THE BOY'S OWN PAPER

No. 441.—Vol. IX

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1887.

Price One Penny.
[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

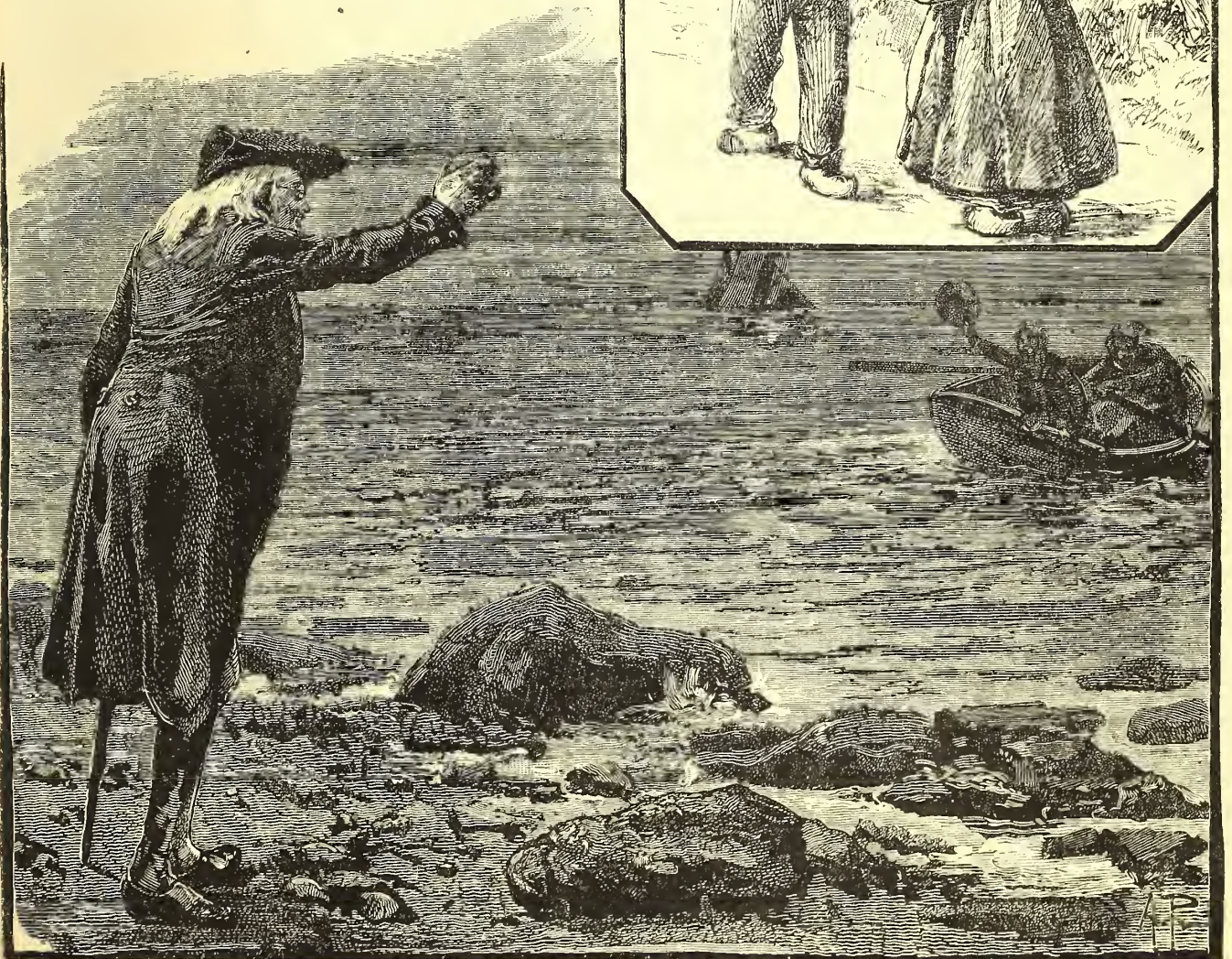
A STRANGE TRIP ABROAD.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "Bobby Bounce," "Honest Harry," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE clergyman walked slowly, more, it would seem, out of consideration for my halting gait and air of fatigue than for his own long legs, being himself a hale and



"I did everything I could to be of service."

active man, though his hair was white as snow. More than once he stopped to address me in words which I fancied to be intended for French, and which he appeared in the meanwhile to have been painfully calling up from the depths of his memory or invention. But I could no more understand his French than he mine; and we remained at a dead-lock for conversation. At all events, I was soon out of that dismal wilderness of meadows. We presently passed through a neat little village, with trees planted on both sides of the street, hitherto concealed from me by the wood which stood on what for that country was quite a hill, being perhaps as high as a good-sized haystack. Ascending this mound by a flight of steps, we had not far to go before reaching a snug old brick house close to the church. My conductor led me in at the back door, and we entered the kitchen to be received by a scream of astonishment or indignation from an old woman wearing a very large and comical cap, who pointed to the door, haranguing excitedly, and seemed inclined to turn us out without more ado.

My heart sank; but I had not been mistaken in thinking that the parson was at home here. He interpreted the wishes of his cook or housekeeper or whatever she was by taking me back to the door and making me wipe my bare feet on a mat, as well I might, for the floor of this kitchen was as clean as a man-of-war's quarter-deck, and the array of pots and pans hanging up around were polished so brightly that you might see your face in them; nor was a speck to be seen even on the open oven, from which proceeded a savoury smell that under my present circumstances attracted me far more than the neatness of the place. The Dutch housewives are famous for their hatred of dirt, as I had already had occasion to know.

In this house, however, cleanliness had not banished the virtue of hospitality. Now was called into the kitchen a chubby-faced girl of not much more than my own age, the parson's daughter, no doubt. All three began to talk at once, evidently holding council over me, while poor I stood silent and abashed, unable to say a word for myself to satisfy their pitying and puzzled looks of inquiry. Even the cook, I could see, was sorry for me, though at first she had been so scandalised by my muddy footprints on her spotless tiles. Of her own accord she brought me a large glass of buttermilk, which I drank to the last drop with an eagerness that served plainly enough to express my dumb gratitude. And presently she filled a pail with warm water for me to bathe my feet, crusted with mud and bloodstains, while the girl busied herself in fetching out a plateful of bread and cheese from the cupboard, and her father walked up and down, stopping at every turn to take a perplexed look at me through his glasses. What, indeed, was he to make of a young stranger who could not explain who he was and whence he came, any more than if he had dropped from the moon into Zealand!

In the meantime I thought of a means of communication between us. It struck me that this clerical person would know Latin, which I had been learning at school for a good many years now, and ought to have some familiarity with after all the pains, in every sense, that had gone to beating it into me. So, cud-

gelling my brains, I brought out one word, which did not exactly, indeed, convey the truth of the case, but seemed near enough to it for a beginning.

"Naufractus," said I, who, if not shipwrecked, was certainly cast away upon an unknown shore. My reverend host at once pricked up his ears and stared on me in surprise at hearing one word of learning from such a disreputable-looking character. He replied to me in what I made out to be Latin, but so volubly that I could not catch a word, especially as he pronounced it in quite a different way from what we were taught in England.

Then, perhaps understanding my difficulty, he pulled out a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote very legibly,

"Discipulus literarum es?"

Understanding him to inquire if I were a scholar, I nodded, though inclined to blush at my own impudence, but when he handed over the pencil to me I found myself at no little loss what to write. What on earth was the Latin for such a simple word as *yes*? I could say a good many things in Latin, phrases derived chiefly from my grammar and exercise books, but none of them were to the present purpose. In that tongue, for instance, I could tell him, if he had cared to know, that nobody is wise at all times, that it is the nature of man to err, that silver is of less value than gold, gold than virtue, and so forth, much more readily than I could communicate how hungry and helpless I was. Like most school-boys of that period, and perhaps of this, I had learned to treat Latin as a dead language, fit for the enunciation of moral sentences and historical relations, but not so capable of expressing the ordinary occurrences and emotions of everyday life. In short, I was as poor a scholar as a boy could be after tinkering away at grammar and dictionary for seven years according to approved school methods.

But as I sat sucking the end of the pencil I hit upon an example from the syntax rules of my Latin grammar which came most pat as a suitably modest answer to his question, and I wrote it down, hoping that my memory played me no trick.

"Pueri discendo fiunt docti." (By learning boys become learned.)

The parson smiled approval, which encouraged me to go on.

"Salve domine—spero te valere!"

At this he smiled again, and said something back, but his smile passed away when I recalled another example from the grammar.

"Me miserum!" I wrote, and the parson interpreted to the others what was meant.

My wits brightened up as I found myself getting on so smoothly, and my next citation was a surpassing one. By great good luck I bethought myself of a passage from one of the very last repetitions I had learned at school. I had good reason to remember it, for there had been sore trouble over that lesson, and the Doctor—but I need not tell tales out of school. Enough to say that the lines thus imprinted on my unwilling memory now did me a service worth many stripes. They were Greek, too, a bit from Homer's "Odyssey." Nowadays I could not quote the original to save my life; but I can give you Pope's translation of the passage—rather a loose one, by the way, if I am not mistaken—which then I was able

to set down in my best Greek characters, and even to make a shot at the proper accents:

"Through many woes and wanderings, lo! I come
To good Alcinous' hospitable dome.
Far from my native coast I rove alone,
A wretched stranger, and of all unknown!"

Never had I thought to get so much good out of that dreary work of learning lines by heart. As soon as he mastered my apt quotation, the old clergyman grew quite excited with astonishment and repentance to believe he had been treating a budding scholar as a common vagrant, while I felt very like a humbug when I found what an effect my fragments of scholarship had produced.

Now there was no more question of bread and cheese and buttermilk in the kitchen. Giving orders to his woman-kind that sent them both at once bustling for my entertainment, the master of the house took me to the best room in it, ornamented with a glass case full of china and furnished with chairs and tables which seemed to have been freshly varnished the day before, so that I hardly dared to sit down, when the shutters had been opened and the curtains drawn back to prepare the apartment for an honoured guest. There in a few minutes an excellent meal was laid before me, chiefly composed of that savoury stew to which my attention had already been directed.

The "dominie" stood by, pressing me to eat, and his daughter waited on me, laughing and looking pitiful by turns, when she saw what an enormous dinner I made. Modesty could not keep me from owning that it was hunger which was most the matter with me.

When I had finished eating, these good people took me upstairs into a bedroom and let me know that I had better rest before being troubled by further questions. The bed, let into a recess in the wall, not unlike the berths of a ship's cabin, was amply provided with the whitest linen, and over all was laid a great feather cushion by way of counterpane. To make sure of its being warm, the old woman had just been airing it with a little pan of burning turf inside a basket, a strange sort of warming-pan in my eyes.

It seemed odd, too, to go to bed in the middle of the day; but I was too tired to make any objection. As soon as they left me I curled up in this snug nest, and had a delightful nap for three or four hours. Sweetly composing was the sense of having fallen in with real friends after only two days' experience of what it is to be a homeless exile. It seemed almost worth while having gone through such trials to find myself now so deep in clover.

It was late in the afternoon when I awoke. While I slept my clothes had been dried, and by the bedside were laid some welcome additions to that scanty costume, a pair of wooden shoes and cotton socks, a straw hat, and a jacket not much too small for me. In these I arrayed myself, washed my face and hands, and felt like a new boy. Till now I had hardly got out of my head the shaking and tossing of the rough voyage.

I should have felt still more at ease if that difficulty had not remained of communicating with the family, who would before long expect a more full and particular account of their mysterious guest.

How was I even to thank them? I had already almost come to the end of my Latin and Greek, and I dreaded the discovery of those pretensions to scholarship which had as yet stood me in such good stead. And after this short taste of kindness how hard to be turned out of doors as an impostor!

Looking out of the window into a little orchard below, I saw the girl, Jantje her name was, as I learned presently, not that I ever could pronounce it without exciting her merriment. She was busy with a basket picking up apples which had been blown down by the wind. So I found the way downstairs and went out to her, wishing to make myself of use, as the only way I had of expressing my gratitude. When Jantje saw me coming she held out a large yellow apple with such a friendly air that for the moment I forgot she was a foreigner.

"Thank you," I said. "I came to see if I could help you to pick them up."

"Ach! You speak English!" she exclaimed, dropping the basket in surprise.

"Do you know English, then?" cried I, overjoyed at the sound of my own language.

"Aye—a little," said she, laughing. "But my vaither telled me you were a Frenchman."

I soon set her right about that, and she ran off into the house to fetch the old gentleman. Now at last was I able to explain myself more satisfactorily than through the medium of scraps from the classics. Jantje's English seemed far from perfect, but it was good enough to interpret my story, which I told them in full, interrupted by many exclamations from both these sympathising hearers. When I had finished, the clergyman bid his daughter let me know that I need have no further distress, for that his house should be my home till an opportunity occurred for sending me back to England.

We gathered up the apples and went into supper, where we had fish and potatoes, and groats boiled in butter-milk, and other good things, to all of which I did justice in a way to show that my health was not seriously affected by what I had undergone. After supper the old cook—Katto she was called—joined us in the family sitting-room, and the master read prayers in Dutch, by which I was naturally not much edified. But when I said my own prayers that night you may be sure I did not forget to be thankful for having been guided to such a haven of refuge.

I woke up early next morning, feeling quite refreshed from all the trying ex-

periences of the last three days. As I came shuffling downstairs in the wooden shoes, to which I could not readily grow accustomed, I found Jantje already up, bringing in a pail of milk. She greeted me with a pleasant laugh, which had perhaps as much of amusement as good nature in it, for indeed I must have looked very funny in my miscellaneous rig out.

"How are ye the day?" she asked.

"Very well, thank you. Have you been out already?" said I, for something to say.

"Aye, I've been oot to the kye."

"Kye. What's that?" I asked.

"Just oor twa coos," she replied. "I doubt ye dinna always understand my English; and 'deed I've maist forgotten it."

"Oh, yes, I understand well enough."

"That's mair than I do wi' you. You dinna talk like oor folk."

"How do you come to speak English—so well?" I added, rather against my conscience, for I had been thinking that she certainly spoke a peculiar kind of English.

"Eh! but ye maun ken that I'm a wee bit English mysel'—that is Scotch—and it's a' the same thing."

"Are you?" I exclaimed.

"My mither was a Scotchwoman," she said, and her eyes filled with tears; and now I noticed that she wore a black dress.

So I said no more about it at the time; but in the course of a day or two the mystery was explained. I learned that the Government of Holland, having formerly Scotch regiments in its service, still maintained in certain towns a Scotch minister and schoolmaster, endowed for the benefit of these foreigners. Jantje's father had married a daughter of the Scotch chaplain at Middleburg, and from her mother and her grandfather's family the girl had picked up a broad Lowland dialect which she spoke with a charming mixture of Scotch and Dutch accent, not knowing but it was the best English. Her name, Jantje, was nothing but the Dutch for Janie. I being the first pure Cockney she had ever come across, no wonder if she were a little puzzled by my more close-clipped speech.

On the other side, I did not always understand her; but I was too glad to hear any kind of English to be very critical. We had a good laugh over their taking me for a Frenchman at first, and Jantje told me as a great joke how she had run up before me into the bedroom to remove a picture of the Battle of Trafalgar hanging there, which she thought

might hurt my feelings. And, instead of it, she had carefully hung up another engraving that represented the English fleet being soundly beaten by the Dutch! But I was not much concerned, as I could not read the inscription below, and had taken for granted that the English were getting the better of it. It would have been quite a surprise to me in those days to hear that we had ever been beaten, unless by accident.

I had to depend on Jantje as my interpreter, for the few words of Dutch she taught me served mainly to make the others laugh. And now it may be expected that I am coming to the romantic part of my story. The proper thing would be for me to fall more or less in love with the kind-hearted girl on whom I was thus thrown for comfort and companionship. But I was too young for such sentiments, while she had too much to do. Her father kept no servants but old Katto and a lad to look after the garden; and Jantje worked nearly as hard herself in all the household duties. She was quite a woman of business, this young mistress, who treated me much as if I were a child, allowing me to run about at her heels, and giving me apples and cakes to keep me quiet.

As the weather kept us a good deal indoors, I fear I was often in her way; but I did everything I could to be of service to this family who were so kind to me. I went out with Jantje to drive in the cows; I carried her milk-pail; I peeled potatoes for her; I even attempted to work the churn, but proved a poor hand at that. I gave her father help in dusting and arranging all his books, a task which he seemed unwilling to entrust to female industry. Katto's good graces I gained by volunteering to wash the house for her. With a large squirt and a barrel on wheels this fanatic of cleanliness made a point of besprinkling all the walls and windows on the outside when every speck of dirt had been hunted out from within. I thought we had had enough rain to do the business already, but as she appeared to think otherwise, such a job was quite an amusement for me—a schoolboy being able to enter very heartily into any cleansing operation which seemed so like making a mess. Thus, in one way or other, the time did not hang heavy on my hands; and for two or three days nothing worth recording happened to break the quiet current of life at the parsonage, when once its inmates had got over the excitement of my arrival.

(To be continued.)

THE "MARQUIS" OF TORCHESTER;

OR, SCHOOLROOM AND PLAYGROUND

BY PAUL BLAKE,

Author of "School and the World," "The Two Chums," etc. etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

MEANTIME the monitors were putting on boots and coats. In five minutes they were all assembled.

The rector was soon with them.

"I'm afraid the Doctor has lost himself," he said. "We must try to find him.

You boys know the moor a great deal better than he does; besides, you must watch your course and keep in batches of three. If any one finds him make straight for Palmer's Oak; I'll make arrangements for some one to be there. In any

case, all meet there in three hours' time. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"We've only three lanterns, but it's a fine moonlight night, fortunately. Now be off, and don't get lost yourselves."

The boys gave a hearty cheer, which astonished not a little those who were left behind. Evidently something *was* up.

As they passed the rectory they found Mrs. Calcott and her daughter at the gate with a basket containing hastily-made packages. It did not take a moment for each boy to slip one in his pocket; he divined rightly that the packet contained a supper which might be welcome later on.

The rector mounted his sturdy cob and rode quickly down the town to the house of the Doctor, whom he put in possession of the facts.

"If any accident has happened, I will send a man back to you, and you will come to Palmer's cottage at once, won't you?"

"I'll do more than that," said Mr. Fraser. "I'll come to the cottage at once."

"Thanks, very much," said the rector, "that's very good of you. I confess I'm very anxious about my brother."

He rode off again into the night to make what inquiries he could of persons living on the edge of the moor. He learnt conclusively that the Doctor had been seen walking along the main road in the afternoon, but that no one had seen him return. To be sure there were plenty of other roads which he might have chosen for his return journey.

The worthy rector was obliged to keep to the roads when he entered the moor, for the ground was much too broken to ride over by the uncertain light of the moon. He made his way to Palmer's cottage, a well-known landmark, and enlisted the services of the shepherd in the search, knocking him up, for he went to bed very early.

"Ain't seen naught of the Doctor," said Palmer, who was not long in getting himself into his clothes, the result of having to rise at all hours of the night to look after lambs. He was a sturdy specimen of the British rustic; his family had occupied the cottage so far back as memory went.

"I'll go and look round by the bog," said the shepherd; "if he ain't in there there ain't anything to be afraid of."

The rector remained behind to give directions to the shepherd's wife, whose rest he had effectually disturbed. Before long the wheels of Mr. Fraser's gig were heard along the road, and the Doctor soon appeared.

"No news, I suppose?"

"No, none," was the reply.

Nor was there any for an hour, when Palmer returned to report that there was no trace of the missing man in the neighbourhood of the bog.

Meanwhile the boys were scattered far and wide. Malten Moor is an extensive expanse, stretching away to the Malten Hills. It is intersected by good roads but is not a pleasant place to be benighted in. The boys, as they ploughed along, were not sorry that they had each other's company.

Bray, Anthony, and Slade formed one of the groups of three. They were all good at football and so not inclined to weary easily; more than that, Bray knew the moor better than any one, as his home was on its borders. They had one of the lanterns, and were the first to leave the road and plunge into the bracken and heather.

The ground was soft and treacherous;

the grass wet and clinging. Progression was far from easy.

"This isn't very gay," said Anthony, who was carrying the lantern. "This wretched thing is worse than useless; the light is so in my eyes I can't see where I'm stepping."

"Hold it over your head, then," suggested Slade.

Anthony tried to, but speedily had to give it up, his arm grew so tired.

"Tie it to your stick," said Bray.

That was a better suggestion and was adopted. If it was of no use to them it was no longer a nuisance; and it might perhaps be seen by the Doctor.

"We had better go towards the pond first," said Bray: "the Doctor is very fond of that walk. He has probably tried to get back by the Firs and missed his way in the dark."

"Hi, for the pond!" cried Anthony.

They pushed on as rapidly as possible, which was not very rapidly. Every now and then they stopped and shouted.

There was no reply, they scarcely expected one yet. Half an hour brought them to the edge of the pond. There was no fear that the Doctor had fallen into it, for he must have reached it a good half hour before dark.

"The question is, Where shall we go now?" asked Slade. "We had better keep well to this side of the Firs, as the other fellows have taken the Torchester side of the moor."

"Come along then!" said Bray.

"Half a minute," cried Anthony; "I've got a thorn in my boot which is giving me pepper."

"Don't go and get lame and force us to carry you," said Bray.

"No, all right now. Shall we try a trot?"

"We'll try it," assented Bray, "but look out for trouble."

Bray was the first down, pitching headlong into a low furze bush. Slade was the next over; after which they took each other's arms, so that when one stumbled the other two saved him.

It was pumping work, and a quarter of an hour of it was enough.

"Now then, shout!" said Bray, as they all pulled up as if by instinct.

"Got no breath," panted Anthony.

However, he managed to give an halloo with some amount of power.

They listened; no result.

"Try another, give them your upper G," said Bray.

Was it fancy? There was a distant shout in reply.

"Up with the lantern," cried Bray, "I heard a voice."

But the lantern, which had been flickering for some time, went out suddenly. They had no matches, having started in such a hurry.

"Never mind that old bull's eye: come along," cried Bray, making off in the direction of the voice.

After two or three minutes' burst, they stopped and shouted again. No doubt about an answer this time: it came from near the belt of dark firs which formed one of the landmarks of the moor.

"We've found him!" exclaimed Anthony. "Come along, you two."

They were well up with him and spurted along, heedless of falls.

"Once more!" said Bray. "Let's shout all together."

They sent up a heaven-piercing yell.

It was answered instantly by a similar one not a hundred yards off.

The boys stopped and looked at each other.

"Confound it all!" exclaimed Bray; "we've been chasing another set of fellows!"

It was only too certain. Ingram and a couple of others came into sight in a moment more. They all made for each other.

"What an awful sell!" said Ingram; "was that you yelling?"

"Of course it was," replied Bray. "You've had no luck?"

"Not unless you call tumbling down a gravel-pit luck," growled Ingram. "My hands and knees are full of dirt and stones. I wish this wild-goose chase was over."

"Don't let the Doctor hear you call him a goose, that's all," said Anthony.

It was no use to stand talking, so after a hasty arrangement as to the directions they were to take, the two little companies separated.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE moon was now hidden, which made progression more difficult. The boys were growing very tired, but no thought of giving up crossed their minds. It yet wanted a good hour of the time fixed for the general rendezvous at Palmer's Oak.

Half an hour more elapsed. They stopped more frequently now and shouted, for they did not think it probable the Doctor had wandered so far from home.

"Where are we now?" asked Slade. "I've never been here before."

"We're about two miles from Bredbury as near as I can make out," replied Bray; "I can see some lights in the distance."

"We'd better be turning, then, for we must be more than two miles from Palmer's Oak."

"I think we had. Now one more good shout, all together."

They shouted. No reply.

"Once more," said Anthony.

They listened in dead silence. Not a leaf stirred. Then came a feeble cry, half a groan.

"What's that?" asked Slade, quickly.

"Shout again!" cried Bray.

They did, but there was no response.

"I'm certain I heard something," said Slade.

"Push your stick into the ground," said Bray: "that will be a mark for us; you can see the lantern against the sky if you stoop down. Now we must separate and shout to each other every half minute. Meet again at this spot in ten minutes."

They scattered in different directions, looking carefully over every yard of ground.

Before any shouting was necessary there was a sudden yell from Bray which rang through the night.

The tone of it was enough to tell the others what had happened. They pelted towards the spot from which the snout had come.

They found Bray kneeling on the ground by the side of the prostrate Doctor. He seemed more than half unconscious.

"Look in your pockets," said Bray; "see if you've got anything liquid."

Slade found a small flask in his pocket,

filled with brandy. They made the Doctor drink a few mouthfuls, which revived him wonderfully.

"Thank heaven you've come," he said feebly; "I'd almost made up my mind to die here."

"What has happened, sir?" asked Bray.

"I've broken my leg. But it will be all right now."

However, he could not repress a groan as they lifted him into a more comfortable posture.

"I'm off," said Bray to the others. "Try and make him eat something. I shall be back as soon as I can."

He set off at a reckless pace across the moor. Tired, footsore, and almost done up by his long tramp he did not hesitate a moment, but ran along as if it were a level road instead of a rough moor, and as if he were just starting for a ramble instead of being nearly dead beat.

He crossed a road before long which made matters easier, and in twenty minutes reached the rendezvous.

Half an hour more elapsed before help reached the Doctor. Anthony and Slade in the meantime had found a match in the Doctor's pockets and had lit the lantern which served as a guide to the rescuing party, who brought a blanket with them with which they improvised a stretcher.

The return journey was a long affair, but at last they reached the cottage and laid the now unconscious man on the shepherd's bed.

(To be continued.)

TOM SAUNDERS:

HIS SHIPWRECK AND WANDERINGS IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

BY COMMANDER V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L.,

Author of "Across Africa," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.



A not unusual incident.

As we drew near Kagnombe's we were met by a body of people headed by the officials of his court, who rejoiced in high-sounding titles, as Captain of the Guard, Secretary, Chamberlain, etc., and who were dressed in scarlet coats as tokens of their dignity. These titles were an outcome of Kagnombe's stay at Loanda, but I found that the secretary could not write, and that all Kagnombe's trade with the coast and his communications with the Portuguese were carried on by a black man named Chiko, who had once been a pombeiro, and who, although he did not put himself forward, really exercised much more control over the actions of the chief than the ostensible officials, and usually, as we shortly found, carried on his work under the cover of night.

When we met these people we had to call a halt, and, although all the questions connected with our visit to Kagnombe had been debated before, to go through the form of saying what our intentions were, and to make solemn asseverations that we would not practise any magic or make fetish against the

well-being or prosperity of Kagnombe, and then a keg of aguardiente was called for, and there was at once served out the inevitable dram to the ministers and their following. After this we proceeded on our way, and when we got to the town were conducted to an enclosure in which were four fairly clean and well-furnished huts, which Guilhermé told me were always placed at the disposal of European visitors to the chief.

We were now left alone, and in one hut we arranged the goods which we intended to give to Kagnombe, or rather a portion of them, for, however much might be shown in the first place, those whom Kagnombe would appoint to receive it would be sure to ask for more, and at the same time it was not politic to show too little, as it would be construed that we were mean and grasping.

As soon as the things had been spread out, Guilhermé fixed a padlock on the door and locked it, and then, leaving ten of our men to see that nothing was stolen, with the others we went for a walk around the town, which covered a very large space of ground, being fully three

miles in circumference. But though so large, the population was not very big, not at the time of my visit numbering more than two thousand five hundred people, as much of the space was taken up by large enclosures belonging to Kagnombe's feudatory chiefs, and occupied by them and their followers when they came in to pay their tribute. These were now in the charge of a few slaves. Cattle-pounds and pig-pens also took up much room, and the paths and streets were wide, and many of the people had tobacco patches near their huts. Another cause for the extent of the town was that within its limits were three large gullies, in which were springs that formed the sources of streams falling into the Kékéma, one of the principal affluents of the Kwanza, the sides of which were too steep for houses to be built on them. Outside the town was the cemetery of Kagnombe's family, but it was by no means such a scene of horrors as that of Kongo, as the settlement of Portuguese in the country had caused the barbarous practice of sacrificing human beings at the funerals of chiefs to be abandoned many years before. Fetishes of all kinds, and offerings of cloths, meal, and drink were there in abundance, and skulls of leopards and other wild beasts replaced the human ones we had seen at Kambala.

There was no guardian to these graves, as we were informed that the fetish of Kagnombe was so powerful that any person attempting to steal anything from or to dishonour the graves of his family would then and there be stricken dead.

On our return to the huts that had been placed at our disposal we found that Kagnombe had sent us a bullock, a pig, a dozen fowls, and some huge earthenware pots of native beer, and that the people who had brought them were waiting for their presents, and also for the heads and breasts of the animals when they were killed, as these were the perquisites of Kagnombe whenever an animal was killed in his town, and he never forwent them even in cases like the present.

The present being such a valuable one, the gifts to the bringers had to be in proportion, and indeed were nearly the full value of the king's present, whilst,

as Guilhermé told me, they would have also to be considered in the offering we made to Kagnombe.

The animals were soon slaughtered, and cut or rather hacked up, and then Guilhermé and I had our supper and prepared to retire for the night, but were disturbed by the coming of the court officials, who wished to inspect our presents to Kagnombe, and who, as I had been told they would, begged for large additions to what we had prepared; but I noticed, which astonished me very much, knowing what I did of the habits and tastes of the people, that no *aguardiente* was asked for Kagnombe, and I wondered whether his acquaintance with civilisation had rendered him a sober man. Though they did not ask for liquor for their master they did for themselves, and besides drinking enough to have rendered any ordinary men drunk, they would not leave until each was given about a gallon of the fiery spirit to take away with them.

When they went we settled down preparatory to a little conversation before turning in, but had scarcely commenced to talk when we heard a stealthy knocking at the door, and on opening it found that it was Chiko who came to see us and make arrangements about the present to Kagnombe, for we now found that all the bother we had had with the people who had just gone was a sham, for Bastian came now to bargain for exchanging the greater part for *aguardiente*. He said that Kagnombe, who claimed many wonderful powers, had lately declared that he had a spring of *aguardiente* in a rock by his house, and that therefore he was independent of all supplies of that precious article from the Portuguese, but that, while all our presents were to be carried down and presented to Kagnombe in full assembly of his notables the next day, they would be returned during the night, and we should have to pay their value in *aguardiente*, of which Kagnombe was quite as great a lover as any of his subjects.

This was a great trouble, for we had not brought with us anything like the quantity that would be required, but Chiko was inflexible, and we had at once to send a messenger to Senhor Gonçalves' house to order a supply to be put on men's shoulders and started off at once. Chiko, of course, wanted a gratification for himself for conducting his master's business, and Guilhermé promised to make it a large one if he would persuade Kagnombe to give him authority over all the people who were forcing themselves on our company, and power to order the marches instead, as was usually the custom, of having to arrange them according to the votes of the majority of the leaders of the various sections.

To this Chiko consented and said that it was fortunate that there were none of the great men of Bihé at that time in the town, as otherwise they would most likely have urged on Kagnombe that it was against their customs to permit any such power to be exercised by a white man. On my expressing my astonishment at this, and saying that I thought the native chiefs in Africa disposed as they liked of their subjects' lives and persons, I was told that it was by no means universally the case, but that in many instances councils of subordinate chiefs or of old men had a considerable voice in controlling the actions of the supreme chiefs,

and that even in some countries the form of Government was decidedly republican.

By the time that Chiko left us it was past midnight, and Guilhermé and I were by no means sorry to get to sleep, as the time for our reception by Kagnombe had been fixed for an hour after daylight. Early in the morning we were on foot preparing for our audience, and by half-past six the ceremonial officers came to conduct us to the presence of Kagnombe.

With them, followed by ten of our men all armed as an escort and by others bearing our presents, we went along a wide street towards the royal enclosure, and outside this at the foot of a large tree we found a chair placed for Kagnombe and stools for us. Guilhermé asked what was the meaning of this, as the custom was that when white men called upon Kagnombe they were allowed to enter into the palisades which surrounded his houses, and that it was only pombeiros and other native traders who were received in audience under the tree. The Chamberlain said that Kagnombe had made a rule some little time before that he would permit no strangers to come inside. Guilhermé said that he might have done so, but no notice had ever been sent to him, and that he would not consent to the degradation implied in being received under the tree, and sooner than do so he would pack up all the presents and leave without seeing Kagnombe or giving him anything. A somewhat stormy discussion took place and messengers were sent in to Kagnombe, who, after keeping us waiting for half an hour, sent out to say that as Guilhermé was the son of his old friend Senhor Gonçalves he would consent to waive the rule in his favour, but that his doing so would have to be considered in the presents made to him.

We were now conducted to the royal gateway, which was guarded by twelve men armed with muskets, and passing through it found ourselves in a large courtyard, at one end of which was the seat of Kagnombe, in front of which was spread a large leopard skin and on either end were ranged his executioners, fetishmen, and favourite wives. At the opposite side were seats for Guilhermé and me, on which we took our places, while our guard ranged themselves behind us, and on the ground in front the men who had brought the presents arranged them and then squatted down. Along either side of the court were drawn up thirty of Kagnombe's men-at-arms, and in front of them were stools for his counsellors and court officials. About ten minutes after we had arrived, a beating of drums and blowing of horns heralded the advent of the great man, and he came out from an inner courtyard preceded by four men, carrying fetishes consisting of buffalo horns full of some filthy compound and ornamented with beads and wire, who proclaimed his titles and dignities. Kagnombe, who came next, was dressed in an old naval officer's coat, epaulettes and cocked-hat, while round his waist was a long coloured cloth, the ends of which were carried by two dwarfs, and behind him came his band of eight drummers, who belaboured their noisy instruments, and four men who elicited most discordant sounds from horns made of elephants' tusks. Kagnombe advanced to the centre of the enclosure, all of us standing up, and then

proceeded to his seat, when we all sat down again, and the band, if possible, made more noise than before. At last silence was restored, and then his secretary said that King Pedro Kagnombe welcomed us to Bihé and that he wished to know what were our reasons for calling on him. These were briefly and formally stated by one of Guilhermé's men who acted as his spokesman on this occasion.

Kagnombe now began bragging of his power and dignity, saying that he was the greatest among African kings, that no other could be compared to him for power, riches, or knowledge, and that he was also superior to other chiefs in that he had a white man's name, Pedro, and that no other chief in Africa had as he had a white man for a son-in-law. At this latter announcement I was much astonished, and asked Guilhermé what it meant, when he whispered to me that there was an extraordinary fellow travelling in the country called Ladislaus Magyar who had married one of Kagnombe's daughters in order to secure a position among the natives, and who now for some time had been absent on a journey to the court of Muata Yanvo. Kagnombe, after praising himself and his power, told us a wonderful story of how he could die when he chose and come to life again, and said that quite lately he had been dead for a week and appealed to all the people present for confirmation of his story. All the time he was talking he kept on drinking, and as the liquor mounted into his head he became more and more wild in his stories, and at last he claimed that whenever he chose he could assume the form of any wild beast, and that he was invulnerable to bullets, spears, or arrows. Guilhermé said to me whilst this was going on that evidently we could do no business with Kagnombe, and that we should be lucky if we got away without some trouble, as when he became mad drunk, as he sometimes did, he often committed the most atrocious actions.

We watched carefully what he was about, and as he got more intoxicated he said he would now, to prove what he could do, turn himself into a leopard before our eyes, and getting out of his chair he threw himself on the skin that was in front of it and began ranting away in some unintelligible gibberish. His utterances soon became thicker and slower, and in about ten minutes his sable majesty was fast asleep. Chiko, who had hitherto kept very much in the background, now said something to the other officials, and we were informed by them that the audience was at an end for the time, as Pedro Kagnombe was in communication with the spirits of his ancestors, and that it would be some time before he could attend to ordinary affairs.

Guilhermé and I were by no means sorry to get away, and soon made our way to our huts, where after a time Chiko came to us to say that if we wished to leave we could do so the following morning after we had exchanged our presents to the king for *aguardiente*, and he promised that before leaving he would give us a token which would signify to all the Bihé people who would accompany us that they were to render implicit obedience to Guilhermé.

This was indeed good news, for we had been afraid that Kagnombe might

when he awoke be desirous of seeing us again and possibly give orders that we were not to leave until he had done so, which might not be for some days. As Chiko seemed quite inclined to speak to us openly about his master's failings we asked him if scenes like the one we had just witnessed were common. He said he had never seen Kagnombe so drunk at a public audience before, but that he was constantly so in his own private quarters, and there played the most extraordinary pranks. At times, in order to keep up the belief in his power to change himself into a wild beast, he would give notice that he was coming out in the guise of one, and order everybody on pain of death to keep within their houses until they were given permission to leave them again, and then with a few of his chosen followers he would go about the streets yelling and roaring, and entering into pig and cattle pens would select the best and drive

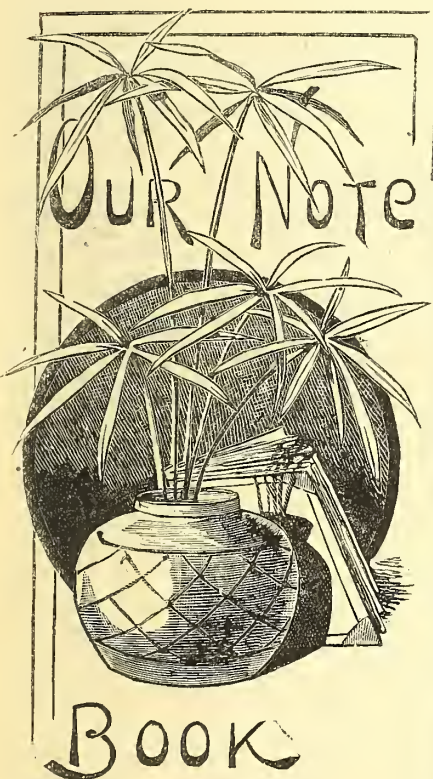
them into his own quarters, where he would devour them.

I asked if his people were foolish enough to believe in this transformation, and Chiko smiled and said they would be very foolish indeed if they did not believe, as Kagnombe was all powerful in Bihé and that he would soon punish any one that did not believe in all that he said; "or, at least," he added, with a smile, "he would punish those who said they did not believe." Soon after this Chiko left, and then we were occupied with the carriers arriving with the *aguardiente*. The arrival of such a quantity as was now brought was soon rumoured about, and we had numberless visitors who came to express their good will and in many cases to bring some little present, a sweet potato or two, two or three eggs, a few plantains, or what not, anything in short which would give them a pretext for claiming a dram, and little toddling brats seemed quite as

eager for their share as their elders. It was a painful sight.

Soon after sunset the exchange took place, and the heart of Chiko was made glad by the present of a four-gallon keg for himself, in return for which he handed over to Guilhermé one of Kagnombe's most cherished fetishes as a token of his deputed authority. This most sacred trust was nothing more nor less than the neck of an old black bottle rammed full of dirt, round which were tied some half-dozen cowries, strung on the hair of an elephant's tail. Chiko told Guilhermé he must be most careful of this fetish, as Kagnombe would be sure to require it from him again on his return from the interior, and he averred that he would have much difficulty in persuading him when he recovered from the effects of his morning's drink that he had parted with it willingly.

(To be continued.)



ANECDOTES OF PRINCE ALBERT'S
BOYHOOD.

In the years following her bereavement, the Queen received various recollections written by friends of the Prince in his early days. Of these, among the most valuable were from Count Arthur Mensdorff, a relative by marriage of the Coburg family. The Queen had sent a copy of the first book on the Prince, with photographs, one of which represented her in her widow's dress. In very touching terms the count refers to the sadly-altered circumstances suggested by this picture: "What a dreadful heavy trial God has sent you, my broken-hearted cousin! And yet it is through His mercy and loving-kindness that you have found strength to support the burden of this joyless life with such beautiful, such exemplary resignation!"

This letter was written in 1863, and he tells things that came back to his memory after a quarter of a century. At Roseau, one day

the boys there assembled were playing at storming an old ruin near the castle. Albert and Mensdorff were of the attacking party. One of them suggested that there was a place at the back by which an entrance could be effected; but Albert declared that "this would be most unbecoming in a Saxon knight, who should always attack the enemy in front"—a juvenile decision in keeping with his chivalrous and straightforward character. The love of field Natural History is also recalled, and the first collecting of specimens and curiosities, the nucleus of the museum which now exists at Coburg. The count saw him one day giving alms to a beggar, and was told not to speak of it; "for when you give to the poor," he said, "you must see that nobody knows it." Of shooting and fishing he was fond, for the excitement and open-air exercise; but he could not be "a keen sportsman," having naturally a kind heart, and a wounded animal always exciting his warmest compassion. This reminds us of Sir Charles Napier and his brothers, bravest of the brave, who recoiled from becoming sportsmen for the same reasons as the gentle Prince.

Another of the count's recollections illustrates the love of fun and sense of humour which was always breaking out. In 1839 he was driving in a carriage with the count, then in the Austrian army, from Toplitz to Carlsbad, to see Duke Ernest. Coming to a station where horses were to be changed, the Prince asked the name, and it was a little town known in all the countryside as a sort of *Krähwinkel* (Gotham, as we would say), famous for all sorts of ludicrous stories about the inhabitants. "We drove into the place, the postilion blowing his horn and cracking his whip. Albert, seeing a large crowd assembled round the post-house, said to me, 'Quick! stoop down in the carriage, and we will make Eös (his pet black greyhound) look out of the window, and all the people will wonder at the funny Prince.' We did so, and the people had to satisfy their curiosity with Eös. The horses were soon changed, and we drove off, laughing heartily at our little joke."

This reminds one of a somewhat similar joke once played when Voltaire was travelling in the retinue of the King of Prussia. He sat still in his carriage, looking out with his *simian* ugly face, while the horses were being changed. Some of the suite, who had dismounted, pointing to the carriage where Voltaire sat, told the crowd to go and look at the King's monkey. The fury of Voltaire, on finding himself stared at, made his grimaces and gestures the more lively, and increased the amusement of the people, who thought it part of the wonderful monkey's performance!

But the most interesting of all of the recollections of Count Mensdorff is an extract from a juvenile letter from the Prince. "The poor soldiers," he said, "always do their duty in the most brilliant manner; but, as soon as matters come again into the hands of politicians and diplomats, everything is again spoiled and confused. Oxenstiern's saying to his son may still be quoted, 'My son, when you look at things closely, you will be surprised to find with how little wisdom the world is governed!' I should like to add, and with how little morality!"

"How much these words contain!" is the count's comment; "here again see the Saxon knight, who as a child declared you must attack your enemy in front, who hates a crooked path; and, on the other hand, the noble heart which feels deeply the misfortune of a government not guided by reason and morality."—*From Victoria, R.I., Her Life and Reign*, by Dr. Macaulay.

THE SLAVE PARADE.

The Duke of Hamilton's yacht lately brought to Cairo detailed news of an important capture of slaves near Suakin. The capture was effected by her Majesty's ships *Dolphin* and *Albatross*, acting upon information supplied by Mr. Wyld. About twenty slaves were found upon the mainland, and some thirty or forty more were taken at sea. Several dhows, purporting to be laden with wool, were drawn up on shore, waiting to embark slaves, of whom about a hundred were found hidden. Most of these escaped, but twenty, captured by our men, stated that 300 had started from the interior, of whom they were the sole survivors. This terrible mortality shows that the horrors and cruelties of the land passage are as rife as ever.

DAY BY DAY.

In the private journal of a lady recently deceased there were found these words:—"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show, to any fellow-creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." These words are worthy to be placed where we can see them constantly. Each day, each week, each year, comes but once. May the love of Christ in our heart constrain us to use them well.

LONDON AT SUNRISE.

MY knowledge of London, like Mr. Wel-
ler's, is somewhat extensive and
peculiar. Some years ago, I need not say
how many, but not long after I left school, I
developed a strange propensity for early
rising and early walking, and every morning
during the summer I was up and out at four
or at latest five o'clock, roaming off through
the City streets to return to a ten o'clock
breakfast. A roll and glass of milk just as I
started was all I had to keep me going for
the five or six hours, and though my doctor
propheesied all sorts of evil things from my
walking so far at such an unusual time, yet
somehow I do not think I was any the worse
for it. I certainly saw much that few have
seen.

I have seen the City wake, and the streets
from being deserted gradually fill till they
have been thronged. Along the long line from
Bayswater eastward to the docks I have seen
the whole process of the beginning of a Lon-
doner's day. I have been at Billingsgate
when the market opened, at the docks when
the men went in, and I have seen the hands
begin work at most of the large factories.
But the sight that pleased me most was the
bridge crowd.

London Bridge, between six and eight
o'clock, was to me one of the most astonish-
ing of sights. The footways and roadways
swarmed with people—men, women, and
children—all plodding to work. Out of the
City, southwards, there might be half a
dozen leisurely wayfarers, but into it, march-
ing steadily north, to fan out at the Peel
statue and take possession of the silent offices
and workrooms, came literally thousands.
The crowd seemed to scorn the idea of work
being scarce, for that day at least; in fact,
the wonder was where the work could be
found for such numbers. I am told that on
census day in 1881 nearly eighty thousand
people were counted entering London over
this one bridge, and that the crowd now is
even greater!

I can quite believe it. London Bridge has
the greatest but not the only bridge crowd.
I have crossed all the bridges before eight
o'clock in the morning—Southwark, Black-
friars, Waterloo, Charing Cross, Westminster,
Lambeth, Vauxhall, and Chelsea—and all
showed a similar swarming in, Blackfriars
and Westminster being the best patronised,
Westminster at eight o'clock being as thickly
thronged as London at any time. As the
dwelling-houses are cleared out of the City to
make room for offices, and the dwellers are
turned out into the two-storey houses in the
suburbs, this swarming in to work becomes
more marked. The railway-stations and
trains have little effect on the southerly crowd,
for the railways are only three—Brighton,
South-Eastern, and Chatham—and the trams
stop short of the bridges. With the northerly
advance the trains and trams have more to
do, and the marching crowd is by them con-
siderably reduced.

The carriage traffic begins an hour or so
later. The one great point in which London
differs from all other cities and towns is its
enormous number of vehicles. Nowhere is
there such a constant stream of carts and
waggons, cabs and omnibuses. In some
of the foreign capitals or our provincial
towns the streets are quite as crowded with
foot-passengers during the dinner-hour, but
there is nothing like the crowd of wheels.
London Bridge is now sixty years old. When
the Rennies completed it it was considered
the roomiest and finest bridge in the world;
but now, between nine and ten o'clock in the
morning and four and six in the evening, it
gets so congested with traffic that those in a
hurry carefully avoid it. Farther down the
river, near the Tower, there is building the
new swing bridge, which it is hoped will take
off much of the swarm.

On one occasion, as a friend and I were
standing watching the crowd, the idea
entered our heads to take a trip to Wool-
wich and back. Making our way to the Old
Swan Pier, we found we were too early for
the boat. Strolling back, it occurred to us
to fill up the time by a trip to the top of the
Monument. Every one knows the Monument
on Fish Street Hill—a tall Portland stone
column designed by Sir Christopher Wren as
a memorial of the Great Fire, which began
close by—but every one has not journeyed up
the stone steps inside. The man seemed
somewhat astonished at beginning business
so early, but we paid our threepences and up
we went. The spiral staircase is long—very
long—and you take quite an unexpected time
before you enter "the cage for the mammalia"
on the top. Once up, however, the view is
worth the toil and the threepence. Such a
wide expanse of roof and spire and chimney-
pot is not to be seen every day. And we did
not see it all that day. At first we looked to
the east, then we looked to the north, then
we looked to the west, and there was our boat
on the river, steaming along at full speed.
To miss our Woolwich trip would never do,
and so down we started, down the staircase
at full speed; down, down we went, round
and round, faster, ever faster, down the appa-
rently endless spiral, our heads aswim with
giddiness as we finally shot out on to the
pavement, and had to run three times round
the pillar on the flat before we recovered
our balance. We caught our boat, but never
had I such an experience, nor have I ever
heard of a similar rush up and down the
Monument.

I once saw the Monument in a white fog,
with the whole of the shaft invisible, and the
ball of gilded flame on the summit just ap-
pearing above the bank of vapour and
shining brilliantly in the rising sun. That
was on the morning I first saw Billingsgate
begin business. The big bell tolled at five
o'clock, and the figures in the streets and on
the wharf and ships began to move as if all
were parts of some curious machinery. It
was a busy morning; there were a dozen
boats disgorging, and railway vans were
closely packed along the land front, and
such a hustling and bustling and carrying
of weights there was as gave the men no
leisure to indulge in the speech of the dis-
trict. At least, I supposed so, for bad lan-
guage I heard none. That I did not go to
seek it is true; perhaps if I had I should
have found it.

Such a lumping and flopping of fish, whole-
sale and retail, I never should have thought
possible. But the strangest sight was among
the shellfish in the basement. What with
the lobsters and the crabs, "all a-stretching,
all a-growing, all a-sidling," and the mussels
and the whelks, and the cockles and the
winkles, it seemed as though some mermaid's
larder had been cleaned out. One of the
superintendents, seeing I was a stranger,
showed me round, and told me some figures
I now forget, or almost forget, for I remem-
ber there were four hundred bushels of peri-
winkles then on view. How many individual
periwinkles there were I do not know, but
the number is easily arrived at—so many
winkles to a pint, eight pints to a gallon,
eight gallons to a bushel. Why, there must
have been millions!

Another noteworthy sight in these parts
was the opening of the Thames Street ware-
houses, the arrival of the clerks, the unlock-
ing of the doors, and then the folding inwards
of the receiving-gates, floor over floor, the
coming of the van, and the first descent of
the crane to swing the new-come goods aloft.
One after the other, all along the street, the
houses seemed to wake up, and within the
first ten minutes at least a dozen cranes were
holding bales and boxes in mid-air.

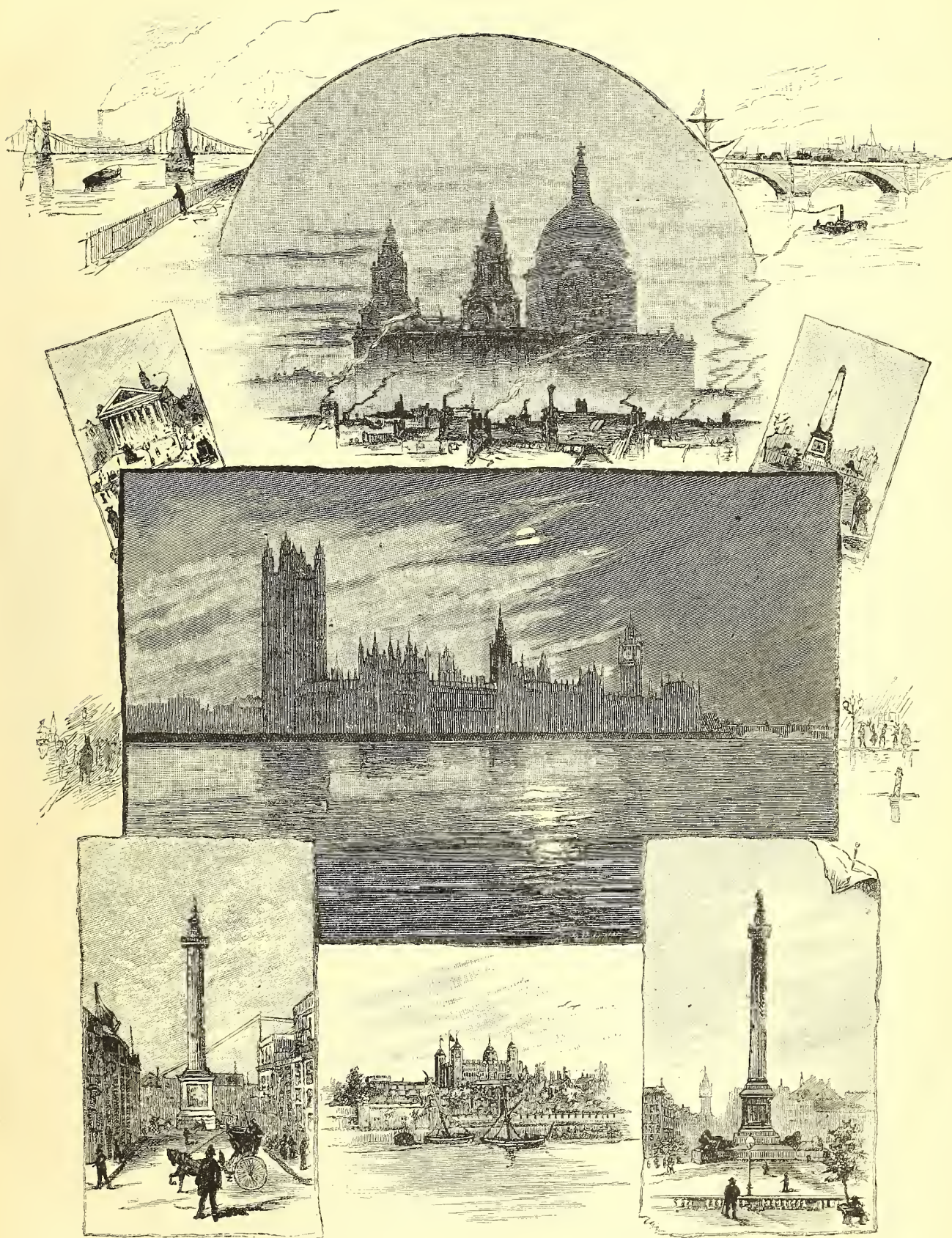
Once I tried a voyage through the Tower
Subway, on Tower Hill, close to where
Thames Street comes out, a curious engineer-
ing experiment, consisting of a seven-feet
tube lying in the bed of the river, between
Tower Hill and Vine Street, Southwark. I
had not many fellow-voyagers, and the pas-
sage was somewhat hot and stuffy, the long
narrow tube bearing a strong resemblance to
a pea-shooter, with nothing like its violent
ventilation. Years ago I went through the
Thames Tunnel, now used for railway pur-
poses, then serving as a gloomy Lowther
Arcade, with the stalls at very irregu-
lar intervals. The Tunnel was as cold and
damp as the Subway was hot and dry.

Of the Tower itself I had better say nothing
here; the outside alone had to satisfy me at
my early morning visit. Inside I have been
many times. Once I was first in—but I for-
bear. When London Docks and St. Katha-
rine's Docks were crowded with shipping,
before the trade stopped farther down the
river, there used to be a pleasant morning
stroll along the jetties; but now I suppose
the interest has shifted off to the Isle of Dogs
and Blackwall. Even in the time I am
speaking of, the West India were best worth
visiting; but it was a long walk straight
across London to them, and I did not often
go. The East India were a good second, but
farther still, and now the trade has gone to
the Victoria and the Albert and the Tilbury,
a morning walk to the docks would suit only
a very, very early riser indeed—in fact, a
day-before-yesterday man.

I remember being very much struck by the
deserted pavement in front of the Royal Ex-
change one bright morning about five
o'clock. As I crossed from the Poultry straight
across the space in front of the Mansion
House, past the Duke of Wellington's statue
and on by the Exchange up Cornhill, I
sighted only three men, and not a vehicle
was to be seen or heard. It is when the
streets are so silent and deserted that the
merits of the buildings can be fairly studied.
It is quite a mistake to suppose that London
has no public buildings worth comparison
with those of the Continental cities. Take
photographs of London buildings and put
them side by side with photographs of Paris
buildings—the only true method of compari-
son—and the Londoners can quite hold their
own. The group in front of the Mansion
House, with the Exchange, the Bank of
England, the new Union Bank, and the
corner blocks of the Poultry, Lombard and
King William Streets, never looks so well as
on a Sunday morning. New London is not a
city to be ashamed of—nor was Old London,
for that matter, as times went.

Both Old London and New London had
one great central mass to bring the scattered
buildings together, and form a picturesque
group from whatever side the view was taken.
The old Cathedral of St. Paul, with its tre-
mendous spire, the highest on earth—forty-
eight feet higher than the Great Pyramid—
must have served the same purpose in an
artistic sense as the dome and cross of Sir
Christopher do now. Say what people will,
morning, noon, or night, St. Paul's is the
most striking feature of the City, and brings
it together into a picture as no other building
does another town. In the morning, just
after sunrise, when the mists have not been
all dispelled and the dome seems to float in
the air, purple in hue and streaked with
golden stripes that seem to twine around it,
no more fitting crown could be found for the
world's greatest city. It is then as if the
miracle of graceful strength and lightness
were first settling itself into its place for an-
other day's duty.

Once I went into St. Paul's—not so early,
though—and I paid sixpence and climbed
upstairs to the Whispering Gallery, when



London Sights and Scenes.

(Drawn for the BOY'S OWN PAPER by P. Thiviat.)

suddenly, before I expected it, a whisper, as of the stage, sounded behind me, and the entertainment was over before I thought it had begun. Then I went into a library in these high regions, and was shown into a clock, which struck with much vigour before I left. Then I went out on the Stone Gallery and looked over mighty London, the finest view I have ever had of it. Then I went up higher, above the dome, to the Golden Gallery, and had a wider view, though not so satisfactory a one on that day. I might have gone upward into the ball, but the price seemed to be high and I had gone high enough. So I went down, a very long way down, even to the crypt, for which I paid another sixpence, and there I saw the tombs of Wellington and Nelson, and Collingwood and Cornwallis, and Picton, and "Painters' Corner," answering to "Poets' Corner" at Westminster. The interior of St. Paul's as used for service is well known, but seemingly few have been above and below it.

One of the pleasantest of early walks was to Covent Garden on market day, wandering down the lines of vegetable-carts that crowded not only the square but the adjacent streets from midnight up to about eight o'clock. Such a show of vegetables is difficult to realise, and such a show of costermongers simply cannot be realised. Two or three hours could, and can, be profitably spent about the vegetables, fruit, and flowers, and in the season the legerdmain of the pea-shellers is alone worth getting up early to see.

From Covent Garden a short distance only is Trafalgar Square, where a surprise one morning awaited me. I had not been so far south for some time. The Nelson Monument, as I knew it, had only the splendid reliefs of the battle scenes on its sides. There were no lions in those days, the pedestal was bare, as it had been left when the pillar was built in 1843. On this morning I found the change had come to pass, for the lions had taken up their quarters, and the monument stood guarded as we now know it. Trafalgar Square is said to be the finest site in Europe. It is the very centre of London, and when the new buildings come for the Admiralty, and the road is cleared into the park, the

site will be made the most of. A statue of Gordon is soon to join those of Nelson and Napier and Havelock, and later on George the Fourth may find his way to a more fitting pedestal, so as to leave the square free for the nation's worthies. Opposite the square, where the Eleanor Cross should stand, is the statue of Charles the First, from which the cab distances are measured, and which has a strange history. After the Parliamentary triumph it was handed over to one John River, to break up. The man buried the statue in his back-yard, in Holborn, and produced to the authorities certain pieces of brass as the fragments into which he was supposed to have smashed it. For these he was well paid. When the Restoration came River dug up the statue and, for a good price, sold it to the Government, by whom it was erected, in 1678, on the Grinling Gibbons pedestal we now see. A clever if not honest man of business was Mr. John River!

Past the statue, down Whitehall, past the Admiralty and the Horse Guards, and the Treasury and the Indian and Colonial Offices, to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, is an interesting road at any time, and I have seen it at all hours of the day and nearly all hours of the night, but to see it at its best, stroll down it when the eastern side is in shadow and the western stands out in strength in the morning light.

It is not easy to imagine Westminster without its Palace, or to think of the Houses of Parliament as different from what they are. And yet the old Houses did not in the least resemble these. The changes in London during the Victorian age have nowhere been greater than by the riverside. These Parliament Houses have arisen, Westminster Bridge is new (designed by Page, who was also responsible for the graceful suspension bridge at Chelsea), and the whole of the Embankment from Battersea Bridge to Blackfriars is due to these later years.

It was in one of my early morning walks that I first saw Cleopatra's Needle, now in position on the Embankment. I first noticed the model which was put up at Westminster in order to see how the real thing would look amid the surroundings, and I believe this wooden box was shifted about considerably

before it was decided to try the Embankment site. An eventful history in a sleepy way has this obelisk had. Why it should be called Cleopatra's Needle no one can tell. It was put up at Heliopolis by the Third Thothmes about fifteen hundred years before our era. Augustus, in 23, had it brought to Alexandria, and left it there lying in the sand. In 1801 Sir Ralph Abercromby secured it for Great Britain, but the baggage train did not quite see their way to bring it with them. Mehemet Ali offered it to us, but again it was let alone. Then Ismail, in 1877, suggested that it was worth taking away, and Mr. Erasmus Wilson offered to pay the cost, and Mr. John Dixon agreed to tackle the monster and fetch it home. A peculiar ship was built specially to suit the obelisk, and in September this vessel, called the *Cleopatra*, left Alexandria.

In the Bay of Biscay the *Cleopatra* ran into a storm. She was separated from her tug, the *Olga*, and drifted off. Half a dozen lives were lost in trying to recover her, and then she was abandoned and reported as lost.

One fine morning the steamer *Fitzmaurice*, crossing the bay, sighted the strange-looking castaway rolling as she rose on the waves. A boat went off to reconnoitre, and took possession of the deserted ship. Then the *Fitzmaurice* came up and passed a hawser to the obelisk craft, and by it towed her into Ferrol, making £2,000 for salvage by the day's work. From Ferrol the *Anglia* towed her to the Thames, and in the Thames she lay while the wooden dummy was shifted about to find an appropriate site. The stone weighs nearly one hundred and seventy tons, and is sixty-eight and a half feet long, so that its handling was rather a difficult operation. Often in the morning I found my way to the Embankment to see how matters were getting on. A scaffold was solidly built over the pedestal, then the needle was lifted up edgeways on to the base, and by hydraulic power taken inch by inch aloft until it hung in the air like a great gun pointed at St. Paul's. Then slowly it was slanted like a telescope, until it reached the perpendicular, and then, with the slightest possible drop, it sank into the cement.

W. J. GORDON.

THREE WEEKS IN DEVONSHIRE.

By H. D. BRAIN,

Author of "An Awkward Fix," "Life for Life," etc.

MY sole companion during a greater part of the time was a large St. Bernard dog, and a very good substitute I found him in the absence of a friend of the *genus homo*. We went down to Torquay by boat from one of the London docks. The journey down to our starting-place led through Shadwell, and certainly offered plenty of life, if nothing else. It was Saturday night, and the majority of the inhabitants were buying their supplies for Sunday from the various stalls along the streets, while a portion were dissipating in liquor the wages they had toiled for during the past week. As I got out of the station a youngster came up and begged so earnestly to carry my bag, that, in spite of my doubts as to his having sufficient strength, I let him take it. My misgivings were well founded, for he had not gone a dozen yards before he tumbled head over heels into a heap of cabbages. This led to an altercation with the stallwoman, and as, besides being decidedly abusive, she showed a disposition to use as missiles the damaged portion of her stock, I picked up my bag and beat an undignified retreat.

The weather at starting was splendid, with hardly a breath of wind, so that the boat travelled without more rolling than was per-

fectly agreeable, and arrived true to time, landing us at Torquay at five o'clock on Monday morning. A short distance below Torquay there is a fishing village, where they have a race of dogs trained to swim out to the returning boats, and, fetching a line from them to the shore, prove of great assistance in stormy weather.

After booking my bag by rail to the station I was bound for, the old dog and myself started cheerfully for a twenty-five mile walk across country. It was fairly fine until about one o'clock, but then it began to rain in a steady methodical kind of manner, that speedily brought the macintosh I carried into use. We did not, however, get a fair idea of what Devonshire weather can be until we got right up on Dartmoor, far away from shelter of any kind. Then it began to blow, hail, and rain, giving us as much as we could do to make headway against it. To make matters worse, we strayed from the path and wandered into a bog, though fortunately a very shallow one.

Tired, wet, and hungry, we arrived at our destination, but speedily forgot our troubles in the presence of the farmhouse comforts. I retired early, and thankfully sought the welcome shelter of my bed, feeling stiff and sore

all over with my day's tramping. In the morning I strolled out to examine the surroundings, and was much amused by an elderly dame coming up to me and inquiring with great anxiety whether the dog was perfectly "tame," evidently being in great fear that, like the ogre in the fairy tales, he fed on tender youngsters. When I reassured her, she stood looking at him for some time, and then, softly touching his coat, said, "My, sir! how I should like his coat for a winter jacket." I turned away disgusted.

The farmhouse was situated at the bottom of a valley, through which a trout stream ran, inhabited by some splendid "speckled beauties." The village only contained five houses, of which the mill was the most important. It had formerly been a famous place for wrestling, but the pastime had been rigorously put down, and was now rarely heard of. It was by no means a harmless trial of skill, for hacking was allowed, and the men used to wear specially-made shoes, which were soaked in bullocks' blood and then pressed with hot irons until they would cut like a razor.

In a small double-roomed house on the banks of the stream dwelt the village fisherman, considered to be the best in South

Devon. He was a strange character, having a delicate, refined face, with clear-cut features, blue eyes, and a splendid tawny beard. His body was bent almost double, not from any original deformity, but solely through the habit he had contracted of making himself as small as he possibly could, in order to keep out of the sight of the fish. His rod was as stiff as a great many spinning-rods, and had been made by himself. He dressed his own flies, and did not believe in having too great a variety, for he only used four kinds, which he distinguished as Yellows, Browns, Blues, and Orange. Many a day's fishing did he and I have together, but his basket was always at least twice as heavy as mine, although we fished with the same flies, and apparently in the same manner. I have no doubt that he was right in his explanation, that "he knew where the fish be, and he fished for them there."

Taking an early walk through the woods one morning, I met the keeper with his gun on his shoulder, and three or four spaniels at his heels in course of training. He had been on the look-out for some kestrels or sparrow-hawks, in order to revenge some of the numerous young partridges or pheasants slain by them. It seemed a pity to kill these fine English birds for satisfying their natural appetites, but according to the keeper's ideas every predatory bird without exception ought to be shot or trapped. On the door of his cottage one or two stoats were nailed, together with an old horseshoe, the latter presumably to bring luck. Over the mantel-piece inside hung a number of guns and traps, while in front of the window was a large dog-otter roughly stuffed, showing his teeth in a ferocious grin. The keeper retained another souvenir of the animal's death, for he had lost one of his fingers before he succeeded in killing him. In a corner were a number of walking-sticks—sturdy oaks, blackthorns, hazels, of every size, from a thin riding-switch to one strong enough for a mast. The keeper prided himself greatly on his skill in stick-dressing, and never let slip an opportunity of adding to his collection. I used to enjoy walking with him through the coppice at night, for he was full of knowledge about the woods and their inhabitants, besides having many quaint ideas and superstitions, in a great part engendered by his solitary life.

One day I started shortly after daybreak on a fishing excursion, under the guidance of the village Walton, and had a splendid day's sport. The way led through an unfrequented path roofed in by the interlaced branches of

huge trees, which only allowed a small amount of sunlight to penetrate their foliage, while one sank ankles deep in a thick carpet of dead leaves and moss. Occasionally a snake would cross the track, causing one to instinctively shrink back, although it was probably quite harmless, and only anxious to get out of the way.

The banks of the stream were wooded, and required the exercise of a great amount of care to prevent the fly getting hung up, while on account of the clearness of the water one had to get into most cramped and awkward positions to prevent the quick-eyed trout from catching sight of their enemy. Now and then a sad-coloured cuckoo or brilliant kingfisher would dart past, while at times we would come across some half-devoured fish, the remnant of an otter's meal. The trout did not sport well, and up to lunch-time we had only succeeded in getting hold of a few by hard work and perseverance in fishing all the stickles and rough water. Just as we finished our repast, however, and were quietly sitting at the foot of a huge tree, admiring the hilly scenery, the river suddenly became covered with widening circles, betokening trout on the feed. We were up in an instant, and for the next hour had as much work as we could do to pull them out, and then they stopped taking the fly as suddenly as they had started, and there was hardly a rise to be seen.

They ran very small, a half-pound fish being considered a good one and a pounder something to boast about. Still the saying has it, "Little fish are sweet," and I think that this must have special reference to the Devonshire trout, for one cannot want anything better than a dish of these diminutive fish nicely fried, and I can answer for it that there will be very little left, especially if a hard day's fishing has acted as a hardly-needed stimulus to the appetite.

My friend T— came down on the Saturday, and the following Monday we went for a ride on Dartmoor with a friend who knew the place well, and had a look at the famous prisons there. It was inclined to be foggy, so that none of the prisoners were about, for so many of them attempt to escape whenever the fog gives the slightest chance, that they are not allowed to be outside when such weather prevails. It is not safe to ride across the moor unless accompanied by some one who thoroughly understands the paths, for the bogs are so numerous and have such a deceptive appearance that one may flounder most unexpectedly into them, and have considerable difficulty in getting out again, while

it is quite possible for fatal accidents to occur.

A day or two afterwards we were asked to play in a village cricket-match, and at the appointed time made our way to the ground, glad of the prospect of having some practice with the willow. Our ardour, however, was somewhat damped on finding the field covered with daisies, while at one end about a score of cattle were feeding. Daisies are very charming in their way, but when seen on a cricket-field betoken a too primitive condition of the ground, and make one very doubtful about the level condition of the pitch.

We lost the toss, and our opponents elected to go in first, but were speedily dismissed for the small score of twenty-three. It was not much discredit to them, for the ball hopped and twisted like a thing of life, shooting swiftly in or breaking from some lump or hole in the ground in a most astounding manner. On our going to the wickets we fared as badly as our opponents, and there seemed very little chance of even equalling their small score until T— went in, and, together with a doctor, got pretty well set.

Without our noticing it, the cattle had got gradually nearer and nearer, until T—, hitting a leg ball with all his might, caught one of the cows a severe whack at the root of its tail. It must have stung tremendously, for, bellowing loudly, and with its injured member standing stiffly in the air, the cow wildly rushed round the field, followed by its friends and relations. A small table had been set up and nicely arranged for tea, to which we were anxiously looking forward. Our hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment, for the animals in their mad career rushed blindly over our refreshment, smashed to atoms cups and saucers, teapot and sugar-basin, leaving the whole lot a confused wreck on the ground, and finally finished up their course by charging across the pitch and cutting it up in every direction.

As we had nearly doubled their score, and the ground had been so badly treated, we agreed to end the match, and adjourned in a body to the farmhouse close by in search of much-required refreshment. After the wants of the body had been properly attended to we had the pleasure of hearing some remarkable country songs in all kinds of curious voices, and altogether thoroughly enjoyed the day's amusement.

A few days after this we had to return to town, but carried back with us a grateful remembrance of the kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants of "Bonny Devon."

VENTRILOQUISM.

VENTRILOQUISM is now an amusement, but it used to be a very serious business. To it the old religions owed much, and without it nearly all their oracles and talking statues would have been dumb. In Persia, Greece, and Egypt the ventriloquist was made much of, and secured for the mysteries. The people then feared him; now they laugh at him.

But they only laugh at him in civilised countries. In Ashantee, for instance, the ventriloquist is still a power, as a recent event clearly shows. A man there died, and, to discover the cause of his death, the tribe was assembled. In the centre of a large hut there was put a roughly-cut wooden doll, a symbol of some native deity, duly decorated with the appropriate mystical ornaments. Into the hut the people were brought, and the fetishman, or priest—feathers and bells complete—began his violently exciting address. When he had worked sufficiently on the feelings of the audience he talked to the idol—and the idol replied!

He asked if the dead man were satisfied with his funeral, and from the wooden lips came words of thanks; and, in reply to other questions, the idol expressed its approval of all that had been done. Then came the supreme moment. The fetishman asked the doll to name the man's murderer. Dead was the silence in the hut. One by one the name was given of every person there, and to each name the idol grunted "No!" But when at last came the name of one who had refused to pay the customary fee for the services of the fetishman, the idol joyfully said "Yes!" And off went the victim to be tortured and slain. Such is the use of ventriloquism on the West Coast of Africa in 1886!

Not so very long ago there was a negro in the Island of St. Thomas who used to divine on the same lines, taking about with him a clay statue he had roughly made. In Hayti the same sort of thing is going on to-day, and the voices come to condemn from even the trees and the rivers. This carries us back again to the past. Did not the tree speak to

Apollonius at the command of the Egyptian gymnosophist in a feeble voice like that of a woman? Did not the oaks of Dodona answer questions in every branch? Did not Pythagoras solemnly talk to the River Nessus, and receive for a reply the equivalent to "Good morning, Pythagoras?"

At Fernando Po, on the African West Coast, there still exists the worship of Umo, and great is the veneration for the grottoes in which his rites are held. At the height of the excitement the priest stands alone, and the worshippers one by one lay their gifts before him, asking him to question Umo on some matter in which they are concerned. Soon the priest becomes troubled in look, and tells the crowd of eager listeners that Umo is approaching. Then from the ground comes a sonorous voice, and to every question put the voice replies. It is Umo who is talking, but who is Umo?

A similar scene was described by Captain Lyon as taking place among the Eskimos at Igloodik. The sorcerer consented to invoke

the spirit of Tornga if adequately paid. The presents were given, and Tornga came. The lights were put out, and the sorcerer began his chant, ending in an appeal to Tornga to present himself. Suddenly his voice became muffled, and as he spoke seemed to come from farther and farther away, dropping to a whisper and stopping altogether. It had gone in search of Tornga. In about a minute the whisper was heard again, increasing in strength, and seemingly approaching, accompanied by another voice loud and harsh, and very different. The loud, harsh voice said a few words, made itself generally agreeable, and then took its departure, speaking even more softly as it went, and subsiding in a whisper that was cut short by the full voice of the priest.

Over and over again has ventriloquism been used for the purposes of fraud, though

thousand crowns towards freeing the Christians from the Turks. Cornu did not part with the money, and so Louis went to him again, when the scene was again acted with improvements, and Louis came away with the cash in triumph. In these days he would have found his deserts in Chatham or Dartmoor.

Ventriloquial experiments of this nature were not always safe; many were the ventriloquists executed in the middle ages as "possessed" who had merely endeavoured to make out the trick to be more wonderful than it is. But with the seventeenth century a better and more tolerant state of things began. When Barbara Jacobi, in 1683, astonished the crowd of Haarlem, talking with her familiar Joachim behind the curtains and in the corners of the room, she raised much laughter and wonderment but no alarm.

was indeed accurately described by St. Gilles and his contemporary, Baron Meugen, who was also an astonishing performer, and the view was adopted by the academicians. It simply consists in imitating any given sound as it reaches the ear, not as it is made by the speaker. For the sound to be thought real it must be first strong enough to seem to come the distance that the audience are told. Direction affords no difficulty, for the slightest gesture will always cause the attention to be attracted to the spot desired, ventriloquism or no ventriloquism. You have only to point to the sky with your finger and every passer-by will look where the finger points.

There is an idea that the voice under such circumstances comes from the chest or intestines, and hence the name, ventriloquism; but this is, of course, absurd. The voice is



"To each name the idol grunted 'No!'"

no man on his guard would ever be taken in by it, for its marvels are only wrought on the careless, or the weak in sight and hearing. One famous case there is always quoted as a triumph of the "art." Louis Brabant was valet to Francis the First of France. He was denied the hand of an heiress by her father. When the father had died Louis called on the widow. Scarcely had he entered the house than she heard the voice of her husband saying, "Give my daughter to Louis Brabant; he is rich, and has an excellent character. I am suffering a severe but just punishment because I opposed a suitable marriage!" When, a minute or so afterwards, Louis was introduced from an ante-chamber in which he had been waiting, he found the widow so frightened that she gave her immediate consent. But Louis had no money, notwithstanding what the voice had said. What was he to do? He called on a rascally banker, named Cornu, resolved to frighten him out of some of his ill-gotten gains. Adroitly turning the conversation, he spoke of rewards and punishments and a future life, and when he noticed the banker was somewhat alarmed at his descriptions of the fate in store for him, an appalling voice was heard claiming to be Cornu's father's, and ordering Cornu to give Brabant ten

Cardinal Richelieu did not scruple to use ventriloquism for political purposes. It was convenient to him that a certain bishop should return to his diocese, and to him he went with a ventriloquial friend. As the bishop and his visitors were seated in front of the fire, a voice was heard coming from down the chimney. "That is my father's voice!" said the bishop. "Nonsense," said Richelieu. "Let me ask him what he wants." "I beseech you do not!" "Oh, yes!" said the cardinal. Down dropped the bishop on his knees. "Well, ask him yourself, then." The bishop, in faltering tones, asked what his father wished to say. Then came the voice from the chimney. "It is for your safety that I have come! Return to your flock, and seek to convert the heretics there rather than imperil yourself at this court!" Great was the relief of the bishop at getting off so easily, and next morning he started for his cathedral.

This is almost as good in its way as St. Gilles, in 1770, frightening the young nobleman into a better life by speaking to him from a tree in the forest of St. Germain. St. Gilles, however, made no secret of his gift, and ascribed it to its right source, mimicry. He experimented with explanations before the Academy of Sciences. The "secret"

produced in the larynx—the only organ in the body that can produce a voice, and the muffled sound is got by pressing the tongue against the teeth on the palate, talking in the back of the mouth and keeping the jaw motionless. If the breath is taken slowly and "held" at times and the sounds produced as it is discharged, the illusion is all the more striking. The effect of distance is got by decreasing the loudness, just as a tune can be played on a piano in such a way as to sound as though it were approaching, passing, and departing. It is not easy to get all the letters, but there is no difficulty in speaking without moving the jaw and disturbing the features; and as the lips are always slightly open in producing the voice in the region of the uvula, they can be brought together to give the labials without being observed.

Of course the amateur ventriloquist will be found out. There never was a ventriloquist yet that was not found out, except when men's minds have been clouded by superstition. But you will get your chance for a time, like the hero of the bear story who made the most of his opportunity.

"Can your bear talk?" he asked a man at a fair who was leading a dancing bear by a chain.

"Better ask him!" said the man. Roars of laughter from the crowd. "Ask him! Thank you, I will! Where did you come from, old gentleman?" "From the Swiss Alps!" seemingly said the bear, looking stupidly at his questioner—and answerer. The crowd started back.

The ventriloquist continued. "How long have you been with your master?" And in bear's voice still further continued, "Long enough to have had enough of him!" "Isn't he good to you?" "No; he's not." "What are you going to do, then?" "Eat him up when the time comes!"

The crowd went farther back, the bear-leader gave the chain a tug, and the bear growled and dropped on his fore-legs, and then gave another growl, at which the mob promptly fled. Instructions in the art of ventriloquism have already been given in the BOY'S OWN PAPER.

SOLDIER DOGS.

It is now about three years since the Germans began to train dogs for outpost service in time of war, the first experiments being made at Lubben in Prussia and in Elsass.

and the same peculiarity distinguishes the breed in its native country. Each dog wears a light iron collar and pouch for letters, but he is never tied up or led by a string.

good long sniff gives him the characteristic odour, and back he comes to report. Should anything suspicious be noted, away goes the dog skirting the hedges and woods in search



The Soldier Dog. "Ready!"

These experiments were so successful that a regular dog corps is now in existence. Of one of its members we give a portrait, taken at the moment of his departure from the hut of a detachment on duty.

"Ready!" says the officer who is not shown in the picture.

And the dog stands ready while his portrait is taken.

Next moment the officer said,

"Go!"

And the dog was off round the hut like the wind.

The dogs are all of the same breed, a breed not thought of very highly amongst us. They are Pomeranians or Spitzes, mostly white in colour but occasionally grey, the grey ones being chosen when possible, owing to their not being so conspicuous. Our Spitz dogs are always faithful so long as they are left at liberty, but once they are chained, little dependence is to be placed upon them,

His education is very carefully attended to. He is taught to smell out a Frenchman or a Russian anywhere, and to know the difference between foreign uniforms and that of his own land. By certain sounds and gestures he is taught to give his master notice of his discoveries, and he has to run from post to post with letters in his pouch, besides looking up the wounded and straggling of the regiment to which he belongs.

Every company has two or three dogs, so that "the regimental dogs" number a couple of score at the least. And these dogs always go out with the advance guard. A strange sight it is to see a German regiment on the march with the dogs behind the band, each looking as important as if he carried the proverbial field-marshal's bâton in his pouch.

The dogs are always stationed with the outer ring of sentries. As soon as a stranger is noticed, off goes the dog to investigate. A

of an ambush. When the information is complete the report is written on a slip and placed in the pouch, and the dog hurries off to the rear to the officer in command. The dog drill likewise includes the proper behaviour after a battle—the dogs being taught on the St. Bernard principle to discover and succour the wounded and watch by the dead.

Here and there in ancient history we come across notices of the part played by dogs in war. Pliny the Elder tells us how the King of the Garamantes reconquered his throne by the aid of an army of two hundred dogs; and the citadel of Corinth had its garrison of hounds; but for nearly two thousand years the dog dropped out of warfare, to be introduced for the great war of the revenge that has long been threatening. For, strange to say, the German example has been followed, and France and Russia are now drilling their squads of soldier dogs ready for the carnage which we must all hope may never come.

RED-FINGERED CYRIL;

OR, THE RUSSIAN PRINCE AND THE TARTAR BOY.

A STORY OF ANCIENT RUSSIA.

BY DAVID KER,

Author of "Drowned Gold," "Ilderim the Afghan," etc., etc

CHAPTER XII.—THE HAWK'S MESSAGE.

THE moment the cowardly deed was done, the four assassins fled down the hill again at full speed. But they retreated almost unnoticed, so great was the excitement and confusion caused by the fall of Sviatogor.

Silvester—who alone retained his presence of mind—hastened to raise the fallen man, and finding him only wounded, had him carried into the nearest hut. The arrow was soon drawn out, and such remedies applied as Silvester's scanty stock could furnish, while Feodor, mounting the walls with a number of his best men, kept a close watch upon the Tartar camp, in case the enemy should seize this unlucky moment to make a fresh attack.

Happily the wound proved less serious than it had at first appeared, and the monk began to hope that the old chief might survive it after all. But, in the meantime, the city had lost its leader just when it needed him most.

In reality, however, he was hardly missed, for Silvester had long been the real head of the garrison and the life and soul of its heroic defence. That he should give orders, and that they should obey them, seemed quite natural to the Russians. All felt instinctively that this was the man whom they needed.

"We may well be confident *now*, my sons," cried he to the gaunt, haggard, hollow-eyed figures that gathered round him. "When men call in murder and treachery to help them, it shows that their cause is a weak one. The darkest hour comes before the dawn, and we shall yet live to praise God, who is our strength, and who will never forsake those that trust in Him."

But the besieged needed all the encouragement that could be given to them, for in truth their distress was very sore. Within ten days—so Cyril assured them—they should have help; and now the tenth day had come, and still there was no sign of the promised aid.

Slowly the long, weary, burning day wore on; and when the sun began to sink toward the west, it seemed to the men as if their life was going down along with it. Had the Tartars come on in earnest, the fierce excitement of battle would have kept up the sinking hearts

of the defenders; but this numbing inaction was more than they could bear.

Afternoon had passed into evening, and evening was fast darkening into night, when Silvester, standing by Feodor's side on the battlements, heard a flapping of wings overhead, and the next moment a splendid hawk swooped down and settled on his shoulder.

"It's Prince Vladimir's pet hawk!" cried Feodor, excitedly. "News, father—news at last!"

"Hush!" said the monk, warningly; "if the men hear you they will begin to shout for joy, and put the enemy on their guard."

But although Silvester spoke with his usual calmness, his heart throbbed feverishly as he undid from beneath the hawk's left wing a torn shred of parchment, upon which, in the clumsy and laboured handwriting of one of his own pupils—Vladimir's favourite son—were these words:

"To-morrow night, when you see a fire on Bald Hill, go forth against the Tartars. I shall be there. "VLADIMIR."

This "Bald Hill" was a huge round hillock (probably an ancient burial-mound) rather more than a mile beyond the Tartar camp. Silvester understood the whole plan at once, and a few words sufficed to explain it to Feodor, whose face grew radiant as he listened.

It was no easy matter to restrain the excitement of the Russians on learning the good news, and it was harder still to keep any hint of it from reaching the wounded Sviatogor, to whom, in his weak state, the torment of being chained to a sick bed while his comrades were fighting for their lives would have been little short of certain death. But the monk's untiring watchfulness and patience smoothed all difficulties; and in order to blind the Tartars still more effectually to the blow that was just about to fall upon them, he sent a message to Octai Khan on the following morning, offering to surrender the town if no help came within seven days.

Scarcely had darkness set in when Feodor and Silvester began to muster their men, and to pull down the barricade at the gate in order to give them free

passage. The night was black and stormy, with frequent squalls of heavy rain; but about an hour before midnight the appointed signal-fire shot up in the distance like a flash of lightning breaking the gloom. Then the Russians poured down the hillside like a torrent, and burst with a mighty shout into the startled camp below.

It was wild work, that midnight battle in the darkness; and even those who were foremost in it could never have told what really befell. All was one grim nightmare of shadowy masses surging to and fro, shouts and groans and trampling feet, the clashing of unseen weapons wielded by invisible hands, the grappling of men in the utter blackness, amid which many on either side stood with their swords uplifted, not daring to strike lest they should kill their own friends.

But although the Tartars fought as savagely as the wild beasts of their native deserts, the struggle went against them from the very first. Taken completely by surprise, and assailed on both sides at once, they were forced back step by step, till at length Vladimir and his men, pressing stoutly forward, set fire to the camp, which flamed up in one great blaze that lighted the whole country for miles round. Then all gave way. Octai Khan fell in the thick of the battle, fighting fiercely to the last; and when morning dawned the great host which had so long beleaguered Kiev had melted away like a dream of the night.

"You have done well, my children," said Prince Vladimir, as he stood in front of the palace, with the whole population of the town crowding around him with shouts of joy. "All the spoil that I have taken shall go to the widows and children of those who have fallen in defending my city. But as for these two," he continued, grasping warmly the hands of Cyril and Silvester, who stood beside him, "I have no rewards worthy of *them*. They alone have saved Kiev, and in after ages, when Russian song and story shall tell of Vladimir, the son of Sviatoslav, they shall tell also of his two truest friends, Father Silvester and Red-fingered Cyril."

(THE END.)

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(NINTH SERIES.)

Carving and Fretwork Competition.

ON page 47 of the present volume we wrote, it will be remembered, as follows:—"We offer TWO PRIZES, of *Three Guineas* and *Two Guineas* respectively, for the best carved box or chest. The size, wood, tools, etc., are left entirely to competitors' own choice, but the natural difficulties presented by some woods over others will of course be taken into due consideration by the adjudicators. The work may be wholly in carving—whether sunk or in relief—or fretwork may be combined with it." The divisions

as to age were to be two in number—the Junior embracing all ages up to 18; and the Senior those from 18 to 24.

We have now much pleasure in publishing our Award, and it will be seen that we have given two extra prizes over and above those promised:—

First Prize—Three Guineas.

LOUIS H. HIGHAM (age 22), School House, Marston Biggott, Frome.

Second Prize—Two Guineas.

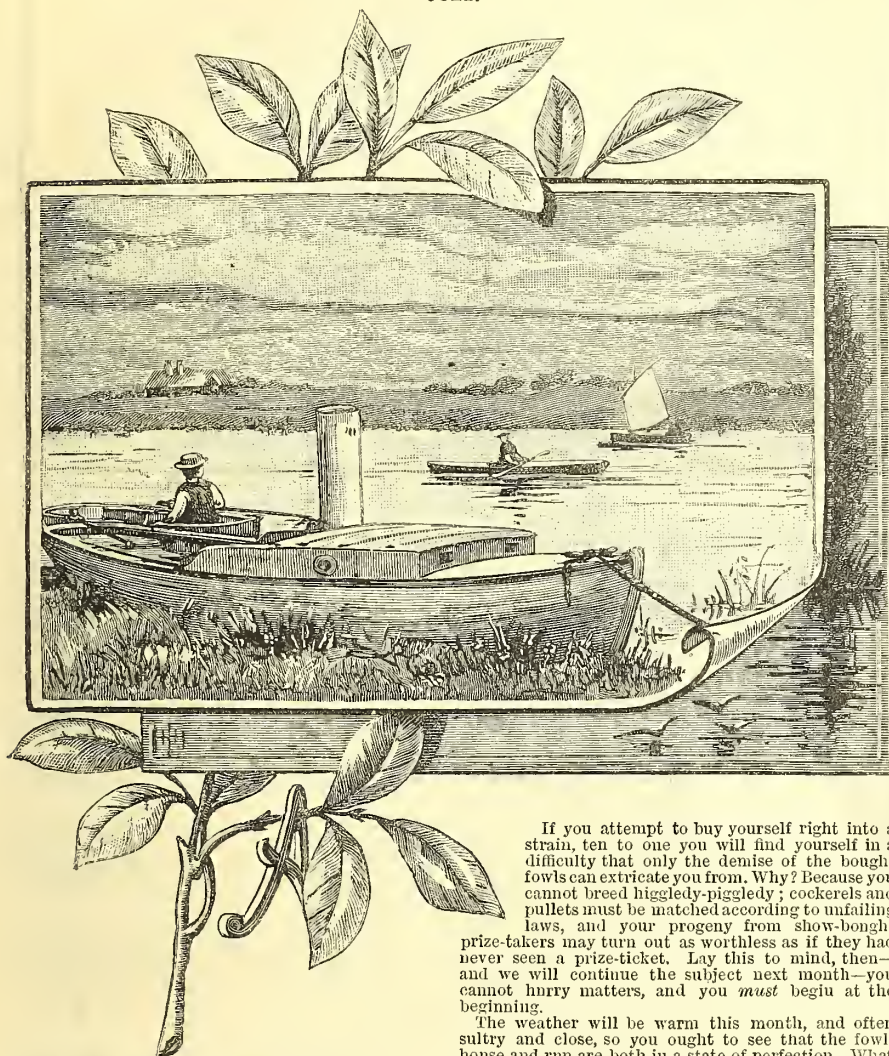
ARTHUR MINTY (age 23), 6, Robin's Lane, Frome, Somerset.

Extra Prizes—Seven-and-Sixpence each.

HERBERT ADLARD (age 19), 10, Onseley Road, Balham, S.W.
GEORGE ELLIOTT (age 15), Newland, Sherborne, Dorset.

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

JULY.



THE POULTRY RUN.—In these monthly memoirs of ours, though we supply abundance of useful hints for the profitable rearing of poultry, we have never given any very direct encouragement to boys to breed for prizes at shows. This we have omitted doing for many reasons—first, it would take up too much of our space; secondly, no boy could become a prize-taker who did not make poultry-rearing an earnest study; thirdly, the primary expense would be great, and the risk of utter failure greater still; fourthly, no boy who has lessons or business to attend to could find the time even if he had the perseverance to go on with the work, and we could multiply reasons. Supposing, however, that you have made up your mind, or are making up your mind, to breed for show another season—and we do not say you ought not to—let us see what the difficulties to be encountered really are. We give a brief review of these all the more readily because we could tell you of many lads who have begun most hopelessly and failed most dismally, wishing when too late that they had given their time to some other hobby.

The first puzzle to solve is, what are the best breeds to go in for, and those most likely to take prizes at shows? Many fail by grasping at too much. They want to stake nothing, yet win all; they would like to have a stock of birds that would pay their way by egg-produce and pot-filling, and at the same time tell off a few of their numbers to carry away prizes at shows. These are mere builders of aerial castles, and are bound to be defeated. Others, again—and this class is one we do not greatly admire, though you find them in all fancies—go and claim and buy fowls that have won at shows just for the sake of winning in other places. Small credit is this; to the breeder alone of any animal the credit should fall.

Well, then, we say that no one should go in for breeding fowls who does not feel in his heart that he has a real calling or fancy that way. Then let him adopt almost any breed, or say two breeds. Let him attend some big show in his neighbourhood, and let instinct guide his choice. Some prefer the large heavy breeds—Cochin, Brahma, Langshans, etc.; others Games or Malays, and so on till we come right away down to the Bantam fancy, and this is really one of the best for boys.

If you attempt to buy yourself right into a strain, ten to one you will find yourself in a difficulty that only the demise of the bought fowls can extricate you from. Why? Because you cannot breed higgledy-piggledy; cockerels and pullets must be matched according to unfailing laws, and your progeny from show-bought prize-takers may turn out as worthless as if they had never seen a prize-ticket. Lay this to mind, then—and we will continue the subject next month—you cannot hurry matters, and you must begin at the beginning.

The weather will be warm this month, and often sultry and close, so you ought to see that the fowl-house and run are both in a state of perfection. What we must have in July and August are cleanliness, a comfortable dry dust-bath, a well-ventilated and non-leaking living-house, with the purest of water, and, if the birds have not freedom and a grass run, plenty of green stuff in the run to give them exercise and employment. If you scatter oats or barley among this at midday you will do well, but leave no greenstuff to decay or rot in the sunshine. Disinfect the fowl-house frequently, and put plenty of sulphur in the dust-bath to keep down vermin.

Do not keep fowls after they have done laying—old ones, we mean—but fatten and kill. Whenever a fowl is seen to be ailing, take it away, and let it have rest and quiet, and better food.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—An extra summer cleaning and whitewashing may well be instituted during this month, but do not in any way interfere with the comfort of the birds. Keep everything dry, and sweet, and clean; and if any bird is ailing quarantine it at once. At the very best the doctoring of sick pigeons is a thriftless task, but a drop or two of oil or a capsule, and quiet, warmth, and good food sometimes work wonders. We earnestly advise all boys who intend making pigeons their particular hobby to save their pocket-money and invest in a good book on pigeons. Cassell and Co. publish one, so do the proprietors of the "Exchange and Mart," and we think also Routledge and Sons. However, a few shillings thus spent is a great saving in the end.

THE AVIARY.—With this month the breeding season should about close, and the moulting time will be drawing near. It is, therefore, injudicious to encourage further hatching. Many do so for greed. It is penny wise, pound foolish, for the birds are thereby weakened, and if they do not come well through the moult they will not be much use for another year. It will be time now to weed away or sell your young birds, except some of the best that you intend to keep for next year's stock. Make a good choice.

You will still be giving green food; but, as the birds' maternal duties are over, you must stop by degrees the egg and bread-crumb, and go gradually back to the ordinary canary seeds.

THE RABBITRY.—We know, from the letters we receive every week, that our rabbit-fancying boys have

worse luck than any other. There always appears to be something wrong about the hutches or their inmates—bad smell, mattery eyes, mange, bad coats, scabby ears, and so forth. Well, there must be a reason for this, and we do not think it is far to seek. Rabbits—it is our own experience—are not more difficult to keep in health than any other class of domestic pet. Only boys neglect them. They feed them injudiciously and irregularly, and they give them bad bedding or none at all, so the poor bunnies are poisoned in their own humours. It is often a puzzle to boys to know what to give their rabbits or when to give the different kinds of food they like and require. Well, it would be better to have always abundance of dry bedding, and to have abundance also of the different foods—oats, roots, hay, and green food—simply seeing that it was always fresh, and that the old stuff was taken away before it spoiled; better this, we say, than erring on the other side, and giving wrong food at wrong times. Instinct will guide the rabbits, but not their masters.

THE KENNEL.—Let the dogs have moderate exercise, plenty of shade, and clean water, and an opportunity of bathing, but always rub down with a rough towel before the animal is permitted to go to his kennel.

THE BEE WORLD.—Swarms in this month are little use, but rather the reverse, as the season is too far advanced for them to make provision for themselves. They ought to be returned to strengthen the mother hive. This is an art which you must learn of a practised bee-keeper. Remove filled supers, and towards the end of the month even those unfilled. Guard the hives from overheating from the sun.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—If you have not already planted out your celery, do so now in well-manured trenches about a foot deep. Plant out winter greens. Use the ground from which potatoes have been dug. Sow greens; they will soon come on now. Keep the walks clear and weeds down. Turn manure, the dry loose stuff being all put to the bottom.

THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.—If you can store them, take geranium cuttings. Learn rose-budding, and practise it. Keep the rake and hoe going among flowers, and water in the evenings after sun-down. Train climbing plants and creepers daily, and keep the earth loose in the window-boxes and baskets.

Correspondence.

W. E. LAWRENCE.—After their long winter sleep bats are naturally very hungry, and therefore upon a sunny day in early spring it is not at all unusual to see them hawking for prey, even though the sun may be brightly shining at the time. You will very seldom see them doing so later on in the season.

AQUARIUM.—Water-plants from almost any pond will do, if not too large for your aquarium. Try the *Anacharis*, an American water-weed, which is only too plentiful everywhere. Or buy a slip of the *Vallisneria*, which you can obtain from any dealer. Four small fish will be plenty. Don't forget a few water-snails.

B. O. P.—W. C. Foster writes from 82, Linskill Street, North Shields: "I see you inform correspondents that Vols. I. and II. are out of print. I beg to state that I have these vols. for disposal to any one who may desire them to complete their set."

F. E. N. (Ryde).—For good acting charades of the kind you ask for we cannot do better than refer you to our Special Christmas Numbers for the past seven years.

W. G. T.—Mr. Malan's book, "The Young General of the King's Army," is published by the S. P. C. K. It can doubtless be obtained through the book-sellers.

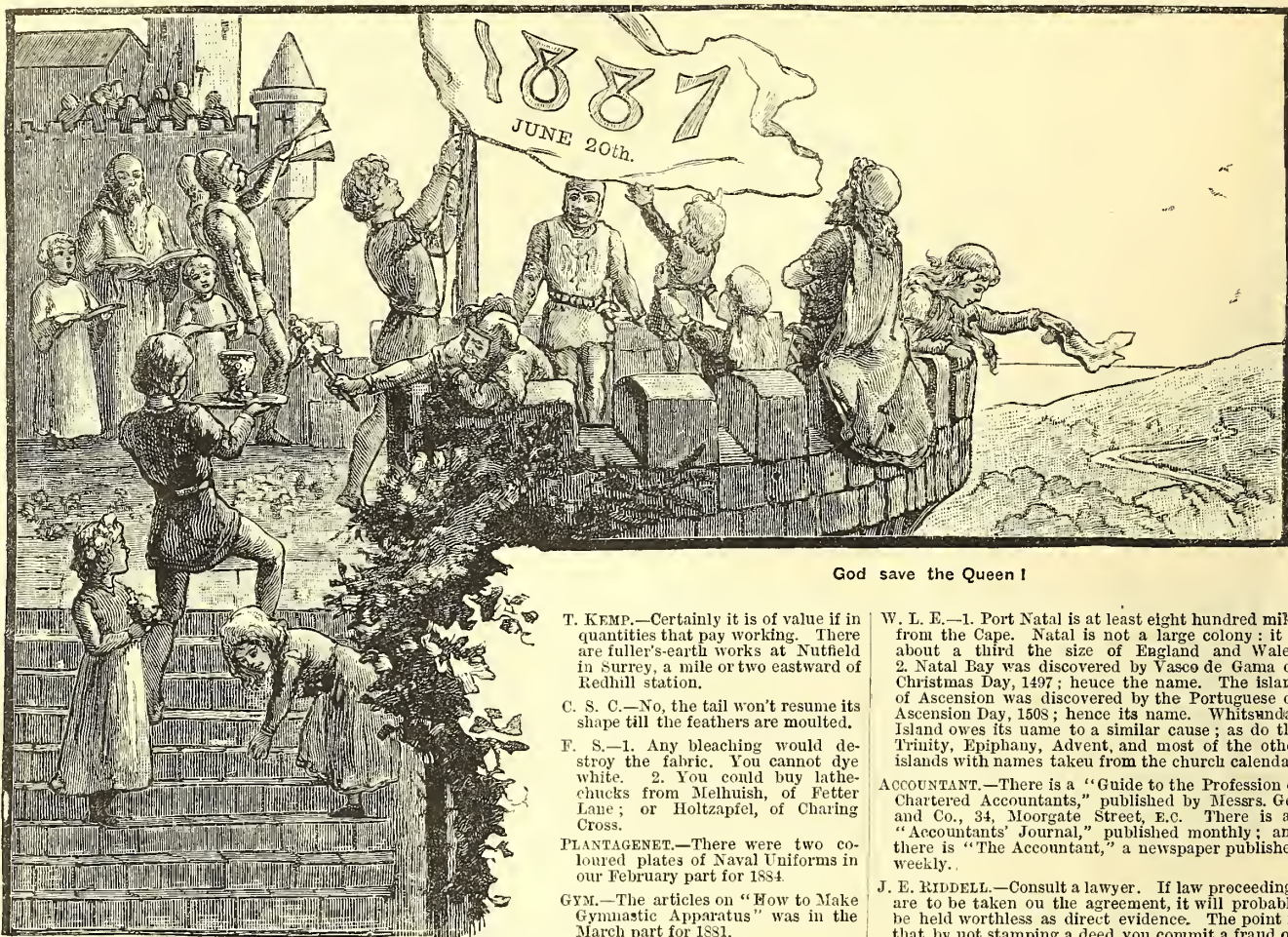
ROMEO.—Capital articles by experts on the mounting of birds and animals have already appeared in our columns. Refer to your *Indexes*.

FORRESTER.—The best and cheapest way to procure the stories mentioned is by purchasing our back volumes containing them. Some of the tales have been reprinted, at prices varying from 6s. to 7s. 6d. each.

GAMMA.—1. We are hardly likely to have any more articles on Birds' Eggs and Butterflies at present. 2. Being a common moth, we should recommend you to throw it away and catch another specimen. Ordinary pins are always apt to become coated with verdigris. Use gilt or black-varnished pins, which are very little dearer, and are quite free from this defect. 3. We have never heard of it. 4. It is only with certain insects that there is any difference between British specimens and those taken upon the Continent. The wings of a British Camberwell Beauty, for example, are bordered with creamy-white, and those of a Continental example with yellow. But this is quite an exceptional case.

HEDGEHOG.—Yes, the animal becomes very tame. Give bread-and-milk, bits of raw meat, and put plenty of water within its reach.

H. B. MAGARTH.—Keep the canary out of draughts; give nothing but plain canary-seed and summer rape, and the wheezing will go away.



God save the Queen!

FRED. NICHOLSON.—You do not read your E. O. P. regularly, else you would know we cannot answer a query before six weeks. Damp bedding and bad feeding give rabbits camp.

GUINEA-PIG.—1. Clean your teeth twice a day instead of twice a week. 2. Treat guinea-pigs in breeding season as you would rabbits, but the bucks may run with the does if they do not fight.

GIRL READER.—The article on the Violin in our fourth volume, which you so highly commend, was written by Dr. Gordon Stables.

R. REID.—If you are "a great boy for pets," we hope you always feed them before having your own breakfast. Spratt's Cure for Worms, at any chemist's.

ONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW.—1. Too long a name. Feed young thrushes on paste of pea-meal, small garden worms, insects, etc., early, late, and all day long. 2. Ask at a music-shop. Putty of red-lead, perhaps.

REGINALD CRUDEN.—The headquarters in London for recruiting for the Army is at St. George's Barracks, behind the National Gallery. Go there direct, and inquire.

A. GROVER.—The full quotation is—
 "The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
 As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
 He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
 And busy fancy lends him all her aid.
 Ah! now each dear, domestic scene he knew,
 Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,
 Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
 Its colours mellowed, not impaired by time.
 True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
 Through all the horrors of the stormy main;
 This the last wish that would with life depart,
 To meet the smile of her he loves again.
 Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
 Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
 And when the beating billows round him roar,
 Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.
 But lo! at last he comes with crowded sail!
 See, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend;
 And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
 In each he hears the welcome of a friend!"

You could hardly expect all that in a text-book of physiography.

T. KEMP.—Certainly it is of value if in quantities that pay working. There are fuller's-earth works at Nutfield in Surrey, a mile or two eastward of Redhill station.

C. S. C.—No, the tail won't resume its shape till the feathers are moulted.

F. S.—1. Any bleaching would destroy the fabric. You cannot dye white. 2. You could buy lathe-chucks from Melhuish, of Fetter Lane; or Holtzapfel, of Charing Cross.

PLANTAGENET.—There were two coloured plates of Naval Uniforms in our February part for 1884.

GYM.—The articles on "How to Make Gymnastic Apparatus" was in the March part for 1881.

OPTICS.—You will find an explanation of the "Fata Morgana" in almost any book of Physical Geography or Encyclopædia. Look under the heading "Mirage."

P. WEBBER.—We gave instructions in making tracing-paper a few months ago; and we had an article on Walking Sticks, telling how to prepare and polish them, in No. 323.

T. HALE.—There are great numbers of snakes in the New Forest. One man there is said to have killed two thousand adders in the last six years. He makes a trade of it, catching the snakes with a forked stick and a pair of tongs. The stick is about four feet long, and with the forked end the snake is pressed down, while its head is grasped by the tongs, which are a pair of long blunt scissors. Some of the snakes caught in this way are over six feet long.

F. BAIRD.—The winner of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon in 1880 was Private Ferguson, of the 1st Argyle; in 1881 Private Beck, of the 3rd Devon; in 1882 Sergeant Lawence, of the 1st Dumbarton; in 1883 Sergeant Mackay, of the 1st Sutherland.

C. B.—The longest railway run without a stoppage is made in Ireland, on the Great Southern and Western, which runs a train direct from Dublin to Cork, 165½ miles, in 3hrs. 47min.

BICYCLIST.—1. Over twenty-two miles have been ridden within the hour on the bicycle. 2. Twenty miles have been tricycled in 50min. 10½sec. 3. The mile has been ridden on the bicycle in about 2½min.

J. C. W.—Tate's "British Mollusks," formerly published by David Bogue, price three shillings and sixpence. Your bookseller can get it for you.

CEDRIC THE SAXON.—1. In time. 2. "Noblesse oblige" is, literally, "nobility compels." It means that the higher the rank the higher should be the standard of thought and action.

MATRICULATION.—We think you would stand a good chance of passing, but before you begin to study get the full prospectus and one of the Guides to the examinations, obtainable from the booksellers.

NORWICH.—Get the January part for 1886, and see the article on "How to Build a Canvas Canoe," by Mr. Littlewood.

W. L. E.—1. Port Natal is at least eight hundred miles from the Cape. Natal is not a large colony: it is about a third the size of England and Wales. 2. Natal Bay was discovered by Vasco de Gama on Christmas Day, 1497; hence the name. The island of Ascension was discovered by the Portuguese on Ascension Day, 1508; hence its name. Whitsunday Island owes its name to a similar cause; as do the Trinity, Epiphany, Advent, and most of the other islands with names taken from the church calendar.

ACCOUNTANT.—There is a "Guide to the Profession of Chartered Accountants," published by Messrs. Gee and Co., 34, Moorgate Street, E.C. There is an "Accountants' Journal," published monthly; and there is "The Accountant," a newspaper published weekly.

J. E. RIDDELL.—Consult a lawyer. If law proceedings are to be taken on the agreement, it will probably be held worthless as direct evidence. The point is that by not stamping a deed you commit a fraud on the revenue, which can be forgiven on payment of a penalty.

T. H.—A plaice swims sideways like other fish, but it spends most of its time lying on the ground. Hence the screwing round of the eyes and the difference in colour of the sides, the upper side being dark-coloured in order to match with the sea-bottom, so that as the fish lies in ambush it is not too noticeable.

PERCY E. C. B.—Buy your French polish at an oilshop. It is much cheaper and works better. There are so many ways of making it. For a small quantity dissolve three ounces of shellac and half an ounce of sandarach in a pint of naphtha. See back; we have given so many polish mixtures.

SELF-INSTRUCTOR.—Get from Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. the numbers of their "Universal Instructor," in which the lessons on the subject you want are given. Our space does not permit us to answer anything like all the questions that are sent to us, and it is well understood that we only take a selection from our correspondence, and we make no charge. The right of reply that obtains in private life does not, and could not, hold good in matters connected with the press. The thousands that write must take their chance.

W. JONES.—You have to pay a subscription to the funds of the corps, particulars of which you can obtain from the headquarters of the regiment. Write to the adjutant. For headquarters of the different Volunteer regiments refer to the Army List, price eightpence.

TIME.—There is a "Watchmakers' Handbook," published by J. Trippin, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus.

L. T. L.—Read our articles on the Indian Civil Service in the parts for December, 1883, and January, 1884. "The Giant Raft" is published in book form by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

E. P. P.—You might find some hints in Lukin's "Toy-making for Amateurs," price four shillings, published by Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

FISH.—"Poems and Ballads," by G. R. Sims, is obtainable through any bookseller, either in separate three-shilling volumes, or in a shilling-and-sixpenny book.



NURSE TO THOUGHTFUL PARENT.

Nurse—"Mr. Smith, I am happy to present you with two new responsibilities."
Mr. Smith—(Looking rather astonished and pleased). "I have made provisions for the other members of my family by way of Life Assurance. I will go at once to the Agent of The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company, and purchase from them Six Instalment Bonds of One Thousand Dollars each, they are unequalled by any other kind of investment."

THE TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y.

INCORPORATED BY SPECIAL ACT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF CANADA

Head Office: Manning Arcade, - Toronto.

HON. GEO. W. ROSS, } President. | HON. S. H. BLAKE, } Vice-Presidents
Minister of Education, } ROBT. MCLEAN, ESQ. }

GUARANTEE FUND, \$100,000.

Deposited with the Dominion Government for the Security of Policy-Holders, \$50,000

H. O'HARA, Managing Director.

OUR REDUCTION SALE EXTRAORDINARY NOW IN PROGRESS

Every Article or Garment at
NET COST
For the Balance of the Season

L. Pittman & Co.

Mantle and Mourning Warehouse
218 YONGE ST.
Cor. Albert St. Toronto.

LADIES, for a Fine Line of
MANICURE GOODS
Such as Nail Polishers,
Nail Powder,
Nail Scissors,
Nail Files, etc.

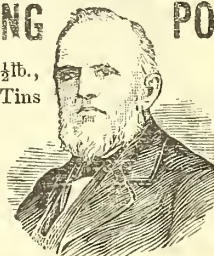
—GO TO—

Sheppard's Drug Store
67 KING STREET WEST.

Call or send for a copy of Mr. Cobb's
"How to be your own Manicure." Gratis.

The Celebrated "Vienna"
BAKING POWDER

In 1lb., ½lb.,
and ¼lb. Tins



A Useful Paper of Recipes
enclosed in each Tin.

C. M. Putney

S. H. & A. S. EWING,
MONTREAL.

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.

The Great English Medicine,
OF
PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS,
AND WITHOUT MERCURY. USED BY
THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER
120 YEARS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
WHOLESALE AGENTS,
EVANS SONS & MASON, LTD.
MONTREAL.

DR. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
 CURES
CHOLERA
 CHOLERA INFANTUM
 DIARRHŒA,
 AND
 ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
 SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

PURE GOLD GOODS
 ARE THE BEST MADE.
 ASK FOR THEM IN CANS,
 BOTTLES OR PACKAGES

THE LEADING LINES ARE
 BAKING POWDER
 FLAVORING EXTRACTS
 SHOE BLACKING
 STOVE POLISH
 COFFEE
 SPICES
 BORAX
 CURRY POWDER
 CELERY SALT
 MUSTARD
 POWDERED HERBS &c.

ALL GOODS
 GUARANTEED GENUINE
PURE GOLD MANFC CO.
 31 FRONT ST. EAST TORONTO.

J. W. ELLIOT, Dentist,
 43 & 45 King St. West, Toronto.

New mode celluloid, gold and rubber base, separate or combined; natural teeth regulated, regardless of malformation of the mouth.

TONKIN BROS.
 Hatters and Clothiers

110 YONGE STREET,

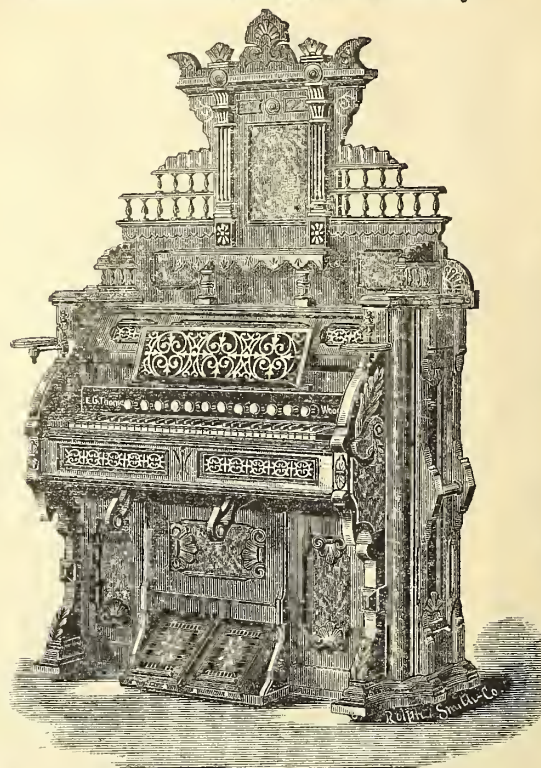
Toronto

First-class Goods.

THOMAS ORGANS

Before the Public Half a Century.

UNEQUALLED TONE AND FINISH.



FINEST STYLES OF CASES.

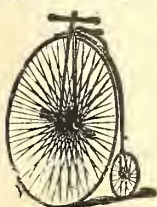
PERFECT ACTION.

WE GIVE THE STRONGEST GUARANTEE IN CANADA.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue.

E. G. THOMAS & CO., - Woodstock, Ont.

NEVER BE WITHOUT
DUNN'S
 THE
COOK'S
 BEST
FRIEND
BAKING
POWDER.
 SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.
SCRIVEN, ENG.



BICYCLES.

Send for list of over SIXTY (60) Second-hand Wheels. Great bargains offered. New Catalogue ready in April. Don't place your order before seeing it.

A. T. LANE
 MONTREAL.

Accident Insurance Company OF NORTH AMERICA.

HEAD OFFICE - - - MONTREAL.
 SIR A. T. GALT, - - - PRESIDENT
 EDWARD RAWLINGS, - - - MAN. DIRECTOR

Grants Insurance or Indemnity payable in the event of Accidental Death or Injury. Has paid 8,000 claims and never contested any at law. Does the largest business in the Dominion.

MEDLAND & JONES,
 Gen. Agents, Toronto District.

N. E. Cor. Victoria and Adelaide Sts.

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF the Present Age
 —
 Regulates the Bowels
 and WILL CURE Constipation, Liver & Kidney Complaints.
 —
 A few in Hamilton who have been benefited by its use:
MAY APPLE BLOOD SYRUP

Mrs. M. Keenan, 192 Robert St., cured of Erysipelas of 2 years' standing. Robert Carnell, 24 South Street; daughter cured of Epileptic Fits after 6 years' suffering. Jennie Birrell, 55 Walnut St.; cured of weakness and Lung trouble. John Wood, 95 Cathcart St.; cured of Liver Complaint and Biliousness, used only three 50c. bottles. Mrs. J. Beal, 6 Augusta St.; troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two 50c. bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. and \$1.00.

F. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSN.

The Annual Meeting of this Association took place on Tuesday, the 12th April, at which the Annual Statements were presented, showing the following satisfactory advance over the previous year:

New Business for the year, 1,919 applications for ..\$2,977,100
 Being an
Increase over previous year of 427 applications for \$497,062
Increase in Premium Income 96,894
Increase in Interest and Rents 13,019
Increase in Assets 356,375
Increase in Surplus 80,234

Insurance in force, 9,493 Policies, for...\$14,679,474
Surplus.....\$ 357,633
Capital and Funds now amount to over \$ 3,000,000

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

R. S. BAIRD, City Agent.

J. K. MACDONALD, Man. Director.

Church's Osborne Blue

THE BEST IN USE.

Used exclusively in the Governor-General's
 Laundry, Rideau Hall.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

SKREI COD LIVER OIL
 PURE, BRILLIANT, AND ALMOST TASTELESS

A SPECIFIC IN BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, COUGHS,
 COLDS, CONSUMPTION, AND A VALUABLE NUTRIENT
 IN ALL WASTING DISEASES.
 KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO., MONTREAL.

EDWARD LAWSON'S

JUBILEE PICTURE,

Queen Victoria

Pronounced by all who have seen it to be the most correct likeness and artistically executed chromo of the Queen shown here. It has on the four corners splendid cuts of the Town Hall, Sydney, N. S. W.; Government Buildings, Melbourne, Australia; Dominion Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, and the projected Ontario Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and over the Queen's head the British coat-of-arms.

A copy of this splendid memorial picture of the Queen will be sent to any person ordering a five-pound caddy of any of our choice Teas, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, in Black, Green, Mixed, Assam, Oolong, or Japan. Express charges prepaid to your nearest Railway Station in Ontario or Quebec. Also copies, one or more, sent post paid at 30c. per copy. Please order early, as we have only 2,000 copies.

N.B.—City customers will be supplied with copy of Queen's picture with each five pounds of Tea purchased, delivered free.

93 KING ST. E., TORONTO

SIGN OF THE QUEEN

E. LAWSON

Pioneer Tea Merchant

Established 1843.

ELECTRICITY!

ELECTRICITY and LIFE are identical, therefore DISEASE CANNOT REMAIN when this Powerful Curative Agent is properly used. All who suffer from

**NERVOUS DEBILITY,
 INDIGESTION, - RHEUMATISM,
 LIVER COMPLAINT,
 LUMBAGO**

OR ANY ACHE OR PAIN

may be IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED and PERMANENTLY CURED by

Norman's Electric Belts

which have proved by THIRTEEN YEARS' TRIAL to be the BEST REMEDY known to man.

CONSULTATION FREE.

**A. NORMAN,
 4 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO**

Nestle's



Milk Food

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Has by its excellence as a

NOURISHING

PALATABLE

ECONOMICAL and

CONVENIENT FOOD

Become the most popular and extensively used Food in the world.

REQUIRES WATER ONLY TO PREPARE FOR USE.

Our Best Physicians recommend it.

A Pamphlet, with full particulars, sent on application to

THOS. LEEMING & CO.

MONTREAL.

HOUSEKEEPERS,

Buy Only { If you want the best value for your money,
If you want an article that will never disappoint you,
If you want thoroughly good and healthy Baking Powder, into
which no injurious ingredient is ever permitted to enter, } Buy Only

COOK'S FRIEND

REMEMBER, "COOK'S FRIEND"

IS THE ONLY GENUINE.



EVERY PACKAGE HAS THE

TRADE MARK ON IT.

RETAILED BY ALL FIRST-CLASS GROCERS.

Although this department has been in existence only a few years, our success has been such since we commenced the manufacture of

PIANOS

that now they do not simply take rank with the first, but are acknowledged by the verdict of the best judges to excel all others.

Dominion
Organ  Piano
Company

BOWMANVILLE



J. RUSE
68 KING ST. W.
TORONTO

Since our instruments were first introduced to the public there never has been a more successful year than the present one with our

ORGANS

Always manufacturing only first-class instruments, we led from the start, and to-day ours is a household word in most musical families.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

EPPS'S

(BREAKFAST)

COCOA.



JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists.